

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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CAPTAIN MOLLY.

CHAPTER I.

REINE.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein imagination runs like sands.

BBABY BASSETT was a marvel.

Even in that child-ridden community in Paradise Flats, where the minor key in childish sobs, and the major in childish laughter, prevailed from cellar to garret, from morning till night, that Bassett baby was a wonder and delight.

Baby Bassett drew his first breath in a cellar. It made no difference to him. It was, in fact, rather a respectable cellar, with a hard floor and two front windows.

In hot weather, before the baby came, Mrs. Bassett sat on the steps and greeted her neighbors with nods and smiles. After that important event, the neighbors saluted her.

Sebastian Bassett was the baby's father. He was a man in the second stage of alcoholic decrepitude, and yet he was but little over thirty. He had no business to be either a husband or a father.

And yet an artist soul dwelt in this marred body. He had at one time painted pictures that sold well, but the proceeds always went for rum. Now, with an unsteady hand, he drew wonderful outlines, when he was sober, on the side-walks, and rarely failed to earn a few pennies, which he spent for drink.

His little wife was the bread-winner. She would have worked her hands off to provide something for her vagabond to eat.

Even now, when dissipation had made such inroads upon his face and figure, Bassett was a handsome fellow. When sober he was wont to take desponding views of life, to long with all a coward's longing and none of a man's daring to end his existence and his trials together.

Curiously enough, when drunk, he was the happiest mortal alive, singing and dancing, dashing off the wonderful fantasies of his brain upon whatever surface came to hand. The whitewashed walls of his cellar-room bore evidence of his skill, even of his genius. Here was a weird portrayal of a sinking ship, there some sweet symphony in black and white descriptive of a tender domestic home. A cherub-face smiled down in one place; in another the eyes of a spaniel, wondrously human, would have challenged the admiration of artists high in position, could they have seen them.

The life of this poor wretch vibrated between diabolism and delirium.

In his wilder revels he imagined himself a man of wealth and distinction, all his surroundings princely. His wife was little less than a queen, and she, sweet, simple soul, endeavored to follow his drunken fancies.

So long as he did not beat her, or scold, she said to herself, she would not utter a word. Better by far for him to come home under the influence of false surroundings than to stay at night in bar-rooms or on the street.

It was a stroke of genius that transformed the cellar into rooms of goodly proportions, flaming with color and hung with the masterpieces of great minds, the tallow dip into sparkling chandeliers, the two pine chairs into satin tête-à-têtes and lounges of brocade, and made her "my lady" even in a print gown much worn at the elbows and frayed at the skirt.

After a hard day's work it was rather refreshing than otherwise to sit down and through her husband's eyes witness the transformation of the homely wheat bread into goodly loaf cake. Sometimes she could almost have declared that the two shrivelled little chops and the meagre show of potatoes were really the finest of game, the most appetizing of pasties, that the water rivalled the very best of wine, and the tea in the old broken black teapot was actually champagne.

An orphan girl, devoid of education, but gentle, pretty, good to the heart's core, a poor girl, but pure as a child, she had married for love.

Her name, Reine De Four, indicated her French descent. One day she had looked out of the shop-window to see the wonderful pavé-artist. She had been very busy putting up small packages of tea and coffee, and her curiosity led her to follow her customer to the door. Sebastian was busy outlining a ship. The expression of surprise and admiration in her pretty face caught his attention. Blushing and palpitating, she drew back, but she carried with her that startled, adoring glance from eyes that in better days had been pronounced irresistible.

After their marriage they lived in two small rooms. For a season he was too much in love to yield to his craving for drink. He even painted a few good pictures, which served for pot-boilers for months.

By degrees, however, the monotony of this existence palled upon him, and he began to seek more congenial society and to neglect his wife.

Poor Reine!

CHAPTER II.

THE BABY.

So noble a master fallen !

ONE day in the third year of their marriage, Sebastian returned home, sober, after an absence of over a week.

Beside the low bed on which Reine lay sat a girl who had come down from her father's sick-room for a moment, just to see the baby.

Not a pretty girl was little Nan, but she had shining dark eyes, and the olive complexion of an Italian.

Sebastian stood in a dazed way and looked at his wife. The girl ran up-stairs.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

With an angelic smile she lifted the cover, and, lo, a cherub!

"That!" he exclaimed, with a gesture almost of fear, "is that ours? Yours? Mine?"

"Our boy, Sebastian."

If the boy slumbering there had been a prince of the blood royal, no queen could have displayed more pride than poor, pretty, overworked little Reine.

Now that she was paler than usual, how plainly the dimples showed when she smiled! It really was marvellous that the young mother was so pretty. Sebastian was not insensible to the lovely picture.

"I will paint you both!" he cried, holding up his hands, as he moved a few steps forward. "Oh, Reine, my poor little girl, what a gift! I swear I will keep sober, now. I swear I will be a good father to the boy."

"Come nearer, Sebastian," said the little woman, with a smile. "Kiss me. You are my handsome husband, and you love me and the baby, don't you? The dear little baby! Everybody says what a beauty it is!"

"Yes, a beauty! how could he help it when his mother is so beautiful?" He bent over and kissed her, the tears running down his cheeks. "I'll make pictures of you—such pictures! I feel the artist rising within me. Where are my pencils?"

He searched his pockets. The mother smiled and regarded him with loving eyes.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "the baby will save him!" She prayed a little, and again had infinite faith in the man she loved.

At that moment there was a sound outside strange to the street.

"Hark!" and Reine held up a thin, white hand. "It is music, and coming by the house. Open the door, Sebastian, that I may hear. Oh, how lovely it is!"

On came the drums and tambourines, the banners and captains and lieutenants. Something stopped their progress, and the men and women broke out into song:

"We are coming: don't you hear us?
We are fighting for the right,
For the God who is above us,
Fighting day and night."

CHAPTER III.

MOLLY.

What's female beauty but an air divine?

PASSING along in front of the cellar-door, a girl looked in. She was richly dressed. Her great hazel eyes sparkled with a soft inward light.

"Oh, the sweet, the beautiful music!" sighed Reine, with an enraptured smile. "Open the door a little further, Sebastian. It is like heaven to me. I hear it so seldom, and, oh, I love it so!"

Sebastian threw the door further open, displaying a part of the bed, and the sweet face with its tender, tired eyes and exquisite smile, lighted with the new mother love.

"Does Mrs. Reine Bassett live here?" the girl outside asked. "Miss Harriet, an ensign in the Salvation Army, wished me to call. May I come in?"

"Certainly," said Sebastian, and moved aside.

"Can I do anything for you?" was the first question, as the radiant vision reached the bedside. "Ensign Harry wished me to call. She lives up-stairs. You know her?"

"Indeed I do. Oh, she has been so good! Everybody has been so good!" Reine's eyes glistened. "And Sebastian is going to work, now that the baby has come."

As if she had known her visitor all her life, proud Reine turned down the bedclothes.

"What a lovely baby!" The girl seated herself in the chair which Sebastian had brought, his eyes full of wonder, his mien abashed.

"I couldn't get his dresses made," said Reine, tucking up the clothes round the pretty, fat neck. "But wait till my husband gets work. He is an artist. He has seen better times,—but—he is unfortunate." The quick light of pride faded out of her face, as the master of the house, or rather of the cellar, opened the door and went out.

"An artist!" the girl exclaimed, and looked about her. She noticed the etchings on the walls.

"Why, they really are—they really are good!" she exclaimed, intense surprise in her voice. "I'm astonished!"

"Indeed, he can paint better than that," the little woman said, with an appreciative nod. "You should see his best. Now baby has come, he is going to make a picture of us two, if he can only get the paints. They cost so much, you know."

"Why, with such talent, does he—live here?" the girl asked, in new astonishment.

Reine's eyes fell; the joy went out of them. "You see—I think he will try hard, now baby has come. He is never unkind to me, never. If only—they wouldn't tempt him—to drink."

"Ah, yes. I understand. You poor little thing! Open your hand. There, it is all yours, your very own. Don't give it away. Only use it carefully. You shall have an outfit for your baby. Don't cry. I am so happy to help you. Listen! they are playing again. You like music, I know."

"Oh, it is heavenly!" said Reine, grasping the money tightly. "No band ever came this way before."

"The Salvationists, they call them," said the girl. "They are doing a noble work." Her eyes sparkled. "I should like to be one of them,—to march with them,—go among the sick and suffering. I should be utterly, entirely happy, then?"

"Why don't you?" Reine asked.

"Because—my father is a rich man. My family would disown me. You understand, don't you? Why, I spend enough money on one ball dress to support some families for months. But you—even in this poor place you seem happy."

"I have my husband, and my dear, dear child," said Reine, in a low voice, full of content.

The girl pressed some bills between the fingers of the wondering Reine.

"That is for him, to buy paints and oils, remember. Don't let him have the money, but send out and buy them. I will give you a list. I do a little of that work myself."

She wrote a list on one of her dainty cards.

"Can you send for them?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed. Nan will go,—little Nan Gartia. She lives here with her father."

Then, looking at her visitor with tender eyes softened by tears, "It seems to me you must be an angel."

"Oh, no," and the girl broke into a quick little laugh; "I am only an unhappy girl, longing for a mission. I don't quite believe that one's life should be wasted on vanities and worldly pomps, to say nothing of the flesh and the devil. People laugh at me and my longings, call them whims and fancies. But I must go. Good-by."

The glitter of rich garments, the aroma of a dainty presence, vanished, and Reine was alone.

She looked at the money in her hands, counted it.

"The blessed, blessed woman!" she cried, catching her breath with a sob. "Oh, Sebastian must keep sober now. How often I have prayed! how often, dear God!"

Sebastian came in. "What, she has gone, your rich visitor? I went away because I was so poorly dressed."

"What have we in the house to eat, little one?" he asked, smiling in the pretty face. "I am so hungry!"

"Everything," Reine said, beamingly. "The Smiths sent down some tripe as white as milk, and the Crumps brought me in part of a chicken. Think of that,—and they so poor! Open the closet, there. You will see that they have not forgotten us."

He opened it. There was a basket of vegetables, and a shelf full of meats, some of them cooked. Sebastian surveyed them with greedy eyes.

"Take what you like," said Reine. "Miss Ryder is coming down with my dinner. She's the poor lame tailoress, you know: only I'm afraid you can't cook the potatoes."

Presently Miss Ryder came down, limping at every step.

"So Bassett has come home, has he?" She cast a severe glance upon him.

Reine looked at her with pleading eyes. "You are so good," she said.

Sebastian only turned round, then went on with his cooking.

"You are tired, too," said Reine, intent on distracting her attention from Sebastian.

"So would you be if you had been kept awake as I have. Well, if ever I did!" she cried, in rapturous accents, as the little face was uncovered. "I never did see such a young thing as that so pretty. —Mr. Sebastian, you ought to behave yourself, indeed you had, now you've got such a beautiful child," she added, in a shriller voice, for poor Miss Ryder had no mercy on sinners, and tact was a grace that had never belonged to her.

In vain poor Reine pulled at her gown till she almost broke the scant gathers.

"Go to Hades!" muttered the artist, in a voice like an organ tone with the mellowness left out, but he never moved. The woman did not hear, for she was busy now, bolstering up Reine and making her comfortable. Then she limped out, telling Reine not to worry; she would look in upon her again.

"Thundering busybodies!" muttered Sebastian, when she had gone.

"They're very good to me," sighed Reine.

"Sure enough, to you! I'm a vagabond," he said, dejectedly. "Well, never mind."

He stooped and kissed her.

That night he came home, as the saying is, drunk as a lord.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants.

REINE was sleeping quietly, when the door opened and Sebastian came stumbling down the few steps that intervened between the floor and the door.

"Countess St. Leon!" he announced, gravely: he never hiccuped. "Bring a seat for the countess. My dear lady, I beg you will sit down. It happens that my wife the princess is ill. You see, my lady, she has presented me with an heir. The young prince is sleeping. Allow me." He turned down the coarse but clean coverlet.

Reine always wakened at the slightest noise, and now his movement set her eyes open.

"Oh, Sebastian! how could you?" she said.

"My darling of darlings, I would not for the world have disturbed you, but here is Countess De Leon," he said, with drunken gravity. "You must make her welcome."

"The Countess De Leon is welcome," said submissive Reine, trying to keep a sob out of her voice.

"And she wishes to see the young prince."

"The young prince is asleep, my dear, but the countess can look at him," said Reine.

"Is he not a lovely child, countess? And now let me show you some of my latest pictures." He politely ushered his unseen guest to the opposite side of the kitchen, where he seated his visionary company and proceeded to point out the beauties of his latest picture:

"Those high tints, you observe, red almost as Guinea gold, contrast well with the milky tones of the horizon. And the faces of the two persons seated under the magnolia-tree are full of spiritual vivacity. Do you like the pose of the female figure? It accentuates the story, for you see the canvas does tell a story,—a story of the glowing Southern land.

"Then in this sea-piece: the storm is over, and the moon shines dimly through the clouds. Yonder poor fellow on some floating wood strains his eyes through the dusky distance. Will he be saved? Ah, a good title for the picture, thanks! I am delighted that you like it." And so he went on about mist-wreaths and melodious wave-sounds, with much more of the jargon that painters affect.

Meantime poor Reine underwent tortures.

Carefully she felt for her money under the pillow, and hid it between the two pitifully hard straw beds, while her husband was giving orders for a repast worthy the rank of his distinguished visitor.

The "banquet" was nearly ready, and, in deference to the illness of "the princess," the table was drawn up to the side of the bed. Tearfully Reine lay there listening to the conversation, which grew more and more maudlin, till the man threw himself along the bed and was soon fast asleep.

Just then, when it seemed to her that her heart was breaking, came the sound of music, the same she had heard in the afternoon, and somehow it comforted her.

Deep indeed ran the roots of her faith, true and innocent was her heart, that she could look towards the sorrowful and burden-laden years before her and still smile, because she felt the stir of that small bundle on her arm. The garden of her soul was all abloom, despite the heavy breathing of the well-nigh lost man at her side.

CHAPTER V.

NAN.

The first sharp sorrow.

THERE was a strange noise at the back door. Reine listened. Had Sebastian forgotten to fasten it? Yes, for the door opened. Some one was sobbing. In rushed Nan Gartia, tears streaming over her cheeks.

"I came down here: I ran all alone in the dark," sobbed the girl, going towards the bed."

"What's the matter, child?" asked Reine, putting her arm about the baby.

"Oh, Mrs. Sebastian,"—they all called Reine Mrs. Sebastian,— "my—my father!" and the cry was almost a scream.

"Is he worse, dear?"

"He is dead!" wailed the child, and began sobbing again. "Let me stay with you and the baby."

"To be sure, child. I'm so sorry for you! I'm so sorry!"

"I—I thought he was better," the girl went on, kneeling down by the bed and hiding her streaming eyes in the pillow.

"The music came by: did you hear it? the Salvation band. I went to the window to look and to listen. Father called me. He looked so strange! His eyes were shining, and he was sitting straight up in bed, just as strong as could be, and I've had to lift him just like a child, for days.

"Give me King Solomon," says he. King Solomon is the fiddle. It was locked away in its case, and it took some time to get it. I ran with it to the bed, and father took it. I'm sure he didn't know where he was, for he called out in a loud voice, 'Attention, orchestra!' and began to beat time. Then he drew the bow, and—oh, my soul!—the fiddle gave such a cry that it frightened me. Then he cried out again, 'Attention, trombone!' and fell back on the bed, the fiddle and bow still in his hands. I knew he was dead, and all I could do was to scream. There's nobody left to love me or to care for."

"We'll all be good to you, Nan," Reine said.

"Yes, I know, but you're all as poor as we. What can poor folks do but suffer? Don't I know? He wanted a little wine, just one little swallow, and I had no money to buy it with. Perhaps,"—and then came a heavy rasping sob,—“perhaps he died of starvation, because he couldn't git the right things to eat."

"Don't, dear. Think now that he's out of his poverty," said Reine, by way of consolation. "Perhaps you ought to be thankful."

"I ain't thankful to anybody," the girl retorted, sobbing heavily. "I don't know as I wanted him to live and suffer, but now I've got to live and suffer all alone."

"You've got me, Nan," Reine ventured.

"Yes," said the girl, with vehemence, "you! Haven't you got your own troubles to bear, and—that brute—ugh!"

"Now, Nan, don't you go to call my husband names," said Reine, her soft, musical voice growing harsh. "I'm—satisfied—with—baby," she faltered.

"Yes, *you* are satisfied,—satisfied to work your hands off for him. Well, I won't say another word. But, oh, you kind, tender soul, if only you was rich, and I could tend the baby. There isn't a cent in the house, not a red cent. I do make a quarter, some days, but I can't go out now: I'd starve first."

"Now, I've got a little money," said Reine. "Here!" She drew the bills slowly from her little hoard, and put them in the girl's hand. "Don't tell anybody. And, Nan, every blessed soul in Paradise Flats 'll be good to you till such time as you get out to business again. Don't let your fiddle go, whatever you do. Bring it down here to-morrow and put it under the bed. They'll be wanting to take that for the rent, or something. Stay: say I bought it."

"You're so good!" sobbed Nan, placing the bills in the ragged waist

of her calico gown. "I wish I could live with you and the baby forever. If it wasn't for *him*," and a look of supreme disgust crossed her face, "I would. I'd bring that baby up——" Then, a wave of troubled recollection surging up from the heart, she began to cry again for her father.

CHAPTER VI.

A SALVATION BAND.

The meaning of song goes deep.

THE music went on undisturbed now by loaded vans and carts and carriages. The "army" had the right of way, for it was past ten o'clock.

Almost all the men were stalwart fellows; the women were plain, with here and there a pretty or pathetic face.

There were men-captains and women-captains. There was a young ensign, Harriet Vane, an English girl, both young and pretty. It was worth looking for to catch the flash of her violet eyes under the quaint poke bonnet.

They had held one of their most successful gatherings that night, and added several recruits, who, a little shamefaced, but upheld by a dogged resolution, marched at the end of the procession.

The streets were very nearly deserted. A few men and women stopped as they went by, to ridicule or criticise. They seemed equally indifferent to praise or censure, this small band, and as they came in sight of one of the city palaces the command was given to halt. It was by Ensign Harry's order. The house was occupied by a wealthy banker.

Did the bright-eyed little ensign expect a welcome, or was it some sudden impulse that she could not have explained?

The banker sat in his study, in the depths of a silk-and-plush arm-chair. His friend sat opposite, an eminently handsome young man with a Greek profile.

In the mellow light the faces of the two men, so distinctly outlined, might have been those of father and son; but they were not related.

The music came harshly, even through the plate-glass and the silken hangings.

"Damn them?" said the banker, angrily, as he moved uneasily in his chair.

"Whom?" asked the young man, taking his cigar from between his lips.

"Those Salvationists. They're leading Molly away with their fanatic notions."

"I wish it was my privilege to go and do likewise."

"I wish it were. I like you, Stacy. Your father was a dear friend of mine, years ago. I don't believe he could ever have thought a dishonorable thing. Upon my word, Stacy, I wish I knew how to help you. She's crazy over the Salvation Army; wants to wear a badge, and all that. Don't you see my hands are tied? Why, she knows

more about the slums than any veteran district-visitor in the parish. I give her a liberal allowance, and I'll be hanged if she don't come for more before the month is half over. She knows the power of her coaxing face. I can't deny her anything."

Young Stacy listened, a half smile on his smooth face. It was hardly a wonder that Molly Stanley, in her youthful wisdom, called him a boy, her pretty upper lip curling and her beautiful face full of a haughty disdain, for he was very youthful-looking for a man of twenty-six.

"Your daughter is a very charming young woman," he said, "whatever her notions of outside things may be; and fads are inevitable to the feminine mind, and quite excusable in one so lovely."

"If she could only settle down in a home of her own," said the banker, with a sigh, "there might be some hope for her. Damn those Salvationists! Why don't they stop parading like a pack of fools through the best streets of the city?"

"Oh, they'll go out, after they've had their day. Such things never last long, you know," said Stacy, with a wise smile, helping himself to another cigar from a costly silver tray. "Some people take them up, but not in our set, you know."

"No, but they can do a good deal of mischief while they last. I wonder if they are in communication with Molly?" The banker walked uneasily toward the heavily-curtained window, then back irresolutely, then sat down, muttering a "Thank God!" The "army" had moved down the street.

"Miss Stanley would hardly countenance their stopping here, I should think," said the young man.

"Oh, you don't know Molly. She is the very devil—no, I won't unsay it," he went on, a half-amused smile on his face at Stacy's startled gaze,—“the very devil for obstinacy. Let me tell you, the man who marries her will have his hands full."

"I wish I might try the experiment," said Stacy, complacently.

Reared in an atmosphere of luxury, a church member in the best standing, and of blameless life, there was not in all the world of society a richer, better-principled, or more self-satisfied young prig.

His family had intended him for the Church, and he had the ambition, or perhaps the vanity, to think that he could preach as good a sermon as many a graybeard.

There was something more in him than the qualities that made him a leading man in his world, only he had not thus far found it out. His mind had not as yet vibrated to the touch of what we call the commoner things of life. He was exclusive, and knew only one side of the human nature in his set. Considering himself a man of broad sympathies, he hardly knew what sympathy meant in its common adaptation to the needs of mankind.

He had the honesty to give up his destined profession at the last moment, much to the disappointment of certain members of his family; but his heart was not in it. Instead he took up the study of medicine, which he enjoyed, and then lived the life of a man of leisure, attended his clubs with the same regularity that he attended church, and found

existence very agreeable, but rather monotonous, till he met Molly Stanley. Then it became more than rose-colored; it took on the hues of paradise.

All his life, when at home, he had occupied the same square pew at St. Mary's. It was in the side aisle, near the chancel, facing, or nearly facing, the body of the church.

One Sunday a slender maiden with exquisitely fitting garments and an air that proclaimed her to the manner born entered a pew within the ken of his vision, and at once entranced his senses. It was not long before he learned who she was. Everybody was talking of the recent addition. His cousin knew her intimately.

"Don't you think she is lovely?" the cousin asked, coquettishly. "She is old Stanley's daughter,—Stanley, the great banker, rich as Cræsus. For all that, she is so unworldly, in spite of her irreligious training."

It was not long before Russell Stacy obtained an introduction, and his handsome face and attractive manners made a certain impression on the young girl. But, fired with the longing to do some work towards the world's reformation, she made him a secondary consideration, caring for him only as a friend, and discouraged his suit.

Not so the banker. When he found the young man was the son of an old friend, that his character was unblemished, and his standing secure, he was eager to forward the happiness of his wayward child by giving her into the keeping of one in every way so worthy.

CHAPTER VII.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let your selfish sorrow go.

ENSIGN HARRY looked in vain for some sign of recognition as the little body of Salvationists labored at the wavering strains of "The Sweet By-and-By."

"Perhaps we had better go," said the girl, lifting her poke bonnet to get a breath of fresh air. Thereupon the captain gave orders, and the company marched on, the cornets and tambourines growing fainter and fainter.

Meantime Molly had gone to her room with her cousin Lucy, who was visiting her, one of the prettiest and, so far as in her lay, most fashionable girls in the city.

"We might as well have stayed down-stairs a little longer," Lucy said, throwing herself into a big beruffled, bepillowed chair in white and gold.

"Isn't Russell Stacy a singularly handsome man? What in the world makes you so indifferent to him? I'd fly with such a lover to the end of the world."

"I wish you would take him off my hands, then," Molly responded, taking possession of another big chair.

"Oh, he don't want me. Why, the man adores you, Molly Stanley. The way he looks at you! it makes me positively wild. No one ever worshipped me, and I'm not bad-looking, either," she added, complacently, turning her pretty head towards a cheval-glass. "Why don't you like him, Molly?"

"I do like him, very much," Molly answered, indolently rocking to and fro.

"I'm sure there isn't a pair of eyes like his, I mean exactly like, with those beautiful curling lashes, in the world." And Lucy ended with what seemed very like a sigh.

"I don't really know what color they are," said Molly.

"And what a handsome clergyman he would have made! I'll bet"—beauty in private is not always choice in its language—"then you would have married him. Now he's a horrid doctor."

"I wouldn't have married him if he had been a clergyman twice over," was the decided reply. "I don't intend to marry. You know that."

"Fiddlesticks! I'm two years older than you are. When I was eighteen I determined never, never, *never* to marry. I wouldn't turn my back on a good chance now, I promise you."

"You have plenty of chances," said Molly, mechanically.

"No, not good ones,—good looks, good manners, and a good fortune. Oh, yes, there are plenty of a certain kind, but not one like him. His very name is musical."

Molly laughed, and then relapsed into thought.

"I say, Molly, why don't you go into a sisterhood? I never saw a girl with your advantages so utterly indifferent to all the world can give. If my father was a banker, and I had the money that passes through your hands, I should be perfectly happy. I'd ask no more of fate, no, not even for a husband." And Lucy Garland sank back with closed eyes and folded hands, her blond hair melting into the golden shade of the cretonne and forming a sort of halo about her head.

"You are really a beautiful girl, Lu," said Molly, rousing herself, "a great deal nicer-looking than I am. You ought to be in my place, and I—well, if I were poor I should know just what to do."

"Join the Salvation Army, perhaps," Lu said, laughing.

"Indeed I would," Molly said, with so much gravity, such decided emphasis, that Lu's cheeks lost their rich color, and she started upright in her chair.

"You don't mean it! you can't mean it!" she cried, explosively.

"I do mean it, Lu. No other life seems to me to be worth the living."

"Not to march round with that ragamuffin crowd,—that set of—of—well, jail-birds, for all one knows?" The words fell with irritating emphasis on Molly's ear.

"Tisn't the marching, but the good they do. They go right where Christ tells them to, into the by-ways and the alleys. I might march and I might not, but I covet the crown they are earning by their noble efforts. You don't know them as I do."

"Know them?" said Lucy, with a shudder. "I most devoutly hope not. Dirt is repulsive to me. Common people turn me sick, for I hate the gutters. The Salvation Army! Ugh! Captain Molly,—for of course they wouldn't dub you anything else,—the daughter of the eminent banker, cheek by jowl with the most disreputable body of slummers that the world has ever seen! Do you know what it means? Social ostracism. Even I wouldn't speak to you.

"But come,"—her mood changed,—"get you to some respectable nunnery, and will me your jewels and your wardrobe first, if you must do something startling. Heavens and earth!" She covered her face with her hands and fell back as if exhausted.

"I wish heartily you had everything belonging to me, Lu, position, lover, and all. Something is warning me all the time to be true to myself,—to throw aside the pomps and vanities——"

"And put on a coal-scuttle poke, and take on the sweat and grime of the gutters," Lucy broke in.

"To try to save some poor soul," said Molly, her voice grown solemn and her face grave. "I am rich. I am a churchwoman. I sit under an eloquent clergyman who talks most pathetically about the sorrows of the poor. But what of the crushed spirits that can't get out to any church, can't get clothes, can't get food? What of the horrible present, while men, women, and children are starving? Last Sunday we took up a collection for the poor,—just a few within our own ken. Mamie Rivers sang a solo, 'Rescue the perishing.' Who is going to do it? Beyond giving a pittance, not a woman in that fashionable church. How sweetly sad and pathetic everybody looked! Old Colonel Turner, with his pale, handsome face, and white hair glistening like silver, who owns tenement-houses and gin-palaces by the dozen, looked up to the ceiling as if he saw angels all over the frescoed arch. I suppose he gave a dollar in exchange for the hundreds he takes from the most wretched slums in the city. I wonder how many bless his gray hairs."

Molly was rash, she was an enthusiast, she was very young. Later, when years brought wisdom and her judgment had grown clearer, she saw how God, even in His Church, allows the tares to grow side by side with the wheat. She had risen, her eyes blazing, her slender figure raised to its utmost height. Just then the strains of the "Sweet By-and-By" came floating on the silent evening air.

From the windows, whose costly curtains were partly drawn aside, stole upon the sight a goodly new moon set in the violet deeps of the heavens.

Molly's hands fell. Tear-drops sparkled on her lashes. Lucy, with both hands clasping the arms of the great chair, gazed at her cousin, awed into silence.

On came the little band, nearer and nearer, then stopped.

There were but few instruments,—a flute, a violin, a cornet, a horn or two, a drum,—but just now they were all in tune.

"They have stopped here," said Lucy, looking out guardedly.

"Don't let yourself be seen," said Molly, in an exhausted voice. "I don't want to make papa any angrier than he is. I suppose they

are paying me a compliment. They know how I feel; at least Ensign Harry does."

"Ensign Harry!" Lucy said, looking up with knit brows. "A man!"

"A girl, no older than I am, and much prettier,—an English girl, who left all the comforts of home and a lover she loved dearly, at the call of the Master. Oh, if you could hear her! The stories she tells would sink into your heart."

"I don't want to hear them. I haven't a bit of talent that way. It would kill me; and I don't want to die. A woman an ensign! what a horrible thing it is! No, Molly, I don't want any of it, neither do you. Be content with the state in which it has pleased Providence to place you."

"And leave all the miserable creatures in the world to perish, would you?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. There must be reasons for the slums, but it's all awfully disgusting. Take me to a picture-gallery, but spare me the tenement-houses. They're vulgar. And the idea of *you* mixing in such company! Molly, you're crazy!"

"Would you think me crazy if I turned over all my fine things to you and took my place beside those humble people?" Molly asked.

"Stark, raving mad," her cousin said. "I'm almost afraid you are now."

The little band outside had gone. Softer and sadder grew the strains of music, while the two girls listened, the one all fervor, the other all fear.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRINGING THE FIDDLE DOWN.

And all hearts bless her as she passes by.

"AH, but you see, Reine, I was so overjoyed! It must have been that, for the thought that I had a son quite overcame me, and I had to drink his health. But that is the last time: I swear it. I have thought of some splendid designs. I promise you I will bring home money to-night for you and the boy."

Sebastian stood proudly erect, his face aglow with the satisfaction which his own words created.

Reine had no difficulty in believing him. How could a man with such a face and figure, though the lines of both were sadly marred, falsify his word? Although he had done so a thousand times, she was willing to believe and receive him again and again.

There was a knock at the crazy door. Blue eyes, a bewitching little aigrette atop the folds of an exquisite hat, a faultlessly gloved, gowned, and booted figure, appeared as the painter opened the door.

Mutually they stood and stared, she at Sebastian, who was looking his best, he at this lovely vision, fresh from the sphere in which he had been born.

Reine, bolstered up by pillows, the faint scarlet of surprise flushing her cheeks, the delight of seeing her visitor bringing a rush of tears to

her tender eyes, looked so ethereal that Miss Stanley could hardly repress a cry of admiration. Who were these dwellers in the lower world whose natural affinity for the pure and the beautiful had evidently been tampered with by shrewish Fate?

"It's by the help of the good folks in Paradise Flats that we look so nice, Sebastian and me," said Reine. "I hadn't got many things of my own," she went on, "but they all take so much interest in baby."

"I don't wonder," was the smiling rejoinder.

The door at the back staircase opened.

Enveloped in a ragged old shawl which dragged behind her, and with a brown, battered violin-case in her hand, little Nan entered, her plain face swelled and disfigured by tears. Surprised at sight of the stranger, she began to back out.

"Don't go, Nan," said Reine.—"She has just lost her father, miss, and is bringing the old fiddle down here for safe-keeping."

Nan stood irresolute, her great eyes glowing and palpitating, the eyes of Italia.

"Is the violin for sale?" asked Molly, looking the girl over with keen interest.

"No!" the child said, eagerly; "oh, no. Even father wouldn't sell it to buy wine with, when he needed it so much. He left it for me. It's mine, now," she half sobbed, clutching it close. "It's all I've got."

"She plays a little herself," Reine went on, "and sings on the street. I was afraid somebody might take the fiddle for rent or something, and I told her to bring it here."

"Is money due on the rent?" Molly asked.

"Yes, miss: it will take me a good while to pay it. As soon—as—he is buried," the child faltered, "I'll go and earn some money. Sometimes I make a quarter a day; but I couldn't leave him when he was so sick. So—we—I haven't got the money."

"How much rent is due?" Molly asked.

"Three dollars, for a month. He couldn't put us out, you know, when my father was so sick; but of course," she added as an afterthought, "he wants his money. If he will only give me time, I will pay him."

"Pay him out of this," said Molly, with an angelic smile, as she gave the child a crisp five-dollar bill.

Nan could only look her thanks. Her lip quivered.

"You shall pay me back some time, by singing for me. Is that the best shawl you have?" Molly asked.

"Yes, it is," Reine answered. "I'm going to let her take my hat for the funeral. The people in the house took up a collection, poor as they are, to buy a coffin. Of course he's got to be buried by the city."

"That's what hurts," sobbed the child, who had thrust the violin-case under the bed.

"We'll see about that," said Molly. "Take me up to your room."

The child looked at her with wonder-wide eyes.

"Oh, miss," she said, "it's at the top of the house."

"Never mind that," said Molly.

How she reached it, holding by rickety balusters, stumbling over children, and half choked by the peculiar aroma of soapsuds, Molly never knew, but when Nan applied the key, and the door opened upon a room in which stood one chair and something that did duty for a bedstead, her heart sank.

The finely-lined features of the dead pauper, the white hair curled back from a noble brow, the thin well-arched nose, the pathetic curve of the lips, made up in refinement for the lack of better surroundings and the poverty of his funeral garb. It was as if in death the lofty spirit lifted itself tentatively and asserted its kinship with the best.

Poor little Nan knelt down by the bed and buried her face in the ragged quilt.

People who saw the simple funeral on the following day, the little band of Salvationists playing softly and sweetly some of the old familiar hymns, stopped and marvelled. There was one carriage, in which three of the neighbors and Nan herself sat, wondering.

At the funerals that took place in the vicinity of Paradise Flats there was seldom any music, and never before had there been a carriage.

CHAPTER IX.

ENSIGN HARRY.

A home in which the heart can live.

It could not be said that the dwellers in Paradise Flats were lonely. The newly rich, strangers to the *haut ton*, and moving through their expensively decorated houses, may have all that money can give, everything but the one thing they crave, the social element. That was not wanting, such as it was, in the great tenement house. Number 4 drifted into Number 5 and imparted all the news. Number 6 told alarming stories about Number 5, and by consequence there was no end of rows, but also there was no end of sociality.

Nan and her father had lived in the seventh story. When Nan came home from the funeral, Miss Stanley was waiting for her, in Reine's room. Nan wore a neat black dress, the gift of her new friend.

What was to become of the girl, gifted and alone?

The child herself pleaded to go back to the old place. She knew she could earn enough money to take care of herself. But Miss Stanley objected, and made arrangements with a Mrs. McKiseth, a comely red-cheeked little Irishwoman, who lived just under the roof, to give her a corner, a sup, and a bite, until she should be better able to help herself.

There she left her, clutching the old violin-case and crying her heart out.

As she went down the poorly-lighted staircase, suddenly a door opened on the lower landing and a waft of sunshine and perfumed air came out into the leaden atmosphere.

"Why, Ensign Harry!"

"Dear Miss Stanley!"

"I didn't know where you lived," said Molly; "though I knew it was in this house."

"Come in," said Ensign Harry, smiling. "You won't hinder," as Molly drew back: "I was only going down-stairs."

"What a cosy little den!" cried Molly, as the two went in together. "And you live here, alone!"

"Why not?"

"Are you not afraid?"

"Not in the least. My uniform protects me. I could go in and out all hours of the night. Everybody respects the poke bonnet, and my emblem is the cross;" she pointed to a little ivory cross, which she wore on the left breast. "All the people in this place are friendly. They can be influenced in a general way. It is a great work. It repays one for self-denial, only my people don't like it: I mean my own immediate family."

"Did they need you?"

"Not at all. My father is a large mill-owner: my sisters are all at home but one, who is married. There was another: he was of the Church, I of the dissenters: we could not agree. I gave him up and joined the army. I tried to do it cheerfully for Christ's sake. We were near neighbors,—had been lovers all our lives. Then I came away,—so many miserable breaking hearts calling for help! And here I am."

A sweet, sad smile broke over her face.

"It is a glorious privilege, that of saving men and women," she went on, "of seeing them made happier for this life, even if they will not think of the other. If one gets no further than that, still it is grand work to do."

"Oh, nobly grand!" Molly responded, "a work above all that I should like to do. I have no mother, no brothers, no sisters. I was born rich. I have never known anything outside of a luxurious life,—save only that, for me, it is not a happy one."

Ensign Harry regarded her visitor with speculation in her soft, violet eyes.

She saw in her the ready wit, the easy graceful manner, of the woman of the world. In her own little north-country home there had never been any very exciting social duties,—now and then a visit to the metropolis, here a concert, there a lecture; but to Miss Stanley the etiquette and elegance of society must be as native as the breath she drew.

It was this conviction that gave her the courage to launch out into a graphic description of the hardships of the life she led, the horrors, miseries, degradation, which they encountered, not daily, but hourly, and she drew a quick breath when after the unwelcome task her visitor said,—

"That is living! That is just what I want to do!"

"But your father!" Ensign Harry almost gasped, clasping and unclasping her thin, shapely fingers, noting every detail about her visitor,

the soft percale dress of palest blue, the dainty gloves, the lace that in snowy flutings encircled her throat, the pretty straw hat with its small white wing emphasizing above the blue trimming the snowy tints of her skin. "What would your father say?"

"I don't know," and Molly drew her breath quickly. "I suppose, at first, he would be very angry. He might disown me. I'm sure all my fashionable friends would. But then if I feel that I am called——" She hesitated.

"But are you called?" asked Ensign Harry. "You must first be very sure of that."

"You left father and mother, and even more," said Molly.

"I did, and I have never been sorry. Natural regret I may sometimes feel, that I cannot see the dear faces, the dear home."

The blue eyes were hidden now, the whole face was in shadow, the delicate hands lay folded in her lap.

"Then why not I?" questioned Molly. "There is nobody to go away from. I should still stay here."

"Oh, the work is grand! Yes, but I sometimes ask, how can God be satisfied with such small results? The drunkenness is past computing, the wickedness of the wicked is terrible. The whole sea of fallen humanity is rolling up huge billows of sin, and we can only throw a little candle-light upon here and there a wave. All the rest is the blackness of darkness. It is very discouraging."

"But to save one, and to know I had been the instrument, would content me," said Molly.

"Yes, only to save one," Ensign Harry repeated, looking up, a flash of rapture in her eyes, "ought to be glory enough."

Molly went home after a brief visit to Reine. On her way she passed Sebastian outlining a wonderful group on the pavement, with colored chalks. The man pulled his ragged felt hat over his eyes, and bent lower to his task. Miss Stanley was ashamed of him, for him, and passed rapidly by this caricature of genius, grubbing for a penny, while full purses and palace-homes waited his coming, if only his manhood could conquer.

"I will try! I will try!" she said to herself, "if only to save him!"

CHAPTER X.

RUSSELL STACY—A PROPOSAL.

Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
Even passion blushed to ask for more.

At home.

A lackey, uniformed and obsequious, let Molly into the dim splendor of the great square hall.

It was four o'clock. She knew her father was at home.

A faint smell of cigar-smoke impregnated the air. She heard voices, and said to herself that Russell Stacy was with her father. She wondered if he would stay to dinner.

Not much pleased with the reflection, she ran lightly up-stairs.

Stacy and the banker were talking over the merits of several famous horses. Stacy was the speaker:

"Maid Marian at once took the lead with Madge, and kept it all the way round to the last pole, when Jack Tanning, who had Jenny Wales well in hand and close up, began to force the pace. They came down by the scratch almost neck and neck, but, by clever riding, Madge was shot ahead just at the judges' stand, and won by a neck. I tell you, that's the horse for my money. I won a clear two thousand by her."

"Stacy, you ought to be a bohemian," said the banker, after a pause.

"Perhaps. I donated the winnings to a church charity."

"You're always a lucky dog."

"Yes, in most things. And that reminds me that I've got some bonds." He opened a morocco wallet, still talking. "Lucky in most things; things not vital to my welfare, however. Perhaps I belong, of right, to the vagabond class. I'm never so happy as when, in some of those down-town studios, I can watch and work with the devil-may-care fellows one meets there."

"What kind of work do they do?" asked the banker.

"Oh, simply pot-boilers. Some of them are very clever, though. There's a Mephisto there, by a man named Anthony, that I'm going to have. I'll give a thousand and astonish the poor devil. There's a fellow who comes there sometimes, in a slouch hat and—well, rags, mostly, who they say is the son of a nobleman. Remarkably fine-looking, English to the backbone, and the possessor of more than ordinary talent, yet he makes his pot-boilers on the pavement. Think of that for a full-grown man and a scion of nobility—perhaps—in the bargain."

"Of course he is worthless," said the banker.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. Even the Salvation Army hasn't caught him yet. By the bye, is Miss Stanley still anxious to throw in her lot with that peculiar people?"

"I have heard nothing to the contrary," said the banker. "I'm afraid she's not going to be content till she joins them."

"Great Scott! you wouldn't allow it?" the young man exclaimed, taking his fragrant Havana between finger and thumb.

"What's the good of fighting a woman?" And then, after a pause, "I have come to a decision at last."

"And pray what is that?"

"To let her go. That means punishment. If I refused, that would mean tyranny. It won't last long: like all fads, it will die out."

"But, heavens! a young and beautiful girl without protection! subject to every sort of insult!"

"You don't know Molly. Sit down, my boy," said the banker, for, impelled by violent emotion, young Stacy had risen and was walking back and forth. "Let me give you a few of my reasons."

"In the first place, I promised my wife not to interfere with Molly's religious convictions."

"In the second, I am quite sure that this romantic sentiment will wear itself out.

"In the third, if I don't give my consent she will go without it, which would be equivalent to her running away, and make no end of scandal. She anticipates a refusal. Instead, I will make the way as smooth as possible. That will quash the romance, the idea of self-immolation, and all that nonsense. Besides, I'm not unwilling that she should punish herself by coming face to face with poverty, yes, and even with crime. She is of a sensitive nature, with all her philanthropical notions, and the thing will naturally disgust her. Thus in making the way easy for her I am the more effectually barring it. Like a well-trained father, I must submit."

"But what the devil am *I* to do?" And young Stacy turned his almost haggard face on the banker.

"Young man," was the reply, "Molly is more than I can manage. You must look out for yourself."

"And I'll try, by heavens!" muttered the young fellow. "I'll speak to her to-night. I love that girl better than my own life. I vow to God I will conquer her!"

Miss Stanley looked provokingly pretty at dinner-time, in her simple but artistic white dress. If possible, the white became her better than the blue. Its filmy folds fell about her little figure like a silvery mist, and the sweetness and delicacy of her manner sent thrill after thrill through the veins of Russell Stacy, as he pictured her in a cotton gown and coal-scuttle bonnet.

After dinner she played and sang with the finish of a well-trained amateur; and then Stacy drew her away with him into an arched recess lined with silver-gray drapery.

"I am determined to protest," thought he, "and to propose."

"I might as well give him his quietus," said Molly to herself.

"Do you think your father is as well as usual?" he began.

"Papa?" It was with a start and a shiver that she turned towards him.

"Yes. Isn't there a little, just a little languor?" he went on. "You see him all the time, but then, you know, my profession enables me to be more observing, perhaps, than others. I have feared that there is a tendency to heart-disease."

"You alarm me, Mr. Stacy. My father seems no less vigorous to me to-day than he did ten years ago," said Molly.

"Then perhaps I am too professional in my observations. He certainly at times has the appearance of a man who suffers—not continually, you understand, but at times—from heart-trouble."

Miss Stanley felt her own heart quake a little. Was it possible that his quick eyes had noticed what might pass unnoticed by her? And if her father had heart-trouble, then it behooved her to watch him carefully and allow nothing to happen which might tend to quicken his pulses or trouble his mind. But she doubted.

"Mr. Stacy, you are a full-fledged doctor, aren't you?" she asked.

"I certainly am," he replied.

"Then why don't you practise?"

It was a pertinent question, and he felt the blood surging to his face.

"Why, really, I have no need, you know."

"Oh, of course I am well aware that you are rich,—a millionaire, they say," her voice slightly sarcastic. "But why not practise among the poor, and give your services?"

"Miss Stanley! you are really—so—downright practical, that you confuse me," he answered.

"I asked you a very simple question," was the girl's rejoinder, the blue eyes looking innocently into his own. "Think for a moment. Who can measure the good you might do?"

"Why, yes, so I might," he replied, amused at her earnestness, yet thinking that she had never looked so beautiful. "Well, I will practise, on one condition."

"And that?" she asked, smiling.

"That you will share the chances of a doctor's life with me. It's slavery, you know. No night, no day, no hour even, that he can call his own,—running the risk of contagion, small-pox, yellow fever, cholera, blood-poison,—charming list, isn't it? But all this I will risk for your sake, Miss Stanley. I am sure your father would not object. Come, now, acknowledge that I have been frank."

"Yes, you have," she made answer, and, though her cheeks were flushed with brighter than their usual soft carmine, she did not flinch. "I will be equally frank," she continued. "I do not love you enough to marry you. I shall never love any man. My whole heart and soul are enlisted in the pursuit of another vocation, which I will never relinquish."

"I do not love my profession sufficiently to practise it, but for your sake I would sacrifice my dearest inclinations," he said, and said it sincerely.

Instinctively she looked into his eyes, and knew in that moment that she was nearer to loving him than she had ever been before. The glance he gave her revealed depths of feeling. His Saxon beauty, the rippling curls of his yellow-bronze hair, the rare perfection of form and features, all held her spell-bound for the moment. But she must break this thrall. The current of her chosen occupation must not, should not, be changed.

After all, the man before her, as she saw him, was an indolent, smoking, drinking, racing self-worshipper. So she chose to regard him, but so in fact he was not. To marry him, in her unworldly estimation, was almost to throw her soul away.

"Mr. Stacy, I have a mission to fulfil," she said, simply, putting all speculation aside.

"Yes, every woman has, or ought to have," he made ready answer, and something in his voice and manner angered her. "I also have a mission, but I need some one to aid me in carrying it out."

"Your mission is very different from mine, Mr. Stacy, and doubtless you can find some one ready and willing to help you. My place is among the poor and wretched. To comfort one forlorn heart I would almost give my life," she went on, her fair face lighting up, her voice growing passionate.

"Behold the one forlorn heart!" he said, with a mingling of pathos and tender satire so irresistible that she laughed.

"This is strange love-making," he said, after a moment; "but lightly won lightly held! I warn you I am going to persecute you into becoming my wife."

"Then our friendship must end here," she said, with dignity. "Persecution I expect and am prepared for, but not from you."

He rose suddenly and went towards a vase of flowers. Taking a beautiful tea-rose, he said, with more daring than prudence, "I select this as a decoration for that poke bonnet, and a remembrance of your clean, dainty life. Great God! you leave your father, who needs you, your friends, who worship you, the sweet and delicate associations of your girlhood, the love that would shield you from even a rose-thorn, for what? For things for which I have no name. You, the sweetest exponent of fair chaste womanhood I have ever seen. And what will be your reward? The vilest ingratitude, the immeasurable disgust of your best friends, a life without consolations of any kind. Remember, I have warned you."

They stood apart, both angry; but his anger was born of an all-conquering love, rejected, if not despised.

"Mr. Stacy," she said, icily, "I don't want to quarrel with you. Good-night." And she held out her hand.

"I won't take your hand," was his bitter rejoinder, "until you can give your heart with it." And he folded his hands behind him.

She recalled afterwards how like a splendid statue he looked; and yet she was glad she had rejected him.

"I am tired of this frivolous life," she said that night to her mirror, after her maid had left her. She went on in fragmentary ejaculations: "What good do I do? Whom do I really benefit? To go to the same kind of parties, night after night, to sing to the crowds who clap their gloved hands and cry out, 'So sweet!' Always the same applause, the same listless praise. But if I sing for those who seldom hear sweet sounds; if I buy flowers for the poor souls who hardly know what a flower looks like; if I give bread to the starving, and comfort to the sorrowing; if I can help save just one,—a little child, perhaps,—that would be happiness."

She stood there, a snow-white vision in her dainty robes. Doubtless she was not quite so ready with her prayers that night as usual, as she knelt down. In the hitherto flawless tissue of her imagination she now found grave doubts and suggestions of trials to come. She wished Russell Stacy had never touched her life.

"If it was in him to do great work, if he was the man he ought to be," she said, as she laid her head on the pillow, "he would do his duty for love of it, not to gain a wife."

"Well, to-morrow comes the test. Hark!"

From afar came the faint clashing of cymbals. She listened with rapt face and smiling lips.

"Thou who art nearer than an earthly father," she whispered, "help me to-morrow!"

CHAPTER XI.

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

The test of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen.

"CAN I see you alone a few minutes, papa?" Miss Stanley asked, timidly, when her father came home from the bank on the following day.

She was quite calm now. She had prayed, oh, so fervently, that she might have strength to bear all that might come, even contempt, even blasphemy, for her father was not choice in his selection of words when in anger.

A storm muttered and raved outside, but the softened lights and shadows in the banker's study, the draperies so warm in tone, the red of the wood fire,—for it was now early autumn,—the gleam of costly marble, made the tempest of rain and wind outside seem unreal.

"Papa," said Miss Stanley, softly. Inwardly she trembled so that her voice was unsteady, and for a moment she could get no further.

"I am all attention," said her father, courteously, filling the bowl of his amber pipe, which in the softened radiance of the room looked like old yellow ivory fantastically carved.

The banker was a tall man and inclined to corpulence. Handsome, too, but he had long ago buried the joys of the past with his dead loves, and business was stamped upon his comfortable figure and regular features. Of the earth, earthy, he lived but for the accumulation of money. All sorrows over lost opportunities, all delight over vanished joys, were gone. The far-off time when he loved the common pleasures of life seemed to him another age. He was essentially the successful man of to-day.

"Papa, perhaps you know why I came to-night. You——" And here she faltered again.

"State it in a business way, my dear. I don't think it's money, because I paid you your allowance yesterday."

"Oh, no, papa: you have always been most generous. But you know what my dearest wish has long been, and that I love——"

"Oh, that is all right," was the quick, cheerful response. "I told Stacy to go ahead. He's a fine fellow, a *very* fine fellow—for one so rich as he is," he added, carefully lighting the costly pipe. "It is in every way most gratifying to me, and I am indeed——"

Shame and indignation had been fighting for the mastery, and Molly broke in,—

"Oh, papa! how could you think—how can you say such words to me? I have refused Mr. Stacy,—refused him in such a way that he knew what I meant."

"What! Refused him! a man I couldn't love better if he were my own son! Why under heaven did you do it? What does he lack? He's the handsomest man living, as wealthy as a prince, and as good as a priest. Why, my girl, he's the pick of creation. And you refused him!"

"But I don't love him, papa," the girl said, listlessly. "I don't love any man but you." And then, rapidly, but in a way that befitted

the daughter of a business man, she stated her views, her desires and decisions.

"Great God!" was all the banker allowed himself to say; and then there was silence for some minutes, she waiting for the vials of his wrath to be uncorked and poured upon her defenceless head.

But he had carefully prepared the plan of his campaign, and, though his natural wrath was stirred even to vindictive speech, he controlled himself, and after a while spoke in his ordinary voice.

"This, then, is your coveted vocation and your settled determination, is it?" he asked; and just then a gust of wind struck the window and shook the strong casements.

"Yes, papa," she answered.

"And what are you going to do about me?" he asked. "Of course I'm an old fellow, and not worth much in a social way, but——"

She sprang up, hung on his neck, and kissed him again and again.

"That is the saddest part of it, the very saddest," she sobbed, the tears falling thick and fast. "But, dear, dear papa, I truly can't be happy unless I follow the leadings of conscience,—until at least I—have tried. I cannot! I cannot!"

"Then, if you must, I suppose you must," he answered, coolly, as she lifted her tear-stained face. "I believe your religion sanctions the forsaking of all ties," he added, grimly. "However, we will talk the matter over. Take that seat opposite, if you please. Now that you are going among cutthroats, thieves, and drunkards, to say nothing of other abandoned creatures, you can hardly expect me to approve. If I understand you, you wish to cast in your lot with this ill-conditioned rabble called the Salvation Army. Very well. You could not in that case expect to go in and out of my house in that prison garb. So of course it follows that you must choose a home among them."

"That, of course," she said, in an almost inaudible voice. "I must live among those I wish to reclaim."

"Precisely. I am glad you realize the fact. But you have had no experience of that kind. Luxury, elegance, every comfort for the body and every incentive towards the growth of intellect, have been yours all your life. You do not know the bitterness of poverty, temptation, and sin, or of other horrors such as you elect for your life-work. However, we will let all that go. You have chosen your lot, and must find a home elsewhere."

"I shall have a room, father, next to that of Ensign Harry,—in the same house with her," she said, trembling.

"Ensign Harry!" he thundered, forgetting his rôle. "Who, in God's name, is Ensign Harry? You said *her*."

"A true, good woman, father, who left a comfortable home in England, and a faithful lover, and has never regretted it."

"Very likely. I never heard that King Lear's daughters repented. Well, go to your Ensign Harry, or the Old Harry. No doubt either could fill my place better."

"Father!" she entreated, piteously.

"You were talking of where you would live," he went on, puffing vigorously, and now and then fidgeting with his neck, his vest-buttons,

his gold eye-glasses. "You have chosen a hard taskmaster, who will not be so indulgent as your old father. Let me see; what is your monthly allowance now?"

"Thirty dollars, father," she said.

"Thirty dollars. That's for pins and candy and fal-lals. I will double it. You shall not go roaming the miserable streets down by the docks, penniless. You have the control of fifty thousand dollars which I presented to you as a birthday gift. That was for the purpose of instructing you in business matters, so that you might be able to look out for your own interest. So far you have made some very good investments. It is yours. Of course you can settle it upon some of your vagabonds, if you choose; but I should advise you——"

"Papa! I never should think of touching that. I leave it in your hands, as I always have. And I should be quite content with the thirty you have given me. My personal expenses will be very small," she said, tears in her voice.

"All right. When those harpies find out who you are, I tremble for you. But I shall double your allowance. Remember that, however willingly you leave me, you will still be my daughter. Some men would cast you off, or—put you in irons," he supplemented, between his teeth. "I prefer to let you see for yourself; but you shan't go empty-handed."

"Oh, father, I expected—nothing," she half sobbed.

"Then you don't know me, that's all," he made blunt reply. "I suppose as I have had to be father and mother both, the feminine element comes uppermost. I wish to heaven your mother had lived; then there would have been none of this devilish nonsense."

"It might have pleased her, father,—she was so good, so generous, and so religious."

The banker cleared his throat, and in that way smothered the anathema that was very near his lips.

"We are not talking sentiment now," he said, gruffly. "You wish to leave me. Well," he continued, lifting his finger, for Molly was about to speak again, "perhaps in any case you would have left me. If you had married Stacy, of course you would have gone to his house. Then I should at once have installed your cousin Lucy in your place,—as I shall do now. She is pretty, vivacious, and ambitious. I am fond of her. I think she likes me. At all events, I shall secure somebody to keep me company, to pour out the tea and order the toast. As to your private belongings in the matter of dress and jewels, dispose of them as you will, or lock them up in the safe: I mean the jewels. I shall allow your cousin money enough to dress as befits her new position, and make her welcome."

"As a matter of course, you will be lost to society. People will talk—out of my hearing, or I should break their heads."

"So you see I am resigned. You may don your poke bonnet and your linsey-woolsey at the earliest opportunity. I shall never witness the transformation. Whenever you see fit to renounce your mad scheme, the doors of my house will be open to you."

"But, father, may I not come to see you sometimes?"

"Not until you can come clothed and in your right mind." He put his pipe aside, a hint that the conference was over, and Miss Stanley went slowly from the study and sought her own room, disappointed and sore of heart, although her dearest wish was granted.

She had all along looked for threats, vituperation, persecution, either of which would have roused in her the spirit of her fighting ancestors and the greater longing for self-sacrifice. Now she did not feel in the least heroic. Neither did she understand her father. She had not looked for his ready acquiescence, his calm business method, and the natural—"no," she said, chokingly, "the unnatural way in which he referred to Cousin Lucy." A girl so everyway worldly, so selfish, was to inherit all she would lose. It was hard to bear, this seeming transfer of affection. The homely but pleasant duties at the table and in the reception-room were to fall to Lucy. The world would say—but no matter about that: her father coolly gave her up.

Could she have seen him just then, his utter dejection, his colorless face upon which the lines of mental anguish were deepened, her heart might have gone out to him, even to the extent of sacrificing her dearest wishes. But the final step was taken. She was too proud to acknowledge even to herself how hurt and disappointed she was.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT THE BANKER THOUGHT.

The stout heart wins the victory.

"So you carried out your plan?"

"To the bitter end."

"And she has joined the army?"

"No, not yet."

The speakers were Russell Stacy and banker Stanley, the time a week after Miss Stanley had been closeted with her father on that memorable night.

"How in the name of heaven could you do it?"

Stacy was apparently intent upon the study of his new hat. He held it in his left hand and looked it over with languid interest. His good looks had in some way suffered a change. There was a moodiness in his manner, a heaviness about the eyes, that were not the result of late hours or deep drinking.

"Because I could not help myself. If we were good Catholics and my daughter would go to a nunnery, what could I do but consent? Of course marriage would be better, but in any case I should lose her. I confess it wears upon me. What will it be when she is gone?"

"Gone?" and young Stacy started, lifting heavy, pathetic blue eyes. "Gone! You don't mean to say that she is going away from her home?"

"Do you imagine for a moment that I am going to make my house head-quarters for the Salvation Army?" the banker asked.

"I imagine anything, everything, but that she should go away. In heaven's name, where will she go?"

"Oh, somewhere down in the slums. She seems to gravitate in that direction. She has already made an arrangement to live in Paradise Flats. Did you ever hear of such a place?"

"Never. It must be nearer hell than heaven. Will nothing alter her determination?"

"Neither your love nor mine, it seems. She comes of a race that have never turned back when once the resolve was taken. Bless your soul, we were all born in Massachusetts, where the stones are not harder than the will of those who plough small triangles and cultivate the sterile earth till its very granite blooms. Oh, no. Let her gang her ain gait. She will come to her senses the sooner."

"What will the world say?"

"The world may say what it pleases. I shall treat the matter simply as a freak on her part, and a liberal indulgence on my own."

"Are you not afraid to trust her among those fiends?" the young fellow asked, rising and pacing the floor, his whole soul in a fierce tumult between love and distraction. "The very idea is monstrous!"

"Yes, the idea is monstrous; there's no question of that. But mark what I say. Inside of a year Molly will come quietly home and give up the whole business. Meantime, nothing is going to harm her, that I can see. The badge and dress will be a protection against evil, and I shall manage to have her guarded. Besides, you don't know Molly if you imagine that she can't take care of herself. She has been trained to methodical habits; she has a clear head for business. The idea that women are exotics, and must be tended and dandled, is exploded. Women do the work of men nowadays, and perhaps you and I——"

He paused and held up his hand.

Away off—perhaps the distance of a square—came the faint notes of cornet, fife, and drum. Away off, winding among the many vehicles passing to and fro, they marched, that devoted little band of Salvationists, down to the lanes and by-ways, in obedience to the commands of their great leader.

The banker and the rich young disciple of wealth and self listened in silence. Then they looked at each other.

"I swear I'll prevent it. *She* to provoke the derision of the idle crowd! I'd rather follow her to her grave!" exclaimed young Stacy, his voice thick with tears, the veins of his face standing out like cords.

He stopped in his restless walk, supported himself by the back of a chair, and one heavy sob convulsed his whole frame. The young fellow was in love, deeply and for all time,—not with the smiling blue eyes, the quick dimples, and the skin like mingled roses and snow, but with the real vital self of the girl, the soul that even he saw was so noble, generous, and world-denying.

"By Jove! there isn't another girl in the whole city, no, nor in the whole world, like her," he had often said. "I dare not intrude even in thought at the altar where she kneels."

Yes, he was irrevocably in love, and rejected, but still he loved.

He recovered himself in a moment. The banker held out his hand. He too was moved.

The young fellow straightened himself, gave the farewell grasp, and went out into the great hall.

At that moment came a sweet, clear voice and the notes of a violin just outside.

The singular beauty of the violin's tones attracted young Stacy's attention. The voice was simply a thin soprano, capable of better work through training, but the strings of the exquisite instrument vibrated as if the impassioned longings of a human soul were striving for articulation.

In another moment Stacy stood on the steps of the banker's house, which faced a square. The blossoms visible from the enclosure opposite were all aquiver in the soft September breeze. Touches of local color made the place resemble a well-kept garden, and Stacy, whose pulses quickened at every sight of beauty, turned his eyes reluctantly to the singer's face.

"Spanish eyes!" he muttered, "or Italian." He listened entranced. When had he heard a violin like that, before? Never, save in the hands of the masters.

"How long have you played, little girl?" he asked.

"Almost ever since mother died," was the response, and the bow rested idly in her hand as she turned her glorious eyes to him.

He looked up and down the street. Nobody was in sight.

"That's a remarkably sweet-toned violin," he said.

"Yes, sir; it was my father's, and my gran'father's before him. It is very old." And she surveyed it with tender interest.

"Why don't you sell it, child? Maybe I could get you a good round sum for it." And Russell Stacy held out hands of appropriation. He only wanted to look at it.

"Oh, no, no!" and the girl hugged the instrument closer. "I wouldn't sell it for—anything. It was all my poor father left me. No, not for a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars, eh? Well, you are an idiot! Starving, I'll be bound," he muttered, "and a small fortune in her hands."

"Why, little Nan! how long have you been here?"

The voice was a "Stand aside" to Stacy. He reddened and paled again, as if Molly had caught him stealing, for he knew, without looking, who it was. It did not need a sight of the faintly pink-suffused cheeks, the soft blue eyes, the pretty feather in the pretty hat, to tell him who stood there.

"Good-morning, Miss Stanley," he said, his voice choked and deadened: he had not looked at her. "I—I wish you good-morning." And he walked away, his head high in the air, as a rejected lover should.

Nan fingered her dollar,—for he had slid the silver into her hand.

"Look what the gentleman gave me," she said. Her lustrous, iridescent eyes, full of changing lights, smiled into Molly's.

"Yes, it was very kind of him," said Molly, a little absently, "very."

"He wanted me to sell this." And she lifted the old violin that shone in spots with the brightness of mother-of-pearl where the sun

struck them. "I couldn't, you know," and her voice choked; "oh, no, I couldn't!"

"You needn't, Nanny. Did you bring anything for me?" asked Miss Stanley.

"Oh, I forgot. Please forgive me. It's a note from Ensign Harry."

"All right. Now come in and let's see if the cook has something for you. I saw her baking turnovers last night, and you won't need to sing any more to-day, unless you like. A dollar will keep you a long time."

"Yes, miss," said Nan, all the child in her alive at mention of the turnovers.

Nanny was settled in the kitchen with the cook, a bright, laughing mulatto, weighing something near three hundred pounds, and Miss Stanley ran up-stairs to read the note. Her father had gone to the bank. The maids were loitering a little over their work, but Sally, Miss Stanley's own maid, was crying bitterly.

"Tears again!" said Molly. "I'm ashamed of you, Sally."

"If only you would take me with you!" sobbed the girl.

"What shall I want with a maid?" Miss Stanley was moving briskly from place to place. "No, no, Sally, you'll be much better off to stay where you are. You will like my cousin Lucy. She's a little quick-tempered, but very kind-hearted."

"But mayn't I come to see you, sometimes?" pleaded Sally.

"That's for after-consideration," said Miss Stanley. "Perhaps." Then she read the quaintly folded little note that Nanny had given her.

"Dear Miss Stanley," it said, "everything is arranged. I found some difficulty in getting the room next to mine, but, as you said no matter about the price, I engaged it. As soon as it is furnished I shall expect you. The bonnet and gray dress are finished, and will be here this afternoon.

"Yours for the Army,
"ENSIGN HARRY."

CHAPTER XIII.

STACY'S DECISION.

All desperate hazards courage do create.

RUSSELL STACY wended his way to the hotel where one of the pleasantest and most spacious suites of rooms in the building had been his bachelor home for the last five years.

He had been a solitary man since the death of his father, from whom he had inherited his millions. Of late he had been trying to drown his sorrow at the clubs, but everybody noticed how changed he was and assigned this or that reason, the principal charge being love-sickness, and he hated to be chaffed.

In mental texture he was superior to most of his companions, and his native ability had been aided and developed by a good university education. As a physician he would have been a success, but he did

not care to practise: he liked his own comfort too well. In a word, he was luxurious, if not downright lazy, and cared for society only in a general way, preferring his charming fireside, where through most of the year a wood fire shook its red flags and sent out its rays of color to glorify the room.

The room was a glory of itself, a spacious art-treasury, upholstered in the most expensive fashion, with satin-lined draperies the color of gold.

Most of his furniture had been purchased abroad, and nearly all his pictures. These, with quaint spider-legged tables and chairs, so fragile in appearance that it seemed as if a child might crush them, yet which were built of copper, iron, and brass, were almost priceless. Easy-chairs of every color and description stood in alcoves and corners. Silver and gold candelabra, witching shapes in marble, niches full of fragrance,—for one of his weaknesses was the love of flowers, though perhaps I should not call it a weakness,—made the room more like a dainty boudoir than a bachelor's apartment.

I must not omit to mention Jacko. If ever there was a creature of the cat species that was born for luxury, Jacko was that cat. Of immense size and great beauty, no lounging-place was too sacred, no dish too expensive, for his indulgence.

As Stacy entered, the cat rose with great dignity and turned his yellow-brown eyes towards him. He always expected and waited for a caress.

"Well, Jacko," and his master patted the sleek sides, "we two old cronies must make much of each other. I've often talked to you about your new mistress, Jack, and I beg your pardon for having misled you. What would you do about it, Jack? Suppose your lady-love rejected you?"

Jacko's prolonged purr sounded so much like "Don't give her up," that Stacy started.

Again he listened.

"Don't give her up," came in nasal music through Jacko's whiskers, and the cat's yellow-brown eyes winked, as much as to say, "I understand you perfectly, old fellow," and then followed, in unmistakable syllables, "Don't give her up!"

"Well, by Jove, that's an inspiration!" Stacy exclaimed, leaning back in his chair, his eyes on the cat. "Why should I give her up? What would you do, Jack? Go to Europe, or stay and fight it out?"

"Fight it out," came in sonorous purrs.

"Yes, and on her own ground! Heavens! why didn't I think of that before? That I should be taught wisdom by a cat! It's all as clear as beeswax, the longer I reflect. Jack, you shall lap your milk out of a golden saucer if I succeed. The map gradually unrolls; the lines become clearer. I needn't give up the rooms. Bartlett wants them, and will give me my price: he shall have them at a nominal figure, if he will take care of my cat. I owe my life to you, Jacko. No wonder you wink, old fellow. You'd laugh if you could, as I do. Bartlett will smoke everything ivory yellow or Spanish brown; but that doesn't trouble me. I have thought out the whole plot."

He went to the mirror and surveyed himself.

"A wig, by Jove, and blue glasses, with a pair of side-whiskers, will do it. I'll put myself on the list with her penitents, only I'll outrank them all. Gad, what a bright idea! Jacko, old boy, when you die you shall have a monument, you beauty. Do you approve, Jack? Slouch hat, loose trousers, a workingman's outfit complete. A poor lost devil who doesn't know where to look for his next crust,—a 'way-down tramp, without buttons—no, I can't quite go that. A good sort of fellow, with doubts as to the being of a God,—or—or—a pessimist—or leaning to dynamite. Not that, either. A reduced gentleman, for I'll be hanged if I can cultivate the vernacular of the slums: it will be as much as I can do to live in them.

"A room, scantily furnished, a few books, a pretence of wretchedness, yet trying to be jolly, with my fiddle and my flute for company. Well, here's richness, I should say. I must work up an interest in the Salvation Army. Plague take it, I hear their drums this moment; bassoons and bears. Bah!

"No doubt I shall get sick of the life, Jacko," for he had resumed his chair, and the cat perched himself complacently on his knees. "I shall miss this nook of the muses, fit reminder of the tropical lands I love; but if I can but waken a feeble interest in the heart of that little saint! By heaven, the very thought is delirium! I shall be near her, Jacko." He grew suddenly grave. "I wonder how she will look in a poke bonnet? No matter. Nothing can change that sweet, serious, angel's face. I've fancied myself in love a hundred times, but this draws me out of myself, enables me to face discomfort and difficulty.

"Now, how shall I do it? Help me out, Jack."

"Go to Europe," came in a distinct emphatic purr.

"Yes, exactly; that was in my mind. You're a mind-reader, Jack. Go to Europe to mislead her. Grow a pair of siders there; it takes only a few weeks; those and blue spectacles—— Why, Jacko, you are sublime! I believe at the expiration of six months we two will be reading Emerson together,—I a self-made man and she a Salvation lassie.

"I'll order the wig to-morrow. I'll rent the rooms. I'll go to Europe. My farewell calls will occupy me for a day or two. Molly will think her cruelty has driven me away. So much the better. I don't care what she thinks, now. I shall not lose touch with my real identity or position, and I may gain the Lord knows what knowledge. The charms of this sort of life are illusive. Who knows what experience, what changes, what scenes of wonderful human endurance, await me! Gad, it's the brightest thought I ever had!"

That evening Stacy made his parting call on the banker.

"I shall miss you, young man," said Mr. Stanley, settling in his easy-chair and lighting his pipe. "Upon my soul, I hope Molly will never marry. I decline in advance to receive the son-in-law she chooses for me. She goes to her new home in Paradise Flats to-morrow. Joy go with her, say I."

"Let us take courage," said young Stacy, with a nonchalance that rather astonished the banker. "I've not given up hope, yet."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT CRUMP THOUGHT.

No change of Fortune's smiles
Can cast my comfort down.

BABY BASSETT, now five months old, sat up in his basket and crowed. He talked in the sweet unknown language of baby-land the whole day long.

No wonder Reine thought there was never, no, never, in this or any other land, quite so remarkable a child, when the whole house paid worshipful reverence to him.

She herself, as she stood at her work, her shapely arms bared almost to the shoulder, her clean print dress draped over a brown petticoat, was a picture worthy of the most practised brush.

So munificent was Molly Stanley in her payments that Reine could afford to stop work when the clock struck one, set out her husband's dinner, clear up the cellar-room, and lay out the few pretty trifles she had brought as her marriage dowry, little tidies for the backs of her few chairs, and otherwise give the poor place a holiday appearance. Then she dressed little Sebastian with the robes made for some more fortunate darling, some blessed child who now wore heavenly garments, perhaps; and then, if Sebastian was out pursuing his humble calling, she would trot up into Ensign Harry's room, where the sun lay in such broad swaths when there was any sun at all, or into Captain Molly's "den," the most splendid place, to Reine's unsophisticated eyes, that had ever served to house one of the Lord's choicest saints.

For Captain Molly—she was not a captain yet, only a private, but all the people in Paradise Flats, and some of the soldiers of the Army, too, had bestowed that title upon her—was a very important little personage just now.

She had furnished her room with some of her own choice belongings, taken with her father's consent from her own boudoir, even to the little cottage piano, on which she practised Salvation songs, particularly when beautiful baby Bassett was near, his great eyes glowing like stars, following every movement of the delicate fingers.

It was an education to Reine to visit that sanctuary; it was like going into a church and listening to the lessons that make for a happy eternity.

Sometimes little Nan came in with her violin. Molly was teaching the child to read music, and Nan made rapid progress.

Molly believed herself very happy, and at times was so. Her sweet young face, so refined, so full of that subtle magnetism that attracts, not the grosser senses, but the inward purity, if there be an atom of purity in the soul of man, never had been more strikingly beautiful than now.

Her rare renunciation, not for the attainment of place or power, but for the opportunity of lifting grosser minds to the level of her own virtues, made her sacred. Her father need not have been ashamed of her, even in her poke bonnet. As she sat in the midst of her converts, serene and gracious, even Ensign Harry looked on and worshipped.

So far she was contented with the lot she had chosen. At first the tramp through those graceless streets, the taunts of the gamins, the scoffers, the lackeys, and even of people who were born for better things, oppressed and mortified her; but she grew out of that. In the little halls whither they drifted, following the awkward instruments that, musically speaking, trod on each other's toes, there was work to do, and she forgot everything in the joy of seeing many a poor wretch brought out of the slough of despond, out of a life-long devil-worship, to the worship of the true God. There it was! She saw it for herself, castaways made penitent, lunatics clothed and in their right mind, worshippers of the bottle made worshippers of Christ.

She examined the texture of their new garments, and found them fine and white. She went with Ensign Harry to homes that were veritable plague-spots, saw faces that haunted her with their evil gleams for days and days, but when after a raid on the citadel of the castaways she returned to her own cheerful room, she could feel that at least she was living for a definite object.

No rich ball-dresses to disrobe herself of here; no memories of dances with this military jackdaw or that moneyed sensualist; no recall of vapid compliments, with the reflection that she must go through all this again to-morrow, and after to-morrow, and a thousand to-morrows to come. All through the season the same scents of flowers, the same well-bred people, the same insolence of power, the same incense burned before the altar of vanity, the same lisp, the same intolerable sameness.

She did regret the gatherings in high circles, where mind held converse with mind, and each gave of his best, whether it were music or song or literature, but these were not often the outcome of fashionable, aristocratic circles.

What did her very soul good was the remembrance of a clinging hand, a pair of wistful eyes, a sorrow-laden cry:

"Oh, miss, if I'd only 'a' knowed that such as you'd speak to the likes of such as us, God knows I'd 'a' been a better girl. But I'm tryin', miss. I never can be as good as you, but, as God lives, I'll try."

The rooms were somewhat spacious, Paradise Flats having once been rather a castle of a house, and whoever had the gift of song or of poetry helped the young hostess whenever her "evenings" came round.

Invitations were sent from room to room, but there were scorners even in Paradise Flats, terrible scorners and scoffers.

"If you go anigh them Damnationists, I'll knock the head of ye clean off your shoulders," said Crump the tailor to his yellow-haired daughter, a thin, blue-eyed girl who had a leaning towards better things and had taken a violent fancy to Ensign Harry and Captain Molly.

And the Haggerties and McGraths, the O'Rourkes and Hardies, the Micks, and Scotch Dougals, and fighting Englishmen, and moon-faced Germans, and lank, lean Yankees, and yellow-faced Southrons, all of them, right under the shadow of the temple of safety, cursed and turned away.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THE FIDDLE CROONED.

I feel no care of coin.

MRS. MCKISSETH was a little woman, a very roly-poly of a woman, quick in retort, witty, pretty, and good-tempered. Her warm Irish heart was in sympathy with any creature that suffered.

She did a little tailoring, and cooked delicious dishes out of scraps, and never a bite or a sup she had that somebody was not welcome to the half of it.

A comfortable gray cat, a chirping canary, and Nan, with the "fiddle," as she called it, constituted the family.

Here Nan practised when she could, through the noise the children made on every side, and the dear old violin responded with loving voice, that sometimes, under the manipulation of Nan's little fingers, gave out tones that melted one's heart.

"I think I can make it laugh, and I believe I could make it cry," Nan said one day.

"It cries an' laughs of itself, colleen," said Mrs. McKisseth. "I've heard it whisper o' nights," she went on, making the sign of the cross, for she was a devout Catholic. "Indade when the moon's been shinin' in its face, 'n' ye left it hangin' on the wall, an' the wind sighin' a bit outside, I've heard it croonin' so soft an' fine you might 'a' thought it was its own shaddy in the moonlight that did it."

"Oh," laughed the child, "it must be a nice fiddle, then. Everybody who hears it speaks of its sweet tones. Some say it has a soul."

"Acushla," said the little red-cheeked old woman, thoughtfully, "the soul goes wherever the good God sends it. I sometimes thinks meself, when them low notes goes wailin' through the air, that maybe there's a soul shut up there. Don't the Howly Scripters speak of the souls in prison? an' if it's not your father, bless him! it may be some ancient musical soul. But, Lord help us, how we do be talkin' and there's them pertaties a-shiverin' widout their skins. I'll pop 'em into the bilin' water at onct."

Captain Molly held her own opinion about the violin and Nan's ability. The thought occurred to her that if her own music-teacher, Professor Andromos, also an Italian by lineage, could be prevailed upon to aid the child by instructing her for half-rates, Molly to pay the tuition-fee, the experience would be beneficial to both master and pupil. As for the girl, it would be fields of asphodel for her. Now she felt the need of the warm, loving friendship which she had hoped might exist between Russell Stacy and herself.

"He would have entered into it with so much interest," she said, blushing a little, "for my sake! Yes, and it would have been all for my sake; and now he is out of the country. I couldn't call upon him if I would.

"After all, there *was* something grand about him. He certainly was rich enough to be as wicked or as good as he pleased," she added.

This was after one of Nan's daily visits, in which the child had

shown evidence of great progress and a keen appreciation of certain exercises beyond her age.

Captain Molly sat down at her desk, to consider, and to straighten out the confusion incident to her many interruptions, when there was a tap at the door.

"Come in," was the cheery call.

She knew no one would visit her at this early hour but Ensign Harry.

"I don't want to disturb you," said the ensign, as she stood on the threshold, and Molly saw at a glance that something was amiss.

"You look pale," she said, putting aside her papers and going towards her.

"I do feel a little ill," was the reluctant half-gasping reply.

Molly placed a chair for the white-faced woman, and stood before her with folded hands, all solicitude. She noticed now how drawn were the delicate lips, and even in the curves of her temples were evidences of some great trouble.

"Shall I send for a doctor?" Molly asked.

"Oh, no; I shall feel better soon. I have had a shock," she articulated. Presently a little color came into her cheeks, her breathing was more natural, and she could talk.

Placing a newspaper-cutting in Molly's hand, she said,—

"Read that."

Molly read:

"The Reverend Henry Flagler, assistant rector of St. Blank's in Dashtown, Hertfordshire, England, will deliver an address on Sunday-schools, at St. Luke's chapel, on Thursday evening.' Why, that's to-night," Molly murmured, and then went on reading:

"The reverend gentleman is a clergyman of great promise, unusually eloquent, and at home on all subjects connected with the church."

Captain Molly read it through, and then looked up inquiringly.

Ensign Harry smiled,—a faint, grieving smile, that hardly curled the sensitive lips.

"I gave him up, as you know, to join the Army," she said.

"But I never dreamed he was a clergyman," was Molly's answer.

"Ah! that was five years ago. He was just going into deacon's orders then. He did not take full orders till two years afterwards," she went on, faintly, the same drawn look coming again in her face.

"How could you, and he destined to be a leader among men? You gave him up and knew that?"

"Yes, I gave him up knowing that."

"Do you regret it?" Molly asked.

"Not for one minute," she replied, in a broken voice. "But you must understand, in order to appreciate my present—weakness,"—she stamped her small foot,—“how much I loved him. He was everything to me. Whatever typifies the best and most beautiful gifts in the power of heaven to bestow, that he was to me,—air, sunshine, life itself. You see," she added, falteringly, "we knew and loved each other for ten long years. But—to win heaven is better than to enjoy mere earthly love." She looked up, pleading and wistfulness in her clear violet eyes.

"I thought so then, I think so still. You and I have both left good homes, yours perhaps more splendid than mine. Ours was a country house centuries old, covered outside with green and yellow moss. Inside there were many rooms, some of them spacious, others little nooks, with steps running into cosy corners, and out into a bright old garden, the pride of all the generations gone before,—peach- and plum-trees trained against the wall, billows of bloom in the sunlight, clouds of faint gold in the twilight, where the marigolds grew. Oh, my olden happy home!"

She bent over, her hands at her eyes, rocking a little to and fro.

"My dear, you are homesick," Molly said, gently.

"Homesick? Oh, no, no. 'He that putteth his hand to the plough'—you know. I was going to ask you something—oh, yes, I was going to ask you if *you* regret the step you have taken?"

"I find great happiness in the work," said Molly, truthfully.

"Yes, so do I; but sometimes—you see, there were nine of us at home, away across the sea—and you are near your father. Nothing very terrible could happen to you. But I—when things occur out of the common, like the coming of this man, I have nobody of my own to go to. But I don't want *him* to see me in my uniform."

She laughed a little nervously. It sounded more like a sob.

"Don't think I'm ashamed of it under any circumstances. I'm proud of it," she went on. "But perhaps I'm weak." Then she folded her hands and sank back helpless, as she whispered,—

"Oh, my dear, suppose he should have brought a wife! Then God would have taken it all out of my hands, wouldn't he? But what am I saying? That could not be possible."

"The chapel is not far," said Molly. "Shall you go?"

"What, in these Salvation clothes?" She smiled faintly.

"Why not?" Molly asked.

"Would you?"

At this direct question Molly reddened a little. Her glance went towards the window. A miserable woman lower down the street was hanging out clothes on the small square of shed that served for that purpose. She remembered that that very woman, too low, indeed, to bear the sacred name, had laughed at her.

Church! where all was propriety, full dress, after the fashion of the day, velvet and feathers, brocade and lace,—even in a back seat, with the poke bonnet on; cambric dresses, twelve cents a yard—her own dress cost less than a dollar. "Would you?" echoed in her ears.

"My dear, I don't know that we are bound to carry sackcloth everywhere. There are no cast-iron rules forbidding any dress save this," she said. "Even I brought some of my vanities here, a box with three worldly bonnets in it, and gloves that have been to several balls. Have we any right to make the congregation stare? I think not. Neither are we nuns because we have forsworn the world. We are two earnest and, I hope, honest Christian girls. We can dress as plainly as we please, but we will be conventional for once, and go to the chapel together."

"Oh, you dear soul! how good and comforting you are! You

don't scold me as I am sure Lieutenant Rydal would. But," and she looked up almost wildly, "why should I go at all? What good will it do me? Would *you* go?"

"I think—perhaps—*not*," said Captain Molly.

The woman's head drooped. She drew a long, quivering sigh.

"My heart is absolutely hungry to see him," she half sobbed.

"Maybe it is just possible that I might not—not care so much, after—you know—he may be so changed!"

She stood up and took Molly's hands in hers.

"I may be disenchanted, or—or he—may be—married."

The pressure on Molly's fingers was absolutely painful. Her heart ached for her friend. The divine instinct of woman came to her assistance.

"Perhaps he is sent here for your sake," she said, softly, "either for joy or for discipline. Go and hear him."

CHAPTER XVI.

THREE WORLDLY HATS.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

CAPTAIN MOLLY went to the closet and took down a milliner's box, a slight pasteboard affair with the name of the most fashionable milliner in the city printed upon the cover in gilt letters.

Opening it, two modest black hats came to light, trimmed plainly, yet the flowers and ribbons were of the costliest. Besides these there were a bonnet, two fans, and a package of gloves.

"I thought that some situation might occur in which I should need them," said practical Molly. "The gloves are different shades of tan, and will go nicely with our black dresses. Which will you have?" she went on, turning smilingly to her friend, the hats in her hands.

"But if we are seen going out in a worldly dress?" Ensign Harry said, hesitatingly.

"We shall rise immeasurably in the estimation of every soul in Paradise—Lost," retorted Molly, laughing. "How fortunate that you saw this notice in time, and this is our off night! I confess I want to hear this young English clergyman myself."

"But he must not see us," said Ensign Harry, trembling a little, and holding the hat in her hand.

"There's not the ghost of a chance. Now put on the hat," said Molly, and then stood back, her head on one side, her glance critical.

"Try the bonnet," she went on, deftly lifting the pretty trifle of silk and lace. "Ah, that's it; that aigrette was just what was needed. My dear, I hope he *will* see you. You've no idea how pretty you are."

As the two girls left Paradise Flats that evening, they met Sebastian bringing baby Bassett home. The child's beautiful face lighted at sight of them, and, with a babe's quick, heavenly smile, he held out his little arms.

Reine followed, very *petite*, bright and delicately fair in her new muslin dress, which Molly had helped her to finish the day before.

"We've been taking a long walk," whispered the happy little wife and mother. "He has not had a bad turn for a whole week—and God bless you!" she cried softly from a full heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE RECTOR'S PEW.

In fine aristocratic ease.

THE chapel was brilliantly lighted, the congregation large.

Molly and her friend were given seats in the side that formed one wing of the chapel, and Ensign Harry shrank into the corner of the pew, as far from the glare of the lights as possible.

The chancel was decorated with flowers. On the edge of the velvet-lined lecturn stood a vase of calla lilies, every one a perfect blossom, white, massive, and fragrant.

A young man clad in clerical robes came forward.

Molly felt her dress grasped hard, and knew that this was the Rev. Mr. Flagler. She had no opportunity then to form any conclusions as to his appearance, for she felt the weight of Ensign Harry, and feared that she had fainted. She turned. The English girl, indeed, made no sign, but Molly drew a little closer, obtained possession of her hand, and thus they sat, the one nerveless and constrained, the other striving to impart her own strength to her friend.

In the rector's pew sat two women, one the rector's wife, the other not so young, dressed in a tan-color silk-and-wool travelling dress, her bonnet nodding with tiny plumes, her small hands exquisitely gloved, in one of them a prayer-book bound in old ivory. In her face there was lack of spiritual beauty, but the correct classical outlines, the heavy-lidded blue eyes, and the faultless complexion betrayed a Saxon origin, and the "air aristocratic" breathed from all her movements.

Molly's heart sank. She had sometimes resorted to the chapel on Sunday evenings, with Russell Stacy, and she knew which was the rectory pew. She said to herself,—

"That woman is rich, refined, well-born, and worldly, and she is the wife of Mr. Flagler."

After the service the lecture commenced. The hand enclosed in Molly's grasp grew cold as ice and then trembled violently. Smooth, eloquent, and versatile, the address moved on. The lecturer looked about him a good deal, a bold self-assertion in his glances—or so Molly thought.

"He is effeminate," she mused. "That face, with the over-large eyes, the small mouth, the florid complexion, and the smooth expressionless forehead, is not the face of a man willing, if need be, to fight for the truth. Prosperity is his God; poverty would make him pusillanimous and a slave to the great. I don't like him."

But now something unexpected happened. The man with his sweeping glances at last took in the pale, beautiful, serious face of Ensign Harry, framed in the dainty stylish hat. For one second he

turned white, swayed, and clutched at the lecturn. Everybody saw his agitation, everybody wondered.

Then he took a glass of water, wet his parched lips, braced himself anew, and went on with his well-ordered address, but not once afterwards did his eyes wander from the written page.

"After all, he must have loved her," Molly said to herself, with a sad, foreboding heart.

Amid the low, decorous, murmuring swell of voices that goes along the aisle with the people as they leave the temple, one could hear the comments of the congregation.

"Very nice," said a lady near Molly, who would have screamed at the thought of touching elbows with a Salvationist. "Quite eloquent. Did you see the lady in the rector's pew? That is his bride: this is their wedding-trip. She is very rich,—indeed, enormously wealthy, so I hear,—and a lady by title. Yes, he made a very fine match; clergymen are sometimes quite fortunate, don't you know? Oh, yes, a little older than he, I should think. But that bonnet—wasn't it a dream? Well, she can afford it: she has millions."

Ensign Harry clutched Molly's arm just then. As they went out of church it was quite late and very dark.

"Don't speak to me; don't, please, say a word," the English girl murmured almost convulsively. "It is all over, and I—am punished." And then, in less than a minute afterwards, in a voice full of anguish, "Why don't you talk? Oh, Molly, Molly, say something to comfort me, or I shall go mad."

"Let all fail if heaven fail not," Molly made answer, in a soft, sweet voice.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," the girl spoke rapidly. "All has failed! How do I know but heaven will? Oh, Molly, he saw me!" she gasped.

"Yes, he saw you, that was evident to me, and puzzling to the congregation, no doubt," Molly answered, asking herself in silence what his wife would be likely to say to him about it.

"A mist came over my eyes. Didn't he stop?" Harry asked.

"He not only stopped, but almost lost his wits. Somebody said coming out that it was spasms of the heart: people always act that way from that cause."

"The voyage of memory?" Ensign Harry murmured. "Oh, no, he can't have forgotten. And his face—what did you think of it? Ah me, why do I ask?"

"It was not the face of a high-toned man—I mean in the best sense of the word. He likes good dinners and flattery in moderate doses. He couldn't preach for his life if he didn't write his sermons."

"Oh, Molly! is that your estimate of the man I love?" She had not yet nerved herself to speak of his wife.

"Of the man you *did* love," said Molly. "It is a sin to love him now that he is married."

Ensign Harry was silent after that.

"Let me go into your room, dear," she said, as they went up-stairs together.

She took off the pretty trifle of silk and feathers.

As she held it in her hand, a far-away look in her face, a stirring blast came from a cornet, with the click of castanets and the roll of the drum, as the men and women joined in singing "Rescue the perishing."

The Salvation section marched sturdily along in the street below, on their way from some gathering. Tears stood in Ensign Harry's eyes.

"Blessed little company!" she said, her voice trembling, "humble, faithful, happy! Here, Molly; thanks for your kindness, dear," as she handed her the bonnet. "I'll never again take off the badge of my—liberty—wherewith Christ hath made me free."

CHAPTER XVIII.

COUSIN LUCY'S REIGN.

The road to home happiness lies over small stepping-stones.

"MY DEAR MOLLY,—

"I saw you last night in St. Luke's Chapel, clothed and seemingly in your right mind. What does it mean? Why were you at the lecture delivered by the celebrated English clergyman? Are you coming back to the faith? Last night you were *at home*. It cannot be that you prefer the slums! Your cousin wishes you to return. She is lonely (I don't remember that you ever considered it lonely here). I had a letter from Russell Stacy. He was in Paris,—said nothing definite as to his return.

"Let me hear that you have come to your senses. Isn't there a commandment in some old book, 'Honor thy father and thy mother'? To be sure it doesn't say obey, but I am old-fashioned enough to think that to a father obedience is due. However, I don't force you. If you won't leave, stay till you tire of them or they tire of you.

"Your Father."

Molly had often written to her father, but the banker had never answered her letters. This was the first written word she had received from him.

The sight of Molly dressed as he had been wont to see her, so touched his exacting heart that this short note was the result.

Lucy, his niece, had been for a time very happy in the midst of all her finery. When first invited to become a habitant of her uncle's home, her delight knew no bounds. The large, cool house, a parlor and boudoir secured to herself, seemed literally like paradise to her. To have her own maid, plenty of spending-money, and a fine wardrobe, was as near being in a state of beatitude as she could imagine.

Molly's maid stayed on because she was confident that Miss Stanley would come back some time. She could not endure that any one should take the place of her well-beloved young lady.

"*She* never gave herself no airs, she didn't," muttered the indignant girl. "Any one could see which was the lady."

Molly had declined more than half the invitations she received to social gatherings. Lucy accepted every one with eagerness. Consequently she was somewhat faded that first winter, and her uncle often waited for her till the toast was cold.

"My dear, Molly never kept me waiting," he said now and then, and his very soul rebelled against the edict he had given that his daughter was not to come to the house.

"The little fool! the little blank fool!" he would mutter, between his teeth, only his profanity was very much more pronounced. "But she is true grit;" and he ended with a fit of musing admiration for her courage. He seldom went into society, so he heard but few of the remarks of the busybodies who pitied him and condemned Molly in the same breath.

Home was not the same to him now. He was a proud man, and in his way very fond of Molly. Her stately beauty,—at least she seemed stately to him, though she was by no means tall,—her sweet good-morning kiss,—Lucy seldom kissed him, and he did not care for her to do so,—her real love for him, for himself alone,—Lucy's face beamed only when he gave her her allowance,—her whole gracious loveliness, in all home-ministrations, were constantly in his memory.

Lucy helped him on with his coat sometimes; she kept his dressing-gown and slippers in the right place; she tried to remember what made for his comfort; but she was not always successful. Molly never forgot things. Her habits were fixed.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PROFESSOR'S VERDICT.

The meaning of harmony goes deep.

THE windows of Professor Andromos's musical conservatory were open to the soft breezes of the ocean. The professor lived in an unfashionable quarter of the city, but in spite of that he was the musical lion of the day.

Everybody knew that he chose the place because of its beauty and healthfulness, to say nothing of the size of its monster rooms.

The professor gave instruction only in piano and violin. The latter instrument, in his hands, told wild stories of love and romance, and he was daily petitioned by courtly dames to give lessons to their sons and daughters at fabulous rates.

Opposite the house was an old-fashioned square, daintily laid out with flowering shrubs, trees, and Southern plants. Iron seats wrought into artistic patterns stood at various distances.

On one of these resting-places sat Nanny Gartia. The quiver of late blossoms, sent dancing by the soft air, stirred her soul to melody. Her deep, lustrous, spiritual eyes moved delighted from one floral beauty to another.

Nan was neatly dressed, yet bore the impress of poverty in some curiously undefined way. Perhaps it was the stamp that penury, suf-

fering, and self-denial had left upon her face, and that clung to her person.

Her hair, abundant, glossy, and carefully dressed, flowed in loose, short curls from under a prim little hat. Lying across her lap, the green baize bag in which she carried her treasure, held in place by a shapely hand, appealed pathetically to the passer-by, proclaiming her vocation as that of a street musician.

Once or twice the child looked opposite, up to the window banked and hanging with exquisite wreaths of color, and contrasting delicately with the pearly gray tones of the great house, built over a century ago.

Presently the door of the great mansion opened, and a young girl came out, lightly patting the head of the stone lion that guarded the steps.

"She has a splendid dress on, like all the rest," murmured Nan, with a little impatient sigh. "And some of them come in carriages," she went on, as a handsome equipage with glints of yellow light on the panels drove up, and the footman opened the door for his dainty mistress.

"Ah, nobody seems to be coming out any more: now it is your turn, little beggar."

She drew from the pocket of her dress Molly's letter in a square white envelope.

Meantime, the professor was through with his work for the day. He left the piano, where he had been busy evolving a bright sweet prelude, and stood looking into the square, his face framed in the vines and gorgeously colored blooms that he cultivated in window-pots.

A knock sounded at the door.

"Come in," he said, then in a more impatient voice, "Come in. Don't you hear?"

The door opened. The great professor stared and wondered. Never had a creature so hopelessly plebeian crossed the threshold before. Generally his usher, a gorgeous creature in gold and blue, heralded the visitor with a card on a silver salver. How came this one unheralded?

"The lower door was open, sir. I didn't ring, but came up-stairs," said the child, in a frightened voice.

"Ah! I'll give Pierre the devil for this," growled the professor. Then, seeing the child's frightened eyes, eyes like those of some startled, beautiful animal, he changed his tone:

"Well, well, child, quick, what do you want? I haven't a dime—no, nor a penny; but, good Lord, there's a quarter—take it and go. I can't waste my time, youngster."

"Oh, sir, I didn't come begging. Did you think I had, to you? I don't want the quarter, sir. I earn quarters, myself, sometimes. But you see my father was a musician, and I—oh, I'd like to forgot. Here's a letter for you, sir."

The child had hardly recovered from her fright, but she was a brave little thing, and swallowed the lump that kept rising in her throat.

This man looked so grand, so utterly out of reach, in his black silk-velvet dressing-gown faced with red satin, and the plush smoking-cap under which his gray hair curled like a boy's.

His eyes were very black and piercing, too, and seemed to look her through and through. Yes, she was brave to keep her courage up and the tears down. His pupils were generally more afraid of him than she.

Taking the letter, the professor went towards the window, where Nan's startled, anxious glances took in all the glory of the Southern verdure. He put on his gold-rimmed glasses, and read as follows:

"DEAR PROFESSOR ANDROMOS,—

"You will remember that I have been your pupil ever since I was six years old. That's for twelve years. Now I have a favor to ask you, a very great favor. I don't know that you will care to grant it, but, ah! if you only will!

"Little Nan Gartia, who will hand you this letter, is a *protégée* of mine. I think, though a poor little orphan of Italian parentage, she is a diamond in the rough. If not, then surely I am no judge of precious things in human nature. She has also a violin that must be of great value, for it has been in her family, as far as I can learn, nearly two hundred years. Her great-great-grandfather played upon it, and it has the appearance of extreme age, as well as the silvery, resonant tones of a masterpiece. Please, dear professor, don't frighten the little creature with your patrician manner, and send word to me the very least for which you will give her one lesson a week, that is, if in your estimation she is worth the effort. I have found her quick, teachable, and far beyond her age in musical matters. She is, I think, gifted with remarkable genius.

"Your friend and pupil,

"MOLLY STANLEY."

"Ah!" and the strong face took on a gleam of good-nature as he pulled his long drooping moustache. "I can't refuse what my child asks me, can I?"

He looked up reflectively.

His "child" Molly had always been from the time he first looked over her golden head at the grand piano and laughed because the little feet could not reach the pedals.

He cast a furtive glance at the girl standing there.

"Good eyes," he said to himself under his breath. Presently he saw a solitary tear roll over the pale brown cheek. The sight touched him.

"So you have an old violin, eh?" he said, briskly. "Want to sell?"

"Oh, no, sir. It belonged to my father," she said, simply, "and my father is dead."

"Ah, so: dead, is he? Did he play?"

"He played in orchestra. Once he was a leader, but after his long sickness he lost the place. At last he had to play in the street to support mother and me. Mother is dead too," she went on, in a low voice.

"So. Alone, are you?"

The child looked up to speak, drew a deep, sobbing breath, and, as her eyes filled, nodded once or twice.

"Let me see the instrument."

She gladly released it from the old baize bag, and checked her tears. He took it in his practised hands, noticed the depth and richness of the varnish, where varnish was still left, and all the minute and varied marks of age, whistling softly to himself.

The girl summoned up all her courage. Something in his face heartened her.

"Where did your father get this violin?" he asked.

"He always had it. My grandfather, and his father, all played. It's very, very old,—I don't know how old."

He nodded and hummed. Then he played a chord on the grand piano, and listened to the vibration of the strings, holding the instrument to his ear, as she had sometimes seen her father do. A great light illumined the lines of his strong face.

"Do you play?" he asked.

"Just a little, sir."

"You hold it this way, I suppose?" he said, reversing it.

"Oh, no, sir; papa wouldn't let me, though I wanted to. It seemed easier. My father said an artist would not play that way."

She had forgotten all fear. Her large eyes sparkled.

"Your father was right. What is the tone, I wonder?" he asked, speaking lightly, almost banteringly. "If I am to give you a hundred dollars for it, I wish to know how it sounds."

"I don't wish to sell it, sir. It gives me my living, now. A hundred dollars wouldn't last long. But some day perhaps I can play well. My father wouldn't like me to sell it."

"He's gone, you know," was the response.

She shook her head.

"He loved it so. I think he stays near me, to protect it." Not a thought for herself.

The answer seemed to amuse the professor, who turned away to conceal a smile.

"Then if he is so near he will like to hear you play."

She still held the bow quiescent.

"Imagine yourself out of doors," he continued. "Look towards the park. Now let me hear its tone."

He folded his arms. To the child's comprehension, he looked like a king.

She placed the violin in position. The man's deep eyes sparkled. No fault to be found there. She lifted the bow. Her poise and carriage were both correct. Then she drew the bow lightly but firmly over the strings.

One moment she faltered.

Then, looking over to the square beyond, over to the flowers banked on the window-sill, the blue sky overhead, she took courage.

It was almost like being on the street,—only no little gamins near, and a great judge behind her.

At the first movement a glow of pleasure lighted the man's face.

She played a short Italian air, and played it well.

"Once more," said the professor, with kindling eyes. Had he

found at last what he had been searching for so long,—the priceless pearl of genius?

"Your father taught you to hold the bow?" he said.

"Yes, sir; though he was very sick. I was almost too tired to study, sometimes; but at last it came to me."

"What came to you?" he asked, in his deep voice.

"I don't know, sir," the child replied, searching about her memory for words. "Why, the feeling as if *it* knew what I wanted and could answer me like another voice; so I learned to love it, and that's all I can say about it."

"It's all you need to say; it's all you need to know. That will carry you through. See, my child, you would like to study, I suppose?" he said.

"Oh, if I could! but I haven't any money, only to buy food. But I would work very, very hard if I might only study."

"No need—no need of money," the professor said, gruffly, to veil the tremor in his voice. "That's all right. Somebody has pledged to pay for you."

"It's Captain Molly, then?" the child exclaimed, in a tone of rapture. "God bless her! She's an angel!"

"Captain——" blurted the professor, knitting his brows.

"Yes, sir, she's a captain in the Salvation Army,—Captain Molly."

It was too much for the professor, who broke into a fit of laughter so prolonged that the girl, whose lustrous eyes grew deep and large with very astonishment, stood like one spell-bound.

"I'll be ——!" The reader can imagine what he said. He was not a man who was careful of his words. The child heard worse profanity every day of her life. It did not shock her, she was so used to it.

"I heard something about this," the man muttered, the tears born of excess of mirth still standing on his lashes. "Oh, Lord! that miserable rabble,—the music! great Jupiter! and she with her sensitive ear and high breeding; the palace and the gutter shake hands. Well, well, by all that's good and great, tell me what the women will be doing next? The banker's daughter! Oh, Lord, Lord!"

"She's very nice, sir. She's lovely! she's splendid!" said the girl, wild to defend her benefactress, her eyes dancing. "She helps the poor people; she helps the sick. They all bless and love her. We didn't know anything, till she came to Paradise Flats, just like an angel dropped out of heaven. Just to see how we lived, squabbling and fighting! Now everybody goes to her and she tells them what to do and teaches them to be good. She's given me music-lessons, and she taught lame Ruth to knit and to read. There's a little hunchback there, that used to cry all the time, but now she's as happy!" the child passionately declared, with burning cheeks and eyes.

At that moment the sun shone out, and the professor saw that Nan was beautiful.

"I knew Miss Molly before you were born, my child," he said, all traces of mirth subdued, and in his eyes there was a soft glow; "and with you I say," he bowed his head and took off his tasselled cap, "God bless her!"

Then he smiled gravely, to see the passion die out of Nan's face.

"You shall study with me," he went on. "It's going to be hard work, the technique, the positions; but you have that which money cannot buy,—that which you say comes to you. It comes to all God's gifted children. You must give me a little time twice a week."

"Yes, sir, indeed I will." And she gave him a grateful smile. "Oh, how hard I will work! Shall I come about this time? I'm often out till ten o'clock, earning my supper."

"We'll see about the supper," he said, gravely. "Ten is too late for a child like you. When you are ever out at that time again, it shall be before a grand orchestra. Take care of your violin. It is worth a good many hundred dollars, so cherish it as the apple of your eye. I can't quite determine its age, that and the name of the maker are so covered; but I will find out some time. Who knows but it may make your fortune? Give me your name. Gartia? a good old Italian name. Residence?—Paradise Flats! Umph. Well, wherever my child is, is Paradise. And when next I see the Salvation Army, with its hideous harmonies, I—I'll take off my hat to it; upon my soul I will. Don't let that fiddle go for a thousand dollars: you hear? One of these days I'll get it done up, if I can find any one with brains enough to do it."

"You are so good, sir! How can I ever pay you?" murmured Nan.

"Tut, tut! I don't want pay from you. I make the rich pay me, but genius—I pay." And he laughed mellowly.

"Only once in a hundred years we catch a bird like that, and I won't take a penny," he soliloquized, when Nan had gone. "Only once in a hundred years!" And he rubbed his hands gleefully.

CHAPTER XX.

A STURDY UNBELIEVER.

With horror white, they heard him tell
His strange, strange story.

NAN went straight home and up-stairs to Miss Stanley's room. She found her best friend languid from headache.

"Oh, Miss Molly, don't get sick, don't get sick and die!" the girl exclaimed, in an agony of apprehension.

Molly laughed. "My dear, it's only a little cold," she said. "I often had one at home."

"When folks get sick in this house they always have typhoid fever," Nan made encouraging reply.

"Well, then, I promise you if I do have it you shall help nurse me. Now tell me all about it,—what was said and what was done."

Nan went into the merits of the case. She described the professor as if he had been under a flash-light, and gave Molly all the details of the interview.

"And so you see I must practise hard: so what am I going to do? There's the daily bread."

"I've been thinking that out," said Molly, "and this is what I propose. My meals are sent in, but I brought my own dishes here to eat them in. Now, much as I love work, I hate to wash dishes. There is generally plenty of food for two: so I propose that you help me eat my meals, and wash the dishes to pay for it."

"Oh, Miss Molly, won't that be heavenly?" the child exclaimed. "How good, how good you are!"

"Yes, good to myself," laughed Molly. "The fact is, I don't want you to go on the street in all kinds of weather, and as the professor has taken you in hand—I knew he would—he will be very exacting. I propose that when I am away, on visits with Ensign Harry, you can practise in here. At other times, why, you must catch your opportunities."

How she caught her opportunities was due to the quick wits of the little Irish widow:

"Go to the top of the house, deary. That's the place in the blessed summer-time. Take airy in the morning, avourneen. Sure it's no one could stop you, savin' the wind and the storm."

When Nan had left her, Molly tried in vain to court a little sleep. Did she miss the quiet of her own cool, darkened room, the loving attention of her maid, the hearty condolence of her father, the perfume of sweet flowers such as Russell Stacy sent her day by day?

Yes, often, particularly when she was ill, but she missed them in her heart and said nothing about it. It was the cross that every worker in the vineyard must bear. She worked with those who, bound in the iron chains of a narrow life, were hindered hand and foot. She knew what the words meant when the voices of her comrades joined in singing "Help for the perishing." They were all around her, held fast by the trammels of guilt and poverty.

Ensign Harry came in a few moments after Nan had gone, flushed and out of breath.

"Oh, Molly, dearest," she said, with something between a sigh and a sob, "he saw me,—saw me, when I was marching, poke bonnet and all!"

Molly forgot her headache: she sat upright.

"It was this morning, on the street. He was alone, and he followed us. Do you know that at the time I felt so strong I didn't care? It seemed to me I triumphed in the fact that he was tramping in the muddy streets and following the music of the Army, just as I was. And, dear, don't you know, he followed us to the hall, where we were to hold an experience meeting, and went in, and sat down. I had to see him. And it was my turn to give out the hymns. It was all I could do to keep my voice steady, but I did! I did!"

"Well, well!" said Molly, breathless, forgetting her headache.

"When I sat down I could only see his profile," Ensign Harry went on. "And oh, my dear, I studied it, and felt a little comforted. You are right: it is *not* the contour of a strong man. But oh, my poor weak heart! it did beat so!"

Molly gave her silent sympathy.

"Well, listen: I have more to tell. Most of our people felt flat-

tered to see a real clergyman in our midst. I suppose they looked for words of commendation or comfort. Bless you, there he sat, stock-still! I knew that he was only waiting for the meeting to close, to speak to me. Oh, how nervous I was!

"Then somebody rose at the farther end of the hall,—a working-man, by his clothes. I give you my word, *there* was a face to remember,—so strong, like granite,—so handsome! and he began to talk about—what do you think?"

"I can't imagine," said Molly, intense interest in her tones and posture.

"You never would. It was about his atheistic notions," Ensign Harry went on, with a look of horror. "He deliberately declared himself an utter unbeliever. He said he had been an observer of all the methods used by religionists, that he had found nothing yet that could change his belief, or rather non-belief, but he was perfectly willing to be set right; in fact, that was why he had come to this little gathering. He wanted light.

"Now I expected great things. I felt instinctively that George Flagler, with his knowledge and experience, would rise at once and enlighten this good-looking stranger. But what occurred? He sat like a stock or a stone, with a half-amused, half-satirical smile on his face, that made me feel wicked. Why, everybody looked for an answer from him, and instead, dead silence! Then one of the lieutenants spoke, and spoke well. He said they didn't meet for argument; they knew very little about theology: what they wanted was to save the perishing. And then he told two or three little stories that made the tears come, for I knew they were every one true. Then he said he hoped that the stranger in their midst, a clergyman, would say a few words, as only he, a learned man, could, in defence of the belief dear to all Christians. But the 'stranger in our midst' shook his wise head, and in the politest manner imaginable declined. Then, Molly, I felt a glowing shame. Oh, I was so indignant! Everybody was handicapped by that man's presence.

"For my part, I slipped out and came here. He shall not speak to me! Let him stay at home with his wife."

"You did right, my dear," said Molly, with an approving smile.

"I hope so. But I haven't finished. Judge of my surprise when as I reached the door—you see, I didn't come directly home: I went to that poor sick girl in Lime Alley—I saw the same man who had spoken of his atheistical tendencies, coming up the stairs of Paradise Flats! I couldn't resist the impulse to speak, and he was so gentlemanly that my heart warmed towards him. He said he had heard of you and me, and that made me feel acquainted with him at once.

"As for George Flagler,"—she paused a moment; the play of emotion made her face a study,—*"the idol is shattered, and become a very common piece of clay."*

"So Mr. Flagler got no chance to speak to you?" Molly said.

"No; I didn't mean he should. If he comes here I shall decline to see him. If he writes I will return his letter. What does he follow me for? To explain his reasons for marrying another woman, I sup-

pose. As if I cared! I left him free. Let him stay with his rich wife,—he, the weaver's son. She is welcome to him. My eyes are opened now. She is welcome." And the girl's lip curled. "I have plenty to do."

"I should think so, with a self-confessed atheist on your hands, and a handsome one at that," said Molly, laughing.

"We must both take care of him," the other made answer,—*ici* "invite him to our sociables with the rest of the heathen. Don't you think so?"

And Molly said, "Of course."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FACE ON CANVAS.

Once more the old familiar scenes
Give pleasure to the eye.

MOLLY had bought some pretty toys for little Sebastian.

First she shook a rattle, and then made the tin trumpet squeak. Then she bounced a ball, and then caught the baby up and almost smothered him with kisses.

"He's the beauty of all the world!" she said, laughing and hugging him. "I give you credit, Reine, for keeping him as sweet as a peach. You make a splendid little mother! Now, who is this child's grandmother?" And she looked at Reine with searching eyes.

"My mother is in heaven," said Reine.

"Do you know anything about your husband's family?" Molly asked. "This child ought to have a large circle of relations, and a rich godfather or godmother. What delicate coloring! what spirited features! Who are his grandparents on his father's side?"

"They are all in England, if he has any," Reine made reply. "Sebastian never will talk about that, with me, but sometimes, when he is—not quite himself—he talks of great people as if they were his daily companions. I wish you could see him then. But no, I don't. It would make you sorry."

"Then you don't know anything about his family?"

"No. If I ask him he is angry. I am sure he has been used to fine living and grand ladies and gentlemen, and that he knows all about castles and that. But he has been painting something you will be glad to see."

She went to the closet and lifted a small canvas, already glorified by the touch of genius.

"Sometimes I'm half sorry when he gets working," she said, "for his good spirits are gone, and he doesn't stick to it. You see, everything is against him, the light, the materials, and he grinds his paints on bits of stone and old papers. Poor Sebastian!" and she sighed from her very heart: "I wonder who he left behind him in England?"

She held up the small panel, after taking off the wrapper. "It is baby."

"Oh, I must have that picture!" cried Molly. "What will he sell it for?"

"You will think it's too much," said Reine.

"What! has he set a price on it?" asked Molly.

"Would you call fifteen dollars too much?" Reine asked.

"Too much! Why, I have given twice that for a pretty frame," said Molly, eagerly. "I'll give it to you at once." And she counted out the money.

The next day the banker received the picture, accompanied by the following note:

"DEAR FATHER,—Enclosed please find a likeness of Sebastian, a little child born in a cellar. If it can be matched in any aristocratic home I should like you to find me the picture. I ask as a special favor that you will get it framed and hang it up in my room. The man who painted it is the child's father, and you can see for yourself that he knows how to handle a brush. But he is degraded from his manhood through the vice of drinking. He keeps sober for a week at a time, then come the temptation and the fall.

"Even when under the influence of liquor he is kind and good to his wife, and imagines himself surrounded by wealth and splendor. I never heard or read of a like case; but we are hoping that, as the habit is not quite as masterful as it was, we may possibly, through his charming child, bring him to his senses.

"Dear father, I am very happy in my work. It is much better than to sit in our beautiful parlors and sing 'Rescue the perishing.'

"Somebody has got to do the rescuing: why not I, when my heart is in it? But I do confess to you that I long to see you. Dear father, let me come to see you sometimes. It need not be till after dark, and I will be as conventional as I can. At all events, you shall not be troubled with the poke bonnet. May I come? Say yes, like the good father you are, and then I will tell you all about it. I promise you I will never trouble you in the daytime. Your letter was a delightful surprise, short as it was.

"Oh, the romance of the annals of the poor!

"I have something to tell you concerning your English celebrity, the Rev. Mr. Flagler. The little lady I was with that night was *engaged to be married to him*, not so many years ago. But some one is coming. I must close my brief note. Good-day, dear, dear father!

"MOLLY."

This letter found the banker in his usual lounging-place.

"Bless her heart!" he muttered, with moist eyes. "I was a brute to send her away; but conditions are conditions, and I must hold her to her bargain.

"But to allow her to come here some evening, when I am alone,—why, it would be a treat to look into her sweet eyes for five minutes. And if she married and went to Africa, why, then I might never see her again. I suppose if she does marry she will gravitate to India or Africa or China or Japan. Talk of the heathen Chinee," he muttered,

as he applied his pearl-handled penknife, her gift the very last Christmas, to cutting the strings in which the picture was bound, "they're ages ahead of us, in some things." He laughed softly to himself. "Particularly in China, where, I've heard, they drown most of their girl-babies, thereby saving themselves a good deal of trouble in the future."

At that moment Lucy tripped in, very fair in her white draperies, her eyes shining, her cheeks glowing, truly a beautiful creature.

"Oh, what a charming, charming face!" she cried, as the picture came out from its wraps. "Oh, what a heavenly face! Whose child is it? I never saw so beautiful a creature!"

"Molly writes me that it is one of her poor brats, born in a cellar. Its father is an artist in his best days, and in one of them painted that."

"Oh!" and she surveyed it with less eager interest, the information just imparted serving to cool her raptures; "but then it is really beautiful! It must be flattered: of course it is! It might answer for a fancy picture. What are you going to do with it?"

"Have it framed and put in the room that *used* to be Molly's," he replied, with sarcastic emphasis.

"Oh, well, it may be hers again before very long. I have had an offer of marriage, Uncle Jack."

"An offer!" He stared, incredulous. His thoughts flew to a young officer who had often been Lucy's escort, a man who had nothing but his pay. She would have to rough it if she married him, and she was not the girl to do that.

"Yes, uncle dear, from Mr. Philip Maybury."

"Oh!" He drew a long breath. "A man old enough to be your grandfather! Well, I wish you joy. Of course you accepted him? He's enormously rich."

"Oh, yes, I accepted him," she replied, in a matter-of-fact way. "We are going abroad for our wedding-trip, a consummation that I have longed for, but never dreamed I should be able to afford."

"I'll be hanged if I don't believe you're selling yourself," her uncle said, with almost brutal abruptness. "What does your father say?"

"Father doesn't know it, but I imagine he will be glad, and I know the boys will. Of course I shall bring them all handsome presents, and I do hope the dear old man will be generous."

"Clings to a dime closer than I would to a dollar. You had better bargain for your pocket-money beforehand," her uncle said, in a cool way. "He has a grandson as old as you are, who has hoped, I dare say, to inherit all his money. Poor devil! I rather pity him when he knows how it stands."

"He must take things as they come," said Lucy; and, wheeling about, her mind full of the fancied grandeur of her future position, she left the room.

"A sacrifice on both sides," muttered the banker, "Lucy to her vanity, Molly to her queer ideas of duty. On the whole, I'd rather take Molly's chances, though."

The picture was hung. It seemed to shed a halo over the delicately tinted wall, and the banker, who had never before taken any special interest in paintings of that sort, stole in sometimes, when the room was open, to look at it.

Was it possible that babies as fair as that grew into street Arabs, dirty venders of newspapers, and even hopeless thieves? The question troubled him a little, for the first time in his life.

It troubled him once again when the eloquent rector of St. Paul's gave out for his text on the following Sunday, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

He had not answered Molly's letter yet. That night he wrote her, specifying the time, even the hour, for a certain night when Lucy was engaged for some party or concert. He wanted his child by himself.

When she left him it was August. Now it was April, and in all that time he had only seen her once. His heart hungered to hear her voice. When he heard her step he could not keep his emotion down, and in another moment she was in his arms.

"Dearest! dearest!" was all that she could say, and he could say nothing.

"How bright everything looks! Cousin Lucy must be a good housekeeper," was her first comment, as she moved from one familiar place to another.

"Your cousin is a blanked humbug," was his reply. "I've had a housekeeper for three months."

"Why, papa! and I never knew it."

"How should you, when you chose to desert me and set up your own housekeeping? Sit down, young lady, where I can see you."

She obeyed him, and he looked her over with critical eyes.

"I don't see that you've lost any flesh," he said.

"Oh, no. I weigh more than I did when I left here," she answered. "My work agrees with me, though at times it is very trying. We are doing a great deal of good, papa."

"I suppose you are sure of what you assert," said her father. "I'm not a religious man, you know. I don't remember that I ever felt very acutely for the woes of other people. Whenever I have let my heart run away with me, I have invariably made enemies. I lent John McGruder ten thousand dollars to help him along, once. I don't believe I have a more bitter enemy in the world than that same John. I tell you if you warm the frozen viper he'll turn and sting you."

"But all men are not vipers, dearest," said Molly. "I grant that in your world, and in your business, which are as distinct from the world of the laboring poor as can be, you may find people who are all the time fighting for the topmost round, who envy and hate all who are above them. But among the miserable creatures I see I have found gratitude, probity, honor, and charity. You have no idea how willing they are to help each other. The rich are often idle and luxurious, yes, and envious. The finer qualities are not inherent in your world, papa, but they are in ours."

"No doubt all the virtues are confined to the slums," was the sarcastic answer.

"I never was so happy in my life," said Molly.

"Thank you, my dear."

"Because, you see," she went on, "I have all my time occupied. Everything goes like clock-work, and no one has hours and hours of idleness. Now here, if I made calls, the talk was vapid,—the thing was a *quid pro quo*. You knew that the call would be returned with just so much ceremony. Suppose I went shopping; there were the same counters, the same clerks, the same obsequious attention. It was so with parties, receptions, balls, over and over, round and round,—no new faces, houses just like ours, men and women we had met the night before.

"But now, scarcely a day but we find some new penitent, somebody hungering for a word of sympathy, somebody dying for a little appreciation, somebody hiding a talent because he has neither money nor kindly words of help. The wretched are relieved, the miserable encouraged. It would do you good to see the faces of the wretched light into smiles. And they do try so hard!

"When did you hear last from Russell Stacy?" she asked, all the enthusiasm falling out of her voice.

"Haven't heard a word from him for a month. Shouldn't wonder if he found it worth his while to stay abroad. Maybe he has gone into slum-work in London."

"Not he," said Molly. "A mere worldling,—a hanger-on of wealth and fashion."

"He ought to have been a Salvation Army captain," said the banker, stretching his feet a little. "That would have been glory."

"Indeed it would,—true glory. He might at all events practise his profession among the poor. You are not lazy, papa, but he is,—lazy, handsome, and good for nothing. Oh, how I pity such people! and what a record they are making for eternity!"

The banker moved uneasily.

"That seems to be a cardinal feature in your theory."

"Eternity! why not, since we must live on whether we would or no?"

"What do you know about it?" he asked.

"Oh, papa, don't let's go over the old controversy," said Molly. "Remember I am here as your visitor for a little time only. You must be very polite to me. Where's Lou?"

"Gone to a party. Now, there's a girl that enjoys life. She's happy only at a rout. By the way, she is going to be married."

"Married? Lou?"

"Yes, and guess to whom?"

"Oh, dear me, I can't. Why, I fully intended that she should marry Russell Stacy."

"Russell Stacy wouldn't look at her." Then he told her.

Molly knew the man,—bald, decrepit, miserly. She held up both hands. "Poor girl! how I pity her!" she said.

The talk drifted on. The banker dared not acknowledge how

happy he was. Molly found herself describing Sebastian. The father found himself listening with interest.

"Who is he?" he asked.

"Nobody knows. But I have something to tell you. Some six weeks ago a carriage stopped before Paradise Flats. Such a thing as a handsome turnout is seldom seen there, and of course the inmates were all agog.

"Presently word came to me that a lady wished to speak to me. I invited her up to my room. She came, a slight figure dressed in deep mourning of the finest texture. I knew at once by her language that she was English.

"I have heard of you," she said, in a very sweet voice, "and am here to inquire after a friend of mine; at least we used to be friends. His name is Bassett, Sebastian Bassett, and I have been informed that he lives here."

"Yes," I said, "he did,—with his wife and child."

"His—wife! and child!" she repeated, and I could see under the black veil how white she grew.

"He has a very sweet little wife," was my answer, "and one of the most beautiful children I ever saw."

"For a few moments she was silent. I hardly knew why, but I pitied her.

"And—his—habits?" she still questioned.

"I told her as carefully as I could, or rather was beginning to tell her, when she broke in upon me.

"Don't say one word about it, unless there is—improvement," she went on. "From his boyhood he had a passion for drink. Three times he has reformed, and so raised the hopes of those who love him. He once gave promise for a great and prosperous future. At last he left England,—that was five years ago,—saying that he should lose himself in the wilds of America.

"We have fought against hope, because we were determined to save him. Finally we traced him here. Married! and in this place! What kind of woman is his wife, that she could marry—him?"

"I assured her that Reine was a good woman, kind to all his moods,—not a lady, perhaps, in her sense of the word or mine, but still a woman far, far above him as a man.

"Papa, she was crying under her veil.

"Is his mother alive?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes, poor lady! and he is all the child God ever gave her. What terrible spirit possesses him?"

"I pitied the poor soul. Under the long veil I saw her wring her delicately gloved hands.

"Married! married!" she repeated. Papa, I think she was a lady of rank.

"But in five minutes the cab will be here to take me back. Dearest, when shall I see you again?"

"Come—when you will," was the response, and this time he folded her in his arms and kissed her.

Was it a tear she felt on her cheek?

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN HARDY, PRINTER.

He who wants little always has enough.

WHEN Stacy first took possession of his living-room in the name of John Hardy, a feeling of dismay crept over him.

Dirt everywhere; but water was plenty. The floor was black and uneven, the paint in an undesirable state. Small and unsavory fingers had come into contact with the walls. An ill-smelling fireplace gave wretched show of ashes and charred wood.

Stacy took the dimensions of the room. That same day furniture came,—not much; two easy-chairs, a table, a book-case, an art square of carpet, shades. The windows were cleaned, a student's-lamp placed on a bracket, and he was ready to commence housekeeping.

The man himself worked diligently. He was above all things methodical. A book out of place was torture. His hands did not look much like those of a workingman, though he had stained and roughened them. They were delicately shaped. There was no disguising the fact that they were the hands of a gentleman.

When the room was in shape, a goodly row of volumes in the book-case, a guitar, violin, and one or two other instruments placed around, he surveyed his work with satisfaction.

"Rather a contrast to the rooms in the B— House," he said, musingly. "I shall miss Jacko. He wouldn't stay here, even with me. Too high-bred.

"Well, I have made the plunge. We shall see what comes of it. For a thorough change, I rather like it. Now for a few good engravings on the walls."

He went into a smaller room beyond, and glanced round it with a smile that curved the corners of his lips dubiously. It contained a small iron bedstead, two chairs, and a bath-tub shaped like an immense basin.

"A poor man, self-made, pursuing his studies in the intervals of labor," he said to himself. "It's a fine idea. I really need to brush up my knowledge of surgery. Who knows how many broken heads I may have to bandage, or broken bones to set? Well, here's the chance for work! No idling now, young man!

"I fancy I did the atheistical dodge pretty well. Now they must do the rest. There's no doubt in my own mind," he went on, taking a medical treatise to the book-case mentioned before, "that I'm a graceless dog in matters of theology. But already I have enlisted the sympathy of those sweet feminine souls who flutter about the unregenerate."

He sat down, with half-closed eyes, still soliloquizing.

"I liked that lieutenant, though. He hit right from the shoulder, and gave my theology some terrible blows. I respect him; while for that effigy of the church I have unlimited contempt,—sitting there like a statue, after what I said. There is meaning in the earnestness of these people. Their women are as earnest as the men. If it were not for that hideous uniform!

"A very pretty little lady the one I met on the stairs: didn't wait

for an introduction. Oh, they're terribly in earnest. Said I must attend their sociables, *musicales*!—good Lord! here! *musicales*!

"Won't it be fun? I declare, I was never so interested in my life. And this incog. ! that's the jolliest part of it.

"She spoke of Molly, too. Molly, with her dainty habits and exquisite tastes, here!"

He looked out of the window on a great well of a yard. Stunted trees, stunted women, stunted souls. Half a dozen little roughs were playing toss-penny. Two of them had newspapers under their arms. A few scraps of humanity, toddling rag-balls yclept babies, moved about. As many women bent over wash-tubs.

"Now about my calling. I'll be porter for a great commercial house, or a joiner, or a painter. Ah! I have it! I'm a printer,—most respectable of trades. B. F. was once a jour. printer. Printers have chances for greatness that other callings do not foster. By the way, I'll buy a printing-press. I might turn it to good account, getting up bills and posters, and enjoy the pleasure of earning money by the sweat of my brow. Egad! I'll do it!"

He placed abundance of paper on his desk, on one side envelopes, on the other pens and ink, also three handy volumes of *The Essays of Elia*, which were household gods to him. He was a man who studied, classified, and registered all he read.

Intellectually he was rich, physically of the noblest type of manhood, morally pure, but without an aim in life in spite of his profession, and the concealment of his identity added zest to the probable opportunities that he might encounter.

His chief motive was the overwhelming desire to win the heart of the only woman he had ever loved.

"It is a satisfaction to be near her," he murmured, lighting a costly cigar: fortunately the Paradise people had not been educated to know the difference between good and bad tobacco.

He sat and thought, thought and smoked, occasionally uttering his thoughts aloud, as had always been his custom.

In the next room Crump the tailor was lecturing his yellow-haired lass while she basted and "whipped" and handed him flaps, linings, and pocket-pieces, and his wife put heavy irons on the stove.

A curious-looking man was Crump, pallid of skin, forehead funnel-shaped, three tufts of straw-colored hair adorning top and sides, light blue eyes,—eyebrows he had none,—and broad rather than long or prominent features.

Somehow his personality suited his name. He was an industrious man, and talkative. His family had learned to obey his lightest wish and listen reverently to all he had to say.

"'n' I tell *you*, Mandy, whichever way a woman turns she goes wrong nachrally," he was saying. "Fambly" (he called his wife "family"), "you ain't put them irons on the right heaters; this is for that, 'n' that is for this.—Here, Mandy, you line this pocket-welt, an' hand me that bindin': these trousers is got to go home to-morrow mornin' at exactly harf-past nine. An' so," returning to the former part of his sentence, "you ain't a-goin' to git my consent to go to any

o' them Salvationists'—or, as I call 'em, an' they deserve the name, Damnationists'—goin's on."

"All the girls goes, an' they don't say nothin' 'bout salvation doin's. They only sing and play, and have cake and lemonade to eat," sniffled the girl.

"I tell you you ain't goin' to have anything to do with them Damnation Army people," shouted the irate Crump: "so you shet up, an' hand me that band-linin' over there. An', fambly, git me my press-board, an' git it quick."

Poor little Mandy had received an invitation to the next *musical*, from the hands of Nan, as the girl passed Crump's door, violin-bag in hand, having just returned from taking her lesson.

"I do hope you'll go, Mandy," said the child, standing back from the woollen-scented air, "for I'm to play to-night, and there'll be singing, and lots of nice recitations, an' Miss Cap'n Molly, oh, she's so sweet! You'll just want to sit and look at her!"

Mandy hoped so, too, and tremblingly bore the message to Crump. She never thought of speaking to her mother about such matters. The result we know.

Then Nan went on along the passage-way, and knocked at the stranger's door.

At his "Come in," she entered, gave a swift, surprised glance at the room,—“so nice for a man!” she afterwards said,—and delivered her message.

"Miss Molly Stanley's compliments to Mr. Hardy, and wouldn't he come to the *musical* to be held in her rooms to-night?"

Stacy took his cigar from between his lips and sat upright, looking at the child, and saying to himself, "By Jove! they don't lose any time."

"Haven't I seen you before?" he unthinkingly exclaimed.

"Maybe you have. I used to play on the street to earn money to help myself," she said, shifting her light burden to the other hand.

"Yes, now I remember," he made answer, catching himself up. "You have a very fine violin,—left you by your father."

Her face grew radiant.

"Did you know *him*?" she asked.

"Oh, no, but I have a faint recollection that you told me about it, somewhere, sometime," he said, guardedly. "I have rather a nice old fiddle myself," he went on, stretching his hand to where the instrument hung, "but not half as good as yours."

He drew his bow across the strings with the poise and precision of a first-class amateur.

"Ah, you play, too!" the girl said, laughing out joyously.

"Yes, a little. I have studied under Andromos, here, and one or two"—he was going to say, "masters abroad," but added, "other masters."

"Professor Andromos! Oh, he's *my* teacher," said the child.

At which information the blue eyes under blue spectacles stared in undisguised astonishment.

"Andromos your teacher!" he exclaimed, taken by surprise. "Andromos and Paradise Flats! By Jove!"

The sarcasm was unmistakable.

"Paradise Flats seems good enough for you to live in," said Nan, her quick temper flashing out of the great eyes. For she was forced to learn every day of her life that there were two worlds grinding against each other, and that she inhabited the under one.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in his deepest, most sincere tones. "Yes, I live in Paradise Flats. Being only a poor printer, it's the best I can do, you see," he said. "But, knowing the professor to be—well, the most eminent musical person in the city, I naturally thought of his charges—whew!"

"Yes, I know," said Nan, readily pacified; "but Captain Molly attends to all that. Of course I couldn't pay. She's an angel. Everybody loves her. She finds out what everybody can do, and then helps them. Oh, I wish you knew how good she is!"

The man's face was a study as the child went on sounding the praises of the woman he loved.

All regrets over lost opportunities, all desires of appreciation, were merged in one delightful, overwhelming sensation, that, even if he loved in vain, it was more than any mortal honor, more, and greater, to love such a woman. So simple! so gracious! so beautiful a life!—could he question her choice, or seek to lead her away from the work of her life?

"No, by heaven! I'll work with her to the death, if she will allow me," he said to himself; then, aloud, "I will come down to-night with pleasure. If you see Miss Stanley, tell her I shall be happy to come."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MOLLY AND MANDY.

And light and flowers and beauty all assist.

"Now I think we are all ready," said Ensign Harry. "How sweetly the rooms look! Who would ever have thought of flowers? Indeed, who could get such expensive things but you?"

Feathery lengths of wistaria, pale and lush red roses, clusters of violets, great clumps of pink and scarlet geraniums, all hot-house flowers, placed here and there, on brackets, in vases, sent their subtle influence in all directions, and added to the simpler accessories of the room a radiance, a delicacy of color and arrangement, that seemed to emanate from gracious fingers in fairy-land.

And Molly stood there in the midst, the soul-beauty in her face giving life and tenderness to the scene. She was very happy on such evenings.

There was nothing quixotic about her. She never talked of reforming the world, only of making here and there a struggling soul happier. She did not expect, neither did she undertake, great things. A sewing-school for poor children, books to lend, simple amusements. She taught that work was ennobling, that vanity brought ruin, that in the humblest life there was room for noble deeds.

"I'm going to put this long spray of wistaria round the sea-picture," said Ensign Harry. "It needs nothing to make it more beautiful, but, as the most beautiful picture on the walls, I'll crown it." And she placed the flowers over it.

Ensign Harry looked a dainty little lady in her blue print dress, blue of so delicate a tint that the tiny edge of white collar about her throat only seemed a shading off to the softer tints of her round throat. This little Englishwoman was an adept in colors, shapes, and styles.

Molly appeared in a print dress, but of the softest, faintest shade of salmon-pink that could be found. She wore white in neck and sleeves as a relief, but it was rare old lace, the only luxury she allowed herself on gala evenings. The lace was so fine and white that its proximity to the print was in no wise inharmonious. It only enhanced her modest beauty, a loveliness like that of the wild rose, ethereal but obvious.

"Yes, the rooms do look well for Paradise Flats," said Molly; "but when I reflect with what scant graces Reine makes her cellar habitable, I am almost ashamed of these."

"Don't he earn money enough to live up-stairs now?" asked Ensign Harry.

"He might earn money enough to live in a good house of his own," was Molly's response; "but he has lost his manhood."

"Have you given him up, Molly?"

"Yes," Molly answered, with manifest reluctance, "unless something unforeseen should happen,—something terrible. Pray God he may die sober."

"Poor little Mandy Crump!" Ensign Harry said, after a short silence. "I met her in the hall. She said her father wouldn't let her come, and then she burst out crying."

"I'm going to order a suit of clothes," was Molly's answer, as she sat down to the writing-desk, "and soften that heart of adamant. I am determined that Mandy shall come to-night. Poor child, she has so little pleasure."

And she wrote,—

"DEAR MR. CRUMP,—

"I have a friend who wants a new suit of clothes. He is sick and poor, and I shall have the pleasure of ordering and paying for it. If I give you his measure will you undertake to make it? As soon as it is done you shall be liberally paid. Please let Mandy come to-night.

"Very respectfully yours,

"MOLLY STANLEY."

Molly read the missive aloud. Her cheeks were as red as *La France* roses, and the battle-light of determination brightened her eyes.

Ensign Harry smiled, then laughed. Then she laughed louder, at Molly's look of surprise. Finally she sat down, shaking with laughter.

"What in the world——!" ejaculated Molly.

"The—the whole thing is so—so ridiculous! so exquisitely funny!" was the answer. "The poor carpenter is sick,—typhoid fever,—

very sick! may not live to wear a suit of clothes,—and you ordering them! Oh! oh! oh!”

“If he doesn’t wear them, somebody else can,” said Molly, alive to the absurdity of the situation, but more alive to her duty.

“And he’ll charge you a hundred dollars if you don’t limit him.”

“Why, I shall limit him, of course. Besides, I am bound to emancipate Mandy!”

“Molly, you’re a saint! I’m glad I ever knew you,” cried the little ensign, getting up and wiping tears of mirth from her eyes. “You stoop to us, you love us, you master us! I write about you in all my letters. I only wish you were at the head of the army. Here, give me that note. I’ll carry it myself.”

Crump read the missive. First he smiled, and then he frowned. Then he fidgeted a little and called “fambly.”

His wife, as she read it, fearing she should betray too much pleasure, pulled her face to its usual pathetic length. A red dress, a green sash, and her own old white slippers were all dancing a jig in her overjoyed brain. That was all the finery poor Mandy possessed. In the family’s nervous grasp, the candle flickered in dangerous proximity to the bunch of yellow furze that served the head of her lord and master as a topknot.

“You’re a-goin’ to let her go, bean’t ye, Crump?” she asked, sidling away with the candle.

“No, I ain’t,” Crump said, shortly.

The woman set the candle down with a faint cry.

“Lord ‘a’ mercy, Crump, you’re a-treadin’ on yer own toes.”

“Call Mandy here,” growled Crump, on second thought. “They may have *her*, but they shan’t draw *me* into their net.”

The girl made her appearance from the closet beyond, where in trembling expectation she had heard every word. She came forward in a glow of hope. To her the promised entertainment meant all of heaven she had ever imagined. She seldom went beyond the snarl in Crump’s voice.

“Mandy,” he said, in his high crisp tones, “there’s seven flaps to make, stitchin’ back-hand.”

“Yes, sir,” said Mandy.

“Five pockets to baste in, and four breasts to line.”

“Yes, sir,” was the subdued answer.

“Ten button-holes to make.”

“Yes, sir.”

“And all to be done before six o’clock to-morrow night. Now, if I let you go to this damnation party,”—and his teeth locked on the words,—“can you do it?”

And Mandy’s promise came back as solemn as an oath:

“I’ll do it if I die!”

“Well, I do’no as I’ve got any say about it. Ask fambly,” was the surly response.

Family said, “Lor, yes. What’s to hender? There’s them white shoes I was married in.”

So Mandy presented herself to Molly in a light calico frock, freshly

washed and ironed that day, the red frock and the green sash having been dispensed with on account of numerous rents in both.

Molly thought, as she welcomed the happy, almost radiant face, that it held a hint of something that outranks beauty.

One after another the knocks at the door were answered, and the rooms were slowly filling. There were coarse people, homely people, nervous people, all dressed in their best. There was a sprinkling of young girls, who had set Molly on a pedestal for copy and watched everything she did. Several members of the Army were present: some of them had brought musical instruments.

Among them all no sweeter face met the eye than that of little old Mrs. McKiseth, who came down that night to hear her "darlin'" play, and brightened the little circle by her native wit and shrewdness.

Last of all came Stacy, introduced as John Hardy, and Molly studied him. He moved quietly forward, and made at once for Ensign Harry. Ensign Harry introduced him with due form to Miss Stanley, whose quick eye almost detected his efforts *not* to be graceful.

"Rather a handsome man," she said at the first glance,—"*a very handsome man*" at the second. "Not a laborer with his hands, at all events. *They* might belong to our set."

"Oh, you are a printer?" she said some little time afterwards, when she had obtained an opportunity to chat with him. "That settles it," she naively added.

"Excuse me," she added, for he looked both amused and perplexed. "I have been trying to discover whether I have seen you before. It seems as if I had, but among all the new acquaintances I have made the last year I do not know of one who follows the craft you mention. I think you have one of the noblest of callings. It must tend to keep the finer faculties of the mind wide awake. On what paper are you specially engaged?"

He flushed. Under the blue glasses there was a queer little twinkle, but, faithful to their trust, the spectacles hid it.

"On no particular paper, Miss—er——"

"Stanley," put in Molly, promptly.

"Yes: thank you. My work is desultory,—by the job,—books, bills, cards, etc. For samples see catalogue." And he laughed.

"Strange, how he interests me," thought Molly; "and yet this man has confessed himself an atheist!"

Somebody called for music.

"Pray excuse me," said Molly. "We devote some time to singing and instrumental music. Do you sing?"

"Not guilty," he replied, with a queer little shrug. "Sometimes I play the fiddle."

"Why, so does Nan," she said, blithely. "We are going to give a little concerto movement." And Molly went towards the piano.

Everybody listened,—that was one of the rules; and the music was effective, so much so that prolonged applause brought the two out again.

Then some one, a stout young fellow, an officer of the "Army" by his uniform, played a cornet solo in creditable style. This was followed by two or three clever recitations, and then Mandy, who was in the

seventh heaven of delight, wondered whether ten o'clock would come before she could taste of the refreshments laid out on a corner table, for her father had threatened all manner of punishment if she stayed later than ten.

There were sandwiches and pretty little cakes, cheese and crackers, tea and chocolate. Somebody said "lemonade," near her, and, sure enough, there stood a pitcher—it must have held a gallon—full to the brim, a glass pitcher, with yellow rings shining through.

Everything the girl had seen and heard had filled her with supreme content. She had never visited a theatre or concert in her life. Her eyes followed Molly with appreciative admiration, and presently she heard some one say,—

"What two handsome ones them two are!"

Captain Molly and Stacy had gravitated together again.

She was asking questions, and he was telling her of his wishes and expectations.

"At present," he said, and, if it had not been for the spectacles, Molly might well have questioned the expression of his eyes, looking deep down into her own, "I am devoting all my spare time to the study of medicine. My ambition is to become a surgeon, I may say my highest earthly ambition, so far as my life-work is concerned."

"The noblest profession a man could choose," she said, her sweet eyes sparkling. "I had a friend, nay, I have a friend,"—and the words sent thrills through his heart,— "who with the grandest privileges a man can possess, with a good knowledge of medicine and surgery, yet lives the life of a sybarite, caring for nothing, for no one, but himself. But then my friend is a Christian. You, a surgeon, and absolutely certain there is no God?"

"I throw myself on your sweet mercy," he said, utterly taken by surprise. "You heard of it, then. Yes, I did say the rash thing. One of your people answered me well. His words have followed me, and—I am open to conviction. Shall we leave that question for further argument?" he asked, smiling.

"Certainly," she said, reddening as if she had been convicted of a rudeness. "And will you not contribute something towards the entertainment?"

"If the child will lend me that violin," he said, "I should like to try the instrument. It is a fine one."

Molly sought out Nan, who with a knot of girls about her was propounding conundrums. The girl rose with smiling alacrity, and, taking the violin out of its case, gave it to the stranger.

He did not ask for an accompaniment, but, with steady movement and a delicate, graceful bowing, played an old, old melody that brought Mrs. McKiseth forward, tears in her eyes.

"Ay, sure, and that's the rare old Irish tune," she said, "that draws the warmest blood from the farderest corner of the heart. Ye've been to old Ireland, maybe; ye must 'a' been, to catch the trick, and heard the lassies croonin' it."

He had heard it in Ireland, caught it from a piper, and paid him to play it again and again, so did its plaintive notes enrapture him;

but he did not say so. Everybody was listening, carried away by the melody, and wishing and calling for more when it was finished. Signalling for his hostess, he played a more ambitious solo to her accompaniment, while the people were helped to refreshments.

Ensign Harry read the longing in Mandy's poor little face, and soon the girl was bountifully supplied with cakes and chocolate, besides a little paper of candies thrust surreptitiously into her hand.

"An evening to be remembered," Stacy said to himself as the party broke up. Every face was lighted with pleasure, every good-night given with thanks.

Then the two women sat down to compare notes.

"The Bassetts were not here," said Ensign Harry.

"No; Sebastian is off again," Molly answered, with a little sigh.

"Did you ever see such a happy face as that of Mandy Crump?"

"I watched her often," and Molly smiled. "Poor little girl! It is worth all the cost and trouble to see such a face as that."

"And the new man, our atheist,—I noticed that you talked with him."

"Oh, yes, the new man," Molly said, listlessly.

"We must make him one of us. We must work for him. To-night was our first chance. We have hold of him, now."

"What makes you think so?"

"I know it by the way he looked at you," was on her lips to say, but she refrained, not sure but that her friend would resent it as an impertinence.

"I think he is interested in the Salvation Army," she said.

"Perhaps: I hope so. He certainly is full of energy. He is a printer by trade. Do you know he is studying medicine?"

"I thought there was something rather grand about him that day," said Ensign Harry. "If we do catch him it will be like hooking a leviathan. He will be hands and head to the cause."

"How well he handled that violin!" Molly said. "Did you ever hear pathos, real, unmixed pathos, like that little Irish melody? Curious that he should come to Paradise Flats."

"That's what people say of you."

"Oh, but I have an object," said Molly, reddening a little.

"And so perhaps has he," said Ensign Harry.

"Suppose we stop talking about him and look over our list of work for to-morrow," said Molly.

She opened her tablets, and read, running a pencil between the lines:

"'On the march by ten.' That's to go down to the shipping and hold a prayer-meeting. Did you ever notice what thorough gentlemen most sailors are, in the presence of ladies?"

"'Through D— Street, from house to house.' I don't incline towards that, we get so much abuse. But it pays sometimes.

"'A visit to the Alms-House,' to talk to the poor old people. There's always something interesting about that. Then march again to the hall for a meeting of praise. Six visits besides to six cantankerous, unpleasant women, poor things! to give them object-lessons in cleanliness."

"Molly, I think we ought to set up a cooking-school," said Ensign Harry.

"Well, the only drawback to that is that I don't know how to cook myself."

"I do," was the response.

"I think we have about all that we can do to get on, as it is."

"To say nothing of baiting hooks to catch leviathans," laughed Ensign Harry, and then looked troubled, for a quick flush mounted to Molly's cheeks as she rose and shut the piano, put the chairs in place, gathered the flowers together and laid them all in a big basin of water so that on the morrow they might be carried to the sick.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BANKER.

All's fair in love and war.

STACY sat alone in his room. It was a cheerful place at night, when the student-lamp was alight, and the big arm-chair drawn close up to the book-case, part of which turned down for a writing-desk.

"I haven't had such an evening for—well, I *never* had such an evening in my life!" he soliloquized. "How angelic she was! Now if she scores me her convert I shall have that hold upon her. In her thought, in her very soul, I shall be to her unlike other men. So far gain."

He sat lost in blissful dreams.

What visions he saw! No need of a disguise now. He had taken off his spectacles, and if Molly could have seen him without them, despite the whiskers and the darker hair, she would have recognized him. Few men have such eyes, so deeply blue, so rich in depth, so magnificently shadowed by long dark lashes.

He was already thoroughly ashamed of his "atheistic proclivities."

Drunk with love's red wine, he would have given up every theory he had ever held, every one of the millions that made him the envy of his set. With this new incentive, he would have had more honor in her eyes, as a man willing to spend his life in doing good, than if he were a hundred times a millionaire without the principles that make manhood a success. Yes, now to win her he would be the humblest private in that very Salvation Army he had so often ridiculed. His love was unselfish now. It dominated every fibre of his soul.

"But," he further mused, "if she does get interested in me so that she will sometimes allow me to accompany her,—I will wait for love, yes, years if need be,—if she allows me to go with her to her home, what then? Only that her father will question my standing, ridicule my assumed poverty, grow furious over my audacious pretensions. What am I to do in that case? Clearly there is but one thing. Reveal my identity to him beforehand. I'll do it, and soon."

The following evening found him on his way to banker Stanley's residence.

He was ushered into the hall.

"That's Stacy's voice, I could swear," the banker said to himself, hearing it through the open door. He rushed forward to welcome him, but retreated as the stranger came forward, step by step.

Who was this man with Stacy's voice? A man in a working garb, his face tanned, blue spectacles, long mutton-chop whiskers, a cross in his manner and appearance between the professional and the laborer.

"Mr. Stanley, you don't know me," said the stranger, his face wreathed in smiles.

"I'll be hanged if I do," was the answer. "I thought I knew the voice. You haven't got a package of dynamite about you, have you? Because if you have I pull this cord, and there'll be fireworks of the liveliest description. Great heaven! Stacy after all! What in the devil does this mean?"

For the stranger had taken off his blue spectacles, and with a touch pushed back his wig, disclosing the eyes and closely-shaven head of Stacy.

"It means—no dynamite," laughed Stacy.

"Why, God bless you, my dear, dear fellow!" And all of a sudden Stacy felt himself enclosed in a pair of stalwart arms. "I've been dealing heavily in bonds," the banker explained, "for the last month, and negotiating largely in all parts of the country. There are rogues in plenty, and dynamite is cheap. Let me ring for some refreshments."

"No, not a thing, thank you. Yes, a cigar," said Stacy. "And now for my explanation. My present name is John Hardy."

"Your present name! You startle me. What blunder have you committed that calls for an alias?"

"Nothing very alarming," said Stacy, "and I should have preferred keeping my incognito, only circumstances might combine in such a way as to make it embarrassing, if not difficult. I need not tell you that I still love Molly."

"No, and you have my sanction. You always had."

"She refused me point-blank."

"Yes, and lessened my respect for her good judgment."

"Perhaps, but Molly did not love me, or, if she did, scarcely knew it, so much was she occupied with other matters. She preferred Paradise Flats and a section of the Salvation Army,—and God bless her for it!"

"The devil!" thundered the banker. "You say God bless that little idiot for going counter to my will and making a blanked fool of herself?"

"I bless her for her unselfish endeavors to help the poor. There is something sublime in that young girl's efforts which neither you nor I have the large gift of grace to understand. I can do so in a measure. It may be fanaticism, but if so it is of the highest order and the purest kind. One evening as I was meditating, almost broken-hearted, to leave and be done with it all, a strange idea occurred to me. Molly had talked to me very plainly, accusing me of leading a selfish

life. She made me feel infinitesimally small, and she was right. I did not see it then, but I do now."

"The queerest chicken that ever grew up without a mother's protecting wing," muttered the banker. "It makes me wonder how she came to belong to me."

"As I was saying, a brilliant idea occurred to me. I acted upon it at once. It was this. I would win Molly upon her own ground; that is, by taking the character of a workingman, with—modestly I assume it—abilities superior to the average; by living near her and working in her direction, so that I could at once protect and reach her."

The banker had ceased walking. He stood in front of Stacy with folded arms.

"By Jove, Stacy, you're a trump!" he exclaimed. "What a pity to hide such a head-piece as yours under a wig! But I see—I see the whole trend of the thing." And he laughed like a school-boy.

"Well, I entered on this experiment, attended the meetings, and passed under the disguise of—a printer."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the banker, laughing again.

"I am a self-made man, you understand,—that is, to all appearance. I have an ambition to study medicine, and a leaning towards philanthropy. As I said, I attend the Salvation meetings, and get no harm from them. Upon my soul, I am beginning to respect those Salvation people."

"Well, I confess to a little leaning that way myself," the banker conceded, pulling at his gray moustache. "I wish they would convert those dynamite fiends, and put on decent bonnets,—the women, I mean. They go by here occasionally; and, by Jove, they're coming now."

The two men went to the window. It was a splendid moonlight evening. Now and then a carriage rattled by; the streets were silvered in long lines, and straight into the fine light came the little band, on their way to some service.

Suddenly they struck into song.

Every word came full, sonorous, distinct, every form seemed haloed in moonlight as they marched by the banker's house:

"On, soldiers, to the front!
Rescue or death!
Go save the perishing,
So my Lord saith.
Up with your banners,
Swords lifted, bright,
Save fallen souls for heaven,
God, and the right!"

The two listeners moved back, looking in each other's eyes. Neither of them spoke for a time.

Then Stacy said, his voice a little thick, "They don't do that for money!"

"I believe you," said the banker, chokingly.

He was thinking of Molly.

"Isn't it horrid?"

The voice, pitched to a sarcastic key, sounded near them.

Both men turned.

In a rich dress of *crêpe de Chine*, the strong light falling upon the pearls that shimmered all over its voluminous folds, stood Lucy. The long undulating train, the richness of the costly material, the soft white arms, bare to the shoulder, the edging of rich lace curling about a faultless bust, formed altogether a picture that to the careless observer was worthy of all admiration.

"They set me wild with their horrid music," was her next remark. "I only came, uncle, to show my new dress," she added, in a lower tone, as Stacy moved away to the end of the room, intent upon a picture. "How do you like me?"

"Very pretty, very pretty," said the banker, but he was not thinking of her.

"I only waited for you to pass your opinion before I went to Mrs. Shaw's *musicale*. I'm so delighted that you are pleased! There will be the very best professional music, and Mrs. Shaw's spreads are something divine. I didn't know you had company. Good-night." And she was gone.

"Takes to it naturally, doesn't she?" the banker said, as the two men met again at the table. "I thought there was no need of an introduction. She probably considers you some workingman, calling on business."

Stacy was thinking of the gathering he had so lately attended in Paradise Flats. This gorgeous creature of fashion, in comparison with Molly in her pretty print dress, was as a princess to a peasant; yet how incomparably more beautiful was the real heir to all this grandeur! The world and the flesh were written in marked characters all over Lucy's sparkling personality, for had she not sold herself, body and soul, for the sake of such advantages as wealth confers?

"To return to what I was saying," Stacy went on. "I thought I might make myself of use to Molly, so I have a room in the same house."

"What! You are in Paradise Flats?" the banker exclaimed. "Upon my word, that's the best joke of the season."

"Certainly. I intend to make myself her special guardian. And some time she may condescend to give the poor printer what she refused the millionaire. You understand now why I have made you a confidant."

"Precisely." And there was a touch of glee in the banker's voice. "By heaven, you've hit it! I am sure of your success. The most romantic freak I ever listened to. No one but a man who can write his check for a million, poetize when he pleases, and play the fiddle, would ever have thought of it, by Jove! I wish you all the luck in life. If I were a young man I wouldn't mind going through the same experience. It gives a zest to existence which groping round for values and hunting up securities, or even handling millions, doesn't touch."

And then happened what neither of them had expected.

The door opened, and Captain Molly entered.

CHAPTER XXV.

"MY PRINTER!"

And knew that it was love.

IF Stacy did not bless his stars that he had declined to throw off at least a part of his disguise, then he never blessed them for anything.

"Why, papa!" Molly exclaimed.

Stacy glowed, and bowed, then hurriedly took his leave.

"Do you know him, papa?" Molly asked, conscious that she was blushing.

"Eh? Slightly, my dear,—slightly," was the guarded reply. "He comes to me now and then for advice."

"Ah!" said Molly, on her guard also.

"Yes; very good sort of man for that kind,—a printer, so he tells me. Very good. I shall put some work in his way."

Puff, puff, went the pipe, while the banker pushed his papers here and there.

What would happen next? Molly was bewildered. Mr. Stanley was never known to speak in other than the most patronizing tones of young men of that stamp. Indeed, he was patronizing now, but there was a difference.

"I came a little late, papa, because I have some business to transact. I must say my say and go back as soon as possible."

"Well," said her father, "let me know how much you want. I'm ready to give you a large check."

"No, papa, I don't want any money; but I have come to talk about money, and Sebastian Bassett."

"A drunken brute, if I recollect rightly," her father made reply.

"Drunken, but never brutal," Molly said, untying her hat-strings. "I also spoke to you of an English lady who came to see me with reference to him."

"Yes; his sister, wasn't she?"

"Oh, no." Molly's face grew sympathetic. "From all I can gather, she is his cousin by the second remove, and devoted to him. She told me a part of her sad story. It appears they were once engaged to be married. The man gave promise of reaching a high eminence in his profession. He fell again and again, but every time he promised reformation."

"These scamps generally do," muttered the banker.

"On the wedding day—or the day appointed for the wedding—he came home so drunk that the ceremony had to be postponed."

"Indefinitely, I should hope," supplemented the banker.

"Yes, after one or two more trials. It nearly broke her heart."

"What! she could still love the graceless scamp?"

"Yes, and does yet. She has spent almost a fortune in trying to reclaim him."

"More's the pity for her."

"But to come to the point. Sebastian's mother is dead, and has left in this lady's trust a small fortune for her son, something like ten

thousand pounds. Now, the question is, how to manage matters. If he should come into possession at once, he would squander it, and probably drink himself to death. His cousin thinks the wisest course is to deal it out sparingly, and have the money put at interest. She wishes me to be her almoner and banker. What would you suggest?"

"It is a somewhat delicate matter," her father said, tapping the table with his gold-bowed glasses, "and I should rather submit it to a lawyer. Colby Brothers, you know, transact all business of that sort. I'm willing to do all I can, but, you see, money is money, especially a legacy, and I wouldn't touch it without legal advice."

"Then shall I go to them?" asked Molly.

"As the money is to be used according to your judgment, I think you had better," her father said.

He was not averse to giving his daughter a practical illustration of the necessity of extreme care in the disposal of money. He knew she had a clear, logical mind, and if she could get a grasp on legal principles it would enable her to use her own fortune, when he should be gone, to better advantage.

Molly rose to go.

"How will you get home?" he asked.

She pointed to her badge. "Everybody respects this," she said.

"Let me send for a carriage."

"No, no, dear, I don't want a carriage," Molly persisted. "Where is Cousin Lucy?"

"Gone to a *musical*."

"Don't you ever go with her?"

"I! to those crushes? My dress-coat and I have been strangers to each other since you went away."

"When is Lu going to be married?"

"I don't know."

"But what will you do when she is?"

"By that time I hope my daughter will return to her duties in her father's house," he replied, gravely.

"Oh, papa! I have devoted my life to the work," was her quick reply.

"Charity begins at home. Come and try your magic on me for a little while. Or perhaps the old man is not worth the trouble of saving."

"Oh, dear, dear papa!" and she folded her arms about his neck. "We'll see about it. If you consider yourself such a heathen that you need my help, I'm willing to begin now. Only you must come with me," she added, playfully.

"What! to Paradise Flats?" he exclaimed, laughing. "Do you think your handsome printer would take me in?"

"My printer!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Papa!"

"Well, well, I meant nothing, of course. Come as often as you can. And don't hesitate to ask me for a check now and then."

She gave him another kiss, with tears in her eyes. Surely he was unconsciously doing his utmost to draw her towards him.

Then she bade him good-night.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNWELCOME FOLLOWER.

Thick, guttural, maudlin tones.

As Molly moved down the street, a shadow emerged from the corner, followed by John Hardy.

"Do you object to my walking with you, Miss Stanley?" he asked, and she could not find it in her heart to say no.

"He has been waiting for me," she said to herself, conscious of a little thrill of pleasure.

"You did not go to the meeting to-night," he said, as they walked on.

"No; I had business with papa," she answered. Then they went on in silence for some moments.

"I also made a business call," he said, "but the army meetings are very interesting to me. How much in earnest your people are!"

"They believe in the work," Molly made answer.

"Exactly. I feel that; but what they do interests me more than what they say. If ever I am a convert, it will be because with them faith and works go together."

They were passing a low groggery. Standing in the door-way in the full glare of the blood-red light was Sebastian, a wolfish look in his eyes, a saturnine expression in the face usually so good-humored.

Tipsily removing his hat by the ragged rim, he bowed, for he recognized Captain Molly; then, staggering, he followed.

A wild idea had taken possession of his besotted brain. It was that the man, her escort, meant mischief.

"You jes' le' go of her," he muttered, coming up with the two, and touching Stacy on the arm.

"See here, my man, you don't know what you are talking about," said Stacy, kindly. "Move on; let us pass."

"Shan't do any such thing," was the reply. "I'm a gen'leman—you're a—a—the Lord knows what. I'm an English gen'leman, coat of arms, 'n' all that—good family—born to affluence—unfortunate—able to sell pictures for thousands. She's a lady—banker's daughter—came to us in misfortune—beautiful young lady—likes me—likes m' wife and Sebastian junior. Jes' you le' go of her."

"Oh, Mr. Bassett," said Molly, in a pleading voice, "I have placed myself under this gentleman's protection. If you had not been drinking, you would know better."

"Angel of my life," said Sebastian, maudlinly, his hand on his heart, "adorable Miss Stanley! I shall be obliged to give this common person a lesson. I——"

Before he could say another word, Stacy sent him, with one blow, headlong into the gutter.

"I couldn't help it, Miss Stanley," he said, shaking with passion. "The drunken, insolent hound, to talk in that fashion! Now, if you please, we'll hurry a little, and I'll come back and see what I can do for the man. I tremble—if you had come alone!"

So did Molly. She quickened her steps. Never had she seen the man Sebastian in this mood before. What if he should go home in the same condition! Poor little Reine and the baby Sebastian were wholly unprotected, and oh, the misery of it! housed in a cellar-room, while there was the magic of money just let into their lives, and they unconscious of the fact.

Stacy's prompt administration of justice, though for the moment it startled her, yet excited her admiration. How quickly it was done, and for her protection! She scarcely knew him, yet in the brief time of their acquaintance he had exhibited all the qualities that in her eyes made a man admirable. He was brave, studious, outspoken, ambitious, and musical. No doubt he could write logically, express himself in verse, and most assuredly he played the violin to perfection. Stacy, who she knew had boundless opportunities, did not play as well as this humble mechanic.

By this time they were at the house. Molly ran up-stairs, and Stacy hurried back to the scene of the disaster.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SWEET OLD SONG.

Clear as a lark's the sweet tones rose.

LITTLE Nan was making rapid progress in her violin-studies. The professor was in ecstasy.

"It's in the blood," he said. "The men were all musicians, and the mantle has fallen on her. My millionaire pupils are not worth a rap in comparison with this little pauper." And he laughed scornfully. "She outweighs them all. I shall make her queen of the violin."

The lessons went on. Little Nan, with more intelligent feeding, grew strong, rosy, and in more than one sense beautiful. The practice on the roof she called her out-door recitals, and enjoyed them with the aid of an old music-stand, and one patched chair from their room, underneath.

The foot-passengers below often heard the sweet strains that, caught by the upper air, came wafted down into the crowded streets; like melodies from heaven, and wondered where the unseen musician could be.

No eye saw the child perched up in her wind-palace, the blue arch of the sky overhead, playing away for dear life in front of one of the great square chimneys.

"Captain Molly will like this," or "Captain Molly wants me to do that." All was done for love of Captain Molly.

The child sometimes played her small duets with "Mr. John," as she called him.

The three were getting on swimmingly, Molly, Stacy, and the child. Sometimes they all met in Captain Molly's room. She was really a captain now, having earned her brevet by good work, and, though she did not crave the title, she felt that it gave her additional influence among the people she sought to help.

What charming rehearsals they had,—Molly at the piano, Nan on one side, Stacy on the other!

With sweet, flushed face, Captain Molly would demonstrate some particular movement, or call Stacy's attention to something forgotten,—purposely forgotten, alas!—and Nan would watch to catch the slightest inspiration from face and fingers.

Now and then Mrs. McKiseth sat in an arm-chair by the fire, with busy, clicking needles, musing and listening.

And yet, though Ensign Harry hinted, and Stacy hoped, Molly did not seem to realize that she was slowly and surely drifting into that passion which idealizes all life.

Stacy, after brief and decent opposition in the matter of Christian belief, had laid aside the weapons of his warfare. There was a fascination in the methods used to convince him of the wrong that he could not resist; there was a subtle fascination in the gentle witcheries of Captain Molly. His deeper nature was roused, besides, to the needs of the human beings around him. He had never before been brought face to face with poverty.

Crump the tailor was an enigma to him, and his outspoken dislike to the Damnation Army, as the little tailor persisted in calling it, amused more than it revolted him. He saw how, for love of the child, the crooked mind of the tailor relaxed its rigidity and let the girl Mandy go her way in peace.

He saw, what he had never even suspected, that the poor were kind to each other, that their love ran in broader, deeper channels, their sympathies were quicker, than in the more advanced class to which he belonged by right of birth and his millions.

And the Salvation Army was a constant wonder to him.

What but a pure and exalted emotion could carry those delicate women into dens foul with disease, send them on their knees to clean the kennels of vice, and give them patience to teach where seldom gratitude repaid? There must be some great underlying, upholding motive.

And so he surrendered, not, as he had expected to do, merely to gain the heart of the fair captain, but because he was convinced by the purity and self-denial of these earnest workers.

To confess himself vanquished and to ask for help in his search after light, was to make large inroads into Captain Molly's heart. She called him a dear friend, almost a brother, a very helpful brother, to whom she felt it not unseemly to go for advice.

She never thought of the future, so much had she accustomed herself to believe that she had consecrated herself to the work. Why might they two not go safely on, working side by side for the regeneration of the race?

Ensign Harry had her own little notions on the subject. She watched and smiled, and then watched again with a sad perplexed face, as she whispered to her own heart, "They love each other. What will be the outcome? Probably entire alienation from her family, for he is a poor man."

"Wouldn't ye like to hear me sing, one o' these times?" asked

Mrs. McKiseth, one evening, as Molly and Stacy were making out the programme for the next sociable.

"You!" and Captain Molly glowed as she smiled in the apple-like face of the shrewd old woman. "Why, Mrs. McKiseth, can you sing? If you can, it would be a treat indeed."

"If ye'd be havin' an ould Irish song, an' ye'll none of ye make faces at an ould woman's singin', ye may put me down for an amusement to ye." And the blue eyes twinkled. "'Twas a song wrote for me by a rare Irish poet who knew by his own sorrow how to touch the heart-beats an' turn 'em into music."

"Sing it, granny," pleaded little Nan; "sing it for us now as you sing it for me sometimes."

"Git away wid ye, mavourneen," the little Irishwoman said, with a shake of the head.

"Yes, sing it, granny," pleaded Captain Molly. "Then we can tell how it will sound to the others."

"There's nobody can resist that sweet takin' way o' your own, darlint," was the laughing answer, and then in a fine, firm voice, that, as Ensign Harry said afterwards, fairly made her hair rise, it was so youthful and musical, she sang what she called

AN IRISH LAMENT.

The day I long to have it gone, the night I wish it past,

I'm all in ruins since the hour I dressed his death-cold clay;

Would I let another touch the boy whose curls my hand cut last?

I loved to black the very shoon he wore from day to day.

Sure there was nothing manial in what I did for Jamie;

I'd give my eyes to plaze him, to make him smart an' fine.

I loved to tie his kerchief on, the merry whistlin' laddie!

And get a chuck aneath the chin, an' his two lips on mine.

I'm aye the sorrowfellest wife, I won't say widdy, no!

Though rains have wept and suns have smiled, and lads have spoke me sweet,
It's by mesilf I'll toil in tears, mesilf I'll sow and gather,

I'll just drift through the lonesome years, till my dear lad I meet.

For a moment there was dead silence. The woman, sitting there knitting and rocking, had astonished them all.

"Why, you're just a musical wonder!" cried Captain Molly. "What a singer you must have been, once?"

"Ay, they said my voice could be heard from Glenairly to East Wynd, on a clear day," she said, with pardonable vanity. "Jamie and me sang mass in the cathedral, and many a stranger crossed the river to hear us. But when Jamie died, that was thirty year ago, I never wushed to sing again."

"You might have made so much money," said Nan.

"Ah, what'd I want o' money, and Jamie gone? 'Twas only the sup an' the bit I ever cared for, since."

"But who wrote the poem?" asked Stacy.

"Oh, 'twas a tall, handsome lad, one o' the Griffeths, got crossed in luv, and his black hair came down to his shoulders in curls. He

never slept in a bed after that, but went wanderin' round, writin' verses for folk, and singin' beautiful, himself."

Through some unknown, occult influence the eyes of Captain Molly and those of Stacy met. What was it that sent the quick blood flushing along her cheek?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LOST CHILD.

Oh, such a cry! wrung from a mother's heart!

A CLATTER of footsteps sounded outside; a cry, a succession of cries, sharp, distinct, appalling.

Ensign Harry sprang to her feet. Stacy took a step or two forward. Molly turned pale, for she knew the voice.

The door flew open.

There stood Reine, her face distorted, her eyes swollen with weeping, her garments saturated with the rain, for the night was fearfully stormy.

"What is it? What has happened, Reine?" and Captain Molly led the trembling woman in.

"Oh, my God! the baby!" cried the woman. "I ran after him. The rain is pouring! the wind is blowing! and my darling is in his night-dress. It will kill him. Sebastian was never this way before. Always he was kind, but to-night he's furious. He snatched the baby up, and ran out into the storm, almost before I could speak. Oh, my baby! my baby!"

"Terrible!" said Captain Molly, shuddering.

"Which way did he go?" asked Stacy.

"Down the street, across the square. I followed him, but, oh, he ran so fast!"

Stacy left the room, and soon came back, lantern in hand, and accounted for the storm.

The women gave Reine dry garments, and noted how like a child she looked herself, as she stood robing by the fire.

Now it was that Granny McKiseth came to the rescue, with words of comfort, took the weeping creature in her motherly arms, as if she had been her own child, crooning a soft Irish lullaby, with the poor little aching head on her bosom.

An hour passed, and still another. The women waited, sorrowful, while Reine, having fallen asleep, breathed heavily, with sobbing breath.

At last Stacy returned.

Reine still slept.

Molly clasped her hands in mute agony. What news for the poor mother?

"We traced him almost to the river," said Stacy, in low tones, while the fire-flame brought into strong relief every emotion pictured on the white faces turned towards him.

"And do you think——" Molly began, in a trembling voice, but could get no further.

"I don't know what to think. I have men out on the search; that is all that can be done at present."

"You know there is money enough now," said Molly.

"Yes, I know."

Reine awoke, but it was soon evident that the shock and the exposure had induced fever, for she talked incoherently, and appeared oblivious to all her surroundings.

Meantime there were no tidings of the child, though Sebastian returned the next day, a physical wreck.

"We shall never see him again," said Captain Molly. "Undoubtedly, in his mad frenzy, Sebastian threw him into the river."

And so the disappearance of the beautiful child remained shrouded in mystery.

Day and night, night and day, Stacy fought the fiend in Sebastian, till reason conquered, and the man, though weak as an infant, slept and talked naturally once more.

It had been a case of extraordinary interest to Stacy from a professional point of view. Great was his joy when at last he saw the devils he had been fighting take their departure, leaving the man a helpless hulk before him.

Reine was not yet out of danger when Sebastian opened his eyes to consciousness one morning.

"You're all right now," said Stacy, going towards the bed. "It was a hard pull, though."

"I know you," said Sebastian. "What's been the matter?"

"Drunkenness," was the reply.

"What!" Sebastian looked up wildly.

"The usual result of whiskey-drinking," was Stacy's answer. "All the devils in hell after you in full force."

"In other words——" muttered the man, intelligently.

"In other words, delirium tremens."

Sebastian set his lips together hard. "Where's my wife?" was the next question.

"Sick of fever."

"Great God! fever! Will she die?"

"I hope so," was the calm response.

"What kind of a devil are you?" snarled Sebastian.

"A devil with a better conscience than you have, God help you."

"Why do you hope Reine will die?"

"I don't see what she has to live for, poor little woman," was the answer.

The man's face was a study.

"No," he had the grace to say, and shook his head. "Poor Reine! But the baby! She might want to live for little Sebastian. Where is he?"

"I don't know?"

"Some of the women have got him, of course."

"Not in this house," Stacy replied, gravely.

"My boy isn't dead, is he?" The wild expression in his eyes made Stacy shudder.

"I don't know," he made answer.

"To hell with your don't knows! Where is my boy?"

"I tell you again I don't know," said Stacy, sternly. "If anybody should, you ought to!"

Again that strange, mad expression.

"I!—I left him with his mother," was the reply.

"Look here, my friend, you are sober now," said Stacy. "As a humanitarian I brought you through one of the worst cases of alcoholic frenzy that I ever heard or read of. As a humanitarian, perhaps, I had better have left you to die, for the good of the survivors. You came home drunk just ten days ago. It was a wild, stormy night. You snatched your boy, who was sleeping soundly, and rushed out into the storm. Your wife followed you, but finally lost sight of you. From that hour to this no one has seen little Sebastian."

The effect of this speech was terrible. Grasping the bed-clothes in both hands, the man lifted himself, haggardly handsome yet, and, joining his hands above his head, uttered a frightful imprecation.

"There's nothing in heaven or on earth that I love as I love little Sebastian!" The bed shook with his heavy sobs.

"If you had been a sober man you might to-day rejoice in your child, your wife, a competence. But as a drunken father you are doubly bereft."

"No, no, no!" And the man thrust out his hands in agony.

"Where did I take him,—Sebastian, my baby,—out in the cold, stormy night? Ten thousand devils! Give me a Bible. There's a Bible somewhere round, a poor, tattered old book, that Reine used to read, poor little soul. Yes, that's it. Open it where the name of God is. You believe in God, don't you?"

"I do," said Stacy, reverently.

"Put my finger on the very word. I'm too—weak. I swear, with my finger on the name of God Almighty, that I hope to be consigned to the devils that have been tormenting me, if ever I touch a drop of liquor again, so help me God!"

Then there was silence, so profound that from the far distance came the mingled sounds of flute, cornet, and castanets. On it came, the music, growing louder, on to Sebastian's door, when they broke into song:

"Help for the perishing!
Rescue or death!
Help for the perishing!
So my Lord saith.
Up with your banners,
Swords lifted, bright,
Save fallen souls for heaven,
God and the right!"

The eyes of the two men met.

Stacy almost broke into sobs when Sebastian said, brokenly, "My God! The boy loved it so!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAPTAIN MOLLY'S ANSWER.

You witching thing, with eyes like stars!

To Stacy's comprehension there was hope for Sebastian.

The loss of his child, his anguish at having been the possible murderer of the creature he loved best in life, changed the whole nature of the man, body and soul. He seemed to take no further interest in life, and it was pitiful to see him sitting, plunged in thought, scarcely moving for hours.

Captain Molly had provided him with all the accessories of his profession, but in vain she coaxed and labored. He lifted the brush, indeed, but no inspiration followed. His heart seemed dead within him.

After a time Reine left Captain Molly's room. Her forgiving and pitying nature yearned towards her wretched husband, so she was domiciled in her new quarters, and set her poor wits to work to try and comfort him.

The cradle had been put away, with all the pretty little belongings that might remind them more painfully of their great loss.

One heavenly day, Stacy persuaded Molly to accompany him on a mission of mercy. He hoped a great deal from this occasion. He was quite sure that Molly understood that he loved her. As to taking her from her work, he was not eager to do that, at least so he tried to persuade himself, but he wanted her,—wanted her to be his for time and for eternity.

On they bowled till they reached a lonely farm-house, where they stopped.

"It's a quaint old place," said Captain Molly.

"Would you like to go in?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I like to get at the heart of things," she said, "if there is any heart there. I'm afraid however, that it is as dismal within as without."

It was. A yellow dog with a dirty, rumpled blue ribbon round his neck ran snarling to the door. A white-capped woman, slovenly from head to heels, followed, and then—ah, then, the cry of delight that went up from Molly's lips, shrill yet sweet:

"The baby! Oh, my dear friend, see! little Sebastian! Come here, you beauty of beauties! How did he get in this far-away place? Oh, madam, of course that is not your child!"

"Oh, no, miss, that's none o' mine, and that's why I sent to the army to consult in the matter. My husband used to belong."

"Why, didn't you see the papers? They've been offering rewards for news of him."

"You don't say!" and the green eyes shone with greed. "Papers! why, the papers never gits so fur as this, and if they did we couldn't afford to take 'em. Well, you see Israel Putney went into the city one day last month, with a big load of 'taters. When he drives back into the yard a child begins to cry. It wasn't rainin' then, and I stood

in the porch. He yelled out that the wagon was bewitched, and, come to look, there was this baby. Well, you might 'a' pushed me over with a feather. Of course it had to be taken in, and sence then I've did the best I could by it. I ought to be well paid for the keep, besides the reward."

"You shall! you shall!" replied Molly, almost beside herself with joy.

The business was arranged inside of a few minutes, a check left in the hand of Israel Putney's mother, the baby covered with a shawl; the yellow dog barked them to the door and a good way beyond it, and the three travellers seated in the carriage were soon spinning along the road.

Presently the moon came up, but before that the baby was lying fast asleep in Molly's arms.

"Don't he look lovely?" Molly whispered.

"Heavenly!" said Stacy, gazing into her eyes till she turned away, her color heightened.

"It's no use, Miss Stanley," he said, taking courage. "I have tried to be discreet, prosaic, fraternal, but I cannot. By heaven, I love you, deeply, passionately, for life and for death, for time and for eternity."

And she—was ashamed of herself for being glad.

"Mr. Hardy, you forget——" she began.

"Of course. I forget everything but that I am nearly crazed for love of you,—you, the first woman of whom I ever thought with a prayer"—and his voice sounded like music. "You must give me a little hope."

"But you forget, I have given up all earthly hopes; I am wedded to my work; I cannot leave it,—I cannot, indeed," she said, with solemn emphasis.

"I don't ask you to. I worship you, but my love is unselfish. I had hope that perhaps you sometimes thought of me, not as you think of others.

"You have not one word to say?" he went on, drawing a deep breath.

"Not—now," was the almost indistinguishable reply.

"But sometime—sometime, you will give me an answer?"

She looked up and smiled. There was a sweet grave repose in her face.

"Sometime, perhaps, if you will have patience to wait."

"I'll wait a thousand years," he said.

"Oh, no, not quite that long," she made answer, smiling.

"Your love is worth waiting for a thousand years," he made passionate reply. "Yes, if at last in the golden city on the other side it is given to me. I will promise you to wait, if you will answer one or two questions. I am not wholly indifferent to you?"

"Oh, no, no," she said, the red blood dashing over her cheeks; "but spare me your questions," she murmured, her pulses leaping with delirious joy, "and be patient."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LOST FOUND.

A beam divine directs our steps aright,
And shows the mortal in the Christian light.

JUST here is where the pen fails. Human love, sorrow, grief, are as difficult of description as to tell how the lilacs burst into bloom, or a soul is born into eternity.

The gray mist that hung like a thick curtain over two souls faded into the white glad dawn, and then into the full blue and golden glory of the day.

Everybody in Paradise Flats was hilarious over the event. Throngs came in to see the wonder that had been wrought, and the beautiful child, like a little prince on his throne, smiled graciously on them all. He looked round at the frankincense and myrrh they brought him in the shape of candy cats and sugar dogs, tin trumpets, and what not, quite uncertain which one to appropriate first.

Reine declared herself the happiest woman in the world, and Nan played her last lesson, which Master Sebastian seemed to appreciate more than all the rest.

But when the little band of Salvationists came down the street, as it did now twice in the week, and young Sebastian was held up to the window, and the captains, lieutenants, ensigns, and privates sent up such a shout as made the old street ring again, and all the voices chimed in to the words and music of "Rescue the perishing," Sebastian the elder stood back with folded arms, his head bowed to his breast.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PARADISE FLATS IN FLAMES.

See the red flames!
God! how they lap the sky!

BANKER STANLEY listened to the story from Molly's lips with unusual interest.

"It will be good news for that cousin of his," he said.

"Yes, it will be, and I expect another visit from her before she returns to England," said Molly.

"Couldn't we get rid of this little French Reine?" his eyes twinkling. "There ought to be some kind of poetic justice meted out to the poor woman whose life has been spoiled."

"Poor little Reine! I think it time that justice should be meted out to her," said Molly.

"Oh, it's all right," was the banker's comment. "But how about yourself?"

"About myself? Why, papa, what can you possibly mean?"

"I mean that the idea of having an old maid in the Stanley family is not agreeable to me."

"Father!" and the rich blood dyed her face.

"Well, now, how about your printer, eh? eh?" and at once he detected the passion that escaped in eyes and cheeks. "Right out of the Salvation Army, smart, almost as handsome as Stacy. I don't mind saying that I'd like to help that fellow. I've taken a tremendous liking to him."

"Father!" and Molly turned away to avoid his searching glance, "I want to live my life out in my own fashion."

"All right," was the response, "all right. Only if you should happen to change your mind, it wouldn't be necessary to change your mission, would it?"

And then he chuckled to himself, and smoked and smoked.

The winter passed, and the tenants of Paradise Flats still held their own.

Sebastian worked hard, and was busy on plans for a house of his own. The baby grew more angelic and more beautiful, if that were possible.

Nan was progressing rapidly. The professor had written to Molly in extravagant terms of his pupil. One night while the professor mused, seeing in imagination his favorite pupil standing crowned by universal acclamation, the idol of the hour, he heard the sonorous clang of the fire-bells.

The evening was still and hot. In the east, near the river, a red, angry glow lighted the sky. Now and then showers of live sparks shot up into the lurid atmosphere.

"Where is it?" he asked of a passing policeman.

"Paradise Flats, they say," was the indifferent reply.

The man turned deadly pale.

Dressing rapidly, he ran down-stairs and out upon the street.

The blaze had spread and deepened. In its lurid dyes the city grew red. There were several buildings on fire; Paradise Flats was burning inside, and soon from many of the windows the flames belched forth.

It was a grand spectacle, but the fear that human life might be sacrificed lent horror to the scene.

Half distracted, a nervous chill shivering down his back, the professor hardly knew how he shouldered his way through the crowd, thinking only of little Nan. The scene was wild beyond description, and grew every moment more appalling. Engines and men were put to their utmost skill. As fast as the flames were smothered in one place they burst out with fiercer intensity at some other point; but they had not yet reached the roof. Then all suddenly, as a vivid lightning flash startles one into mingled fear and admiration, came a sound that made men shiver and women sob,—the clear long-drawn tones of a violin, as tender and sweet and vibrant as if played in the calm of a summer's morning or under the spell of a listening and de-lighted audience.

For one brief moment a hush fell on the crowd. Then swelled a cry from far and near:

"Look! There they are! and the child playing for dear life!"

As the smoke swayed, those on the edge of the crowd saw Captain

Molly and Nan standing side by side. Long and slowly the bow was drawn. But Nan and Captain Molly were looking upward, their faces as calm as the sky above them.

At that moment a carriage dashed on the scene. A tall, broad-shouldered man sprang out,—Molly's father.

"My fortune," he shouted, hoarsely, "to whoever will rescue them!"

"Mine too!" the professor yelled.

Clash and click, above all the fury of voice and fire, came the sound of the cornet, bugle, and fife. The Salvation Army band was coming, singing, shouting, "Help for the perishing!" and at the head of the running company, Russell Stacy.

"Every man here is a hero!" he shouted. "If I fail, I can count upon ten more to follow."

Scaling-ladders had been lifted, but it seemed like courting death to attempt to reach the roof. Stacy was an athlete of athletes. He knew no fear, knew nothing save that the woman he worshipped was in deadly peril.

"I'll save her or die with her!" he muttered between his teeth.

Clearly sounded the violin. Whenever she could be seen, Nan was still holding the bow and Captain Molly standing at her side.

But help was coming, though the two had given up all hope. The flames had not yet reached an outlet to the roof on that side.

Up, as far as he could go by ladders, up, clinging to pipes, to blackened window-sills, to chains that still hung where repairing had recently been done, now covered with smoke as with a shroud, now cheered by the expectant throngs—up, he never could tell how, for he had utterly forgotten self—up, led by the angels, till the roof was gained!

They did not know at first, the smoke blinded them so, what man at the peril of his life had come to save them, until little Nan recognized her hero. They did not expect to be saved.

The only words that Molly said were, "Keep on, little Nan: it will guide them if they try. If not, we'll soon be singing in heaven together."

In the midst of belching fire and strangling smoke, they reached the roof below, and were in comparative safety, though far above the roar and wild acclamations of the surging throngs below.

"The others are—coming. They will—take you off—now," said Stacy, with laboring breath, and sank to the roof unconscious.

A salvo of shouts went up. Women embraced each other, strong men were moved to tears, as Molly and Nan were brought to the ground.

It seemed like a miracle that there had not been a holocaust of human life.

Little Crump had given the alarm from room to room. After the experience of that night he never more launched his anathemas at the "Damnation" Army. The black flag fell from his hands, and he surrendered. Mandy might go to all their meetings now, he would never say a word. She might be a captain, lieutenant, or ensign, since those

brave fellows stood under the flaming walls, each man ready to sacrifice his life, if need were.

Their faces, lighted by a sublime determination, were as the faces of gods.

The banker's carriage still stood some distance from the scene of the fire. Nan was sobbing in Mrs. McKiseth's arms. The professor, wild in his joy, laughed and talked like a boy. Molly stood near, half dazed, till the banker lifted her as if she had been a child, and bore her to the carriage.

"Little Nan, too, father," she gasped.

Little Nan still clung to the old Irishwoman, so he bundled them both in, and shouted in the window,—

"I'll be home soon. I must see to Stacy. They say he's badly hurt."

"Stacy!"

Captain Molly sank back in the carriage.

Could it be Stacy who had saved her? She put her hands to her heart.

"I thought it was John." She sobbed and could say nothing more.

"Who is Stacy?" asked Nan.

"The man who saved ye, mavourneen," said Granny McKiseth. "God's blessin' on him. May his bed be in glory!" And she crossed herself fervently.

"Stacy!" Nan exclaimed. "I saw his face: you were higher up, and blinded by the smoke. The man who saved us was John Hardy. I know *him*."

Molly smiled, the tears still falling. What could her father have meant?

CHAPTER XXXII.

FINIS, AND HAPPINESS.

The Army leads!

STACY was carried to the banker's house.

Nan was explaining in Molly's room that she had rushed back after her beloved violin, Molly waiting for her, and that, cut off from below by the flames, they were forced on the roof, when the banker came in without even knocking.

"You will have to nurse that man, Molly," he said, brusquely.

"Is—he—hurt—much?" Molly faltered.

"I should think so. Hands, feet, hair; his spectacles saved his eyes. They did think he had inhaled the fire, but I believe they find no signs of it. You must attend to him. There's a nurse, but she must take her orders from you."

"Yes, father," said Molly, all meekness.

"Do you know who it is?"

"No, father," she faltered.

"Well, it was your *protégé*, the printer, hang him! No, bless him, God bless him!" And there was a sob in his voice.

Captain Molly was silent, but oh, the wild, wild love that leaped up in her heart then and there, and that, unlike the flames that came nigh being her death, was never to be put out again!

When she saw him the whiskers were burned off, the spectacles were laid aside, and the fair auburn hair, just curling tightly to the temples, revealed his identity.

When she looked in his eyes, she knew whom she loved, and, as it seemed to her, had always loved. She knelt down and kissed and kissed again the hand he tried to hold forth.

"It was because I loved you so. I could not let you go," he whispered.

She knew what he meant; she saw it all. The exquisite had towered into manly height; the millionaire had dared to face the problem of poverty; the egotist had become a benefactor and helper of his kind; and all for her!

"I love you for it! I love you, dearly, dearly!" she made quick answer, in a voice choked with tears. "And you saved my life!"

"Love! all love!" he whispered. "I meant either to save or to die with you."

"Are you glad I am Stacy?" he asked, later on.

She hid her face.

"I shall always love two men in one," she answered,—*"John Hardy and Russell Stacy."*

There were two weddings not long after.

At one the wealth and fashion of the metropolis assisted. They said the bride looked very pale. Perhaps; for she was only twenty, and the bridegroom was sixty-nine.

At the other, the members of the Salvation Army had seats of prominence, while Professor Andromos thundered at the organ, as happy in the recovery of his best pupil as if he had been left a fortune of millions.

Here and there throughout the congregation sat the old denizens of Paradise Flats, all dressed in their best.

Every one of them had received an invitation, bevelled cards, satin paper, and costly envelopes tied with silken ribbons. They never forgot that wedding. They kept the invitations under Bible-covers, in quaint boxes that were seldom opened. They kept them that their children might know in the years to come what kind and loving interest had been taken in them by those in the so-called higher walks of life.

It is said that in the privacy of home Stacy always calls his wife Captain Molly. Be that as it may, one of their choicest treasures is their certificate of membership in the Salvation Army. At all times and in all ways they help on the grand cause with their money and influence, always ready and willing to speak or labor in what they consider the most glorious work of the century, the redemption and up-building of mankind.

THE END.

SONGS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ASSOCIATION, which has so large a share in the operations of the human mind, often contributes much to the effect of music. Some airs possessing no intrinsic merit owe their influence on the destinies of nations almost entirely to this principle. The making of a national song is one of the things to be attributed to happy accident; it cannot be accomplished by taking thought, or by any amount of burning of the midnight oil. Monarchs have no power to command it, and often the greatest poets and musicians are most incapable of producing a truly national hymn. No, the great popular lyrics of the world have been the result of accident, and the vent-hole of fiery feeling long confined. What but accident caused the song of "My Maryland" to prove the chant to which thousands of the soldiers of the Confederacy kept time during 1861-65? And could anything be more fitly credited to chance than the extraordinary popularity of the "*Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*," which was due to the fact of a provincial nurse having lulled to rest the little dauphin, the son of Louis XVI., with this air? Had he not written his one undying lyric, the "*Marseillaise*," probably Rouget de Lisle had never been heard of. And who speak of Max Schneckenburger when they talk of "*Die Wacht am Rhein*"? Verily, the making of a war-song is a deed at arms, not a mere effort of the pen.

The future has never proved so much an incentive to song as the past, and there is always the richest harvest of heart-felt lyrics in those countries where the hand of the oppressor has lain heaviest and longest, and where the history of the people may be traced on the furrows of the battle-field, in thin red lines of blood. Where nations have been the oppressors, their warriors have been wont to burst out into loud shouts of warlike triumph; where they have been the oppressed, even their martial spirit asserts itself in subdued but sweet lamentation. As a proof of this, we may cite the melancholy strains of the national music of Ireland, Switzerland, and Italy. We have only to look through a list of the songs of the first-named to see the character of the poetry which helped to encourage Irishmen on the battle-field. "*The Lament for Banba*," "*The Sorrows of Innisfail*," "*The Exiles' Devotion*," scarcely sound as though they could claim any warlike attributes, and yet these were what they sang in days gone by as incentives to action. Then, again, take the intensely sad patriotism of the "*Ranz des Vaches*," so beloved of the Swiss soldiers that they were forbidden when under the discipline of any foreign power to sing it, for fear they should be induced to desert or rendered unfit for service through the homesickness it engendered. As for Italy, the number of "*Addios*" which are included in the category of her war-songs would lead one to suppose that nothing but the saddest of words had power to thrill her heroes in the time of victory or defeat.

We look to Italy for so much that is choice in the way of music that I need offer no apology for citing some of her war-songs. The popular

"Daghela avanti un passo" is a striking illustration of the fortuitous manner in which some airs acquire a national renown. In 1858 Milan was a hot-bed of Italian conspiracy and intrigue against the Austrian rule in Lombardy. At the Teatro della Cannobiana a ballet-dancer was received by the spectators with mingled applause and hisses. This gave rise to disorder; the police interfered and took the part of the majority, who were adverse to the *danseuse*. At once the popular sympathies were enlisted in her favor, and her cause was thenceforth identified with patriotic aspirations. Further disturbances followed, and the run of the ballet was stopped, but the tune to which the ballet-girl danced her *passo a solo* passed into the streets of Milan, and was heard everywhere. The words, partly Italian, partly Milanese, were a hybrid *mélange* of love and war, with the refrain "Daghela avanti un passo," meaning "Move a step forward." And this was received by the public as an exhortation to patriotic action, while by the Austrians both tune and words were deemed an insolent challenge, and were not forgotten a few months later when war was declared between Austria and the kingdom of Piedmont. "Daghela avanti" was then played in derision by the Austrian military bands as they advanced into Piedmont; but Austria was soon obliged to evacuate this district, and her retreating armies heard the same strains sung by the advancing soldiers of Italy. Province after province was annexed to Piedmont, and with each successive annexation the popularity of this strange song increased, until it was heard all over Italy.



A year before (1848) the Italian war-song appeared that of Godfredo Mameli, the K rner of Italy:

Italian brethren, Italy has awaked and girded her head with the helm of Scipio.
Where is victory? Let it offer unto her its hair, for God created it the servant of Rome.

To each verse there is the following burden:

Let us bind ourselves together in cohorts.
Let us be ready for death: Italy has called us.

The famous "Garibaldian Hymn" is the composition of Mercantini, of whom but little is known. The burden of the song is "Get

out of Italy, get out, for it is time: get out of Italy, get out, O stranger!" and the whole is couched in the most ordinary and familiar terms. The musical histories of Italy, usually so exhaustive in their information on national song, are strangely silent where that of the battle-field is concerned.

The old French chroniclers tell us that the *chanson de guerre* existed in France at all periods. Originally these songs were short and capable of being recited or sung either during a march or in awaiting the enemy on the field of combat. Little by little they grew, till from the pen of the *trouvères* of the fifteenth century they became long poems, some having as many as fifty thousand lines. Of these the best known is the famous "Chanson de Roland."

Innumerable songs are connected with the battle of Pavia. One is especially worthy of mention; it is known as "La Palice:"

Alas! La Palice is dead.
He died at the battle of Pavia.
Alas! if he were not dead
He would still be living.

This Hibernian ditty actually served as an incentive to the warriors of the day, and the same form and air were adopted in 1566, in the song "Convoi du Duc de Guise." Happily for France and the honor of her national martial song, side by side with "La Carmagnole" and "Ça Ira" the revolutionary sentiment is also embodied in "La Marseillaise" and "Le Chant du Départ," two of the most entrancing patriotic hymns the world has ever known. Nothing can take the place of the former in France. Under the Second Empire it was forbidden, and was very inadequately replaced by "Partant pour la Syrie," an air attributed to the mother of Napoleon III.

LE CHANT DU DÉPART.

Allegro marziale.



The "Chant du Départ" was composed by Méhul to the lines of Marie Joseph Chénier, in 1794. So enamoured did the French soldiers become of it that they honored it with the title of "Frère de la Marseillaise," and its author, the other Tyrtæus of the French Revolution, was almost as much idolized as Rouget de Lisle. There is no doubt that these two warlike songs drew legions of volunteers to the defence of the frontiers of France, and many a time they spurred the men to deeds of greater daring. Their memory must live as a lyrical monument in the annals of the Revolution. Of all the French patriotic songs, and their name is legion, the "Chant du Départ" alone can claim the distinction of having been written during the Reign of Terror.

In 1819 was first heard the song known as "Fanfare la Tulipe." The trail of the serpent was still over France, and the warlike sentiments found vent in this ditty :

FANFARE LA TULIPE.



From the German Vaterland to the New World is a far cry, and yet the bridge of song has drawn these two countries into lyrical sympathy with a melody which is equally popular in both. The words of the marvellously inflaming "My Maryland" were written to the well-known strains of the German students' favorite "Lauriger Horatius," and this in turn is the same as the national German song "Der Tannenbaum," which Longfellow translates as "O Hemlock Tree:"

"DER TANNENBAUM."



Germany gave birth to two of the greatest of war-song writers in Körner and Arndt. Nothing can exceed the majesty and fierce beauty of Körner's Battle-Prayer:

"VATER, ICH RUFE DICH."



Arndt's "Des Deutschen Vaterland" has rendered incalculable service to his country's cause, and is still one of the national *lieder* of Germany. His melodies were more potent than the proclamations of princes to inflame the courage and refresh the spirits of the Germans,

who sang them round their camp-fires in the evening and roared them on the battle-field in the daytime.

We must pass over the brilliant songs of the Liberation War, "Was blasen die Trompeten?" and many others, and not even glance at the beauties of "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben" and "Die Wacht am Rhein." As we are so near the Norse-land, we can just peep at their Sagas and Kämpevisor or heroic melodies, which have a refrain both in the middle and at the end. This is a specimen of the Kämpevisor of Sweden :

OCH JUNGFRÅU HON SKULLE.



Among the Norsemen the war-song had considerable influence on the history of Scandinavia. Indeed, it reads almost like one long loud call to battle chanted in fierce tones by bards. The degree to which the mere words of some songs maddened the vikings and drove them into the greatest peril appears in every chapter of their life-history.

The Danish naval battle-song is "Kong Christian." The first verse commemorates the bravery of King Christian IV., the others that of various Danish heroes. Another war-song which hails from Denmark is known as "The Danebrog :"

Float bravely over the waters of the Baltic, O Danebrog, red as blood !
Night shall not hide thy shine ; the thunderbolt has not destroyed thee ; thou
hast floated over the heroes fallen into the bosom of death ; thy white cross has
lifted to the skies the name of Denmark.

The "Danebrog" is the name of a flag with a white cross, which, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, fell from heaven at the prayer of Waldemar II. and insured the victory to his flying soldiers.

And now let us just glance at the battle-songs of Russia, which are said to be most mournful, and much more frequently tender with the pathos of truth than fervid with the fire of patriotism. But few of them are of much service in recruiting a regiment, and the Russian army is said to be so scantily supplied with bands that the men march to battle to the sound of their own voices, singing improvised and unaccompanied songs. The inspiration of music, the means of gain, the hope of glory, and the intoxication of woman's love, can never wipe out from the mind of the Slav the always imminent possibility of a painful death. Very frequently the songs are descriptive of military

or naval exploits. Here is a verse of one which was written in honor of General Count Wittgenstein :

Hail to the chief whose prowess saved
The domes that bear great Peter's name;
Whose stern regard the foeman braved,
Whose brow the victor's laurels claim.
Let fairest wreaths his temple crown
Who checked the foe and freed the town.



It is a strange fact that there is no single war-song to be found throughout the whole length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire ; that is, no war-song indigenous to the country. Certain *soi-disant* Turkish national songs are in existence, but they are translations or adaptations generally of French or Italian poetry. For both these peoples have sufficient military enthusiasm to supply with songs not only themselves but any other nation who may demand them. Victor Hugo's "Turkish March" is a sample of this.

It has often been asserted of England that her songs are among the worst in the world, that she has only the "British Grenadiers" and a couple of tolerable ballads as war-songs, that "Rule Britannia" is Scotch in origin, and "God Save the King" a polyglot composition of no individual merit. But probably those persons who thus attempt to detract from the English song-glory have not very deeply studied the subject. If any one cares to do so, he will find much that is worth preservation among the melodies and lyrics of the time of the minstrels. Take, for instance, that grand and stirring song of 1415, generally known as "The Battle of Agincourt :—"

Our king went forth to Normandy,
With grace and might of chivalry.
The God for him wrought marvellously,
Wherefore England may call and cry,
"Deo gratias!"



And where can a parallel be found to the popularity of the well-known Jacobite song "The King shall enjoy His Own again"? Originally composed to support the declining cause of Charles I., it afterwards served more successfully to keep up the spirits of the Cavaliers and to promote the restoration of his son.

What Booker doth prognosticate
Concerning kings and kingdoms' fate,
I take myself to be as wise
As he that gazes on the skies.
My skill goes beyond
The depth of a pond
Or rivers in the sorest rain;
Whereby I can tell
All things will be well,
When the king shall enjoy his own again.



Then, again, the song of "Lilliburlero" (1688), which made such an impression on the King's army as, says Burnett, "cannot be imagined, save by those that saw it." But very few relics of genuine Royalist songs have been preserved since the time of the Civil Wars. Among these few is the well-known "Here's a Health unto Her

Majesty," the queen at that time being the consort of Charles II. Very speedily it became the favorite lyric of loyal convivialists; from this the transition to the battle-field was easy, and, sword in hand, with the foe in close proximity, one can readily imagine the vigor with which the "Roundhead rogues" would be sent "to Jericho:"

Here's a health unto His Majesty,
 With a fa la la la la la la,
 Confusion to his enemies,
 With a fa la la la la la la.
 And he that will not pledge this health,
 I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
 Nor yet a rope to hang himself,
 With a fa la la la la la la.

The interest of Scotch war-songs is, of course, chiefly centred in the Jacobite period. It would be difficult in a short space to give any idea of these wonderful and stirring lyrics. Such songs as "The King comes o'er the Water," "Wha wadna fight for Charlie?" "Awa, Whigs, awa," live to the present time in the recollection of every leal Scotchman. The same cannot be said for the songs of Erin: the historians of that ill-fated land disagree so frequently in their statements respecting these, that it is quite a difficult task to find out what songs were used at any given time, and whether they really ever served as incentives on the battle-field. Those of Wales are more authentic, but unfortunately very few of the genuine martial airs of that little country have been handed down to posterity.

Laura A. Smith.

NIHIL HUMANI ALIENUM.

IN the loud waking world I come and go,
 And yet the twofold gate of dreams is mine;
 Nor is the light of poesy less divine
 Though science's white cressets round me glow.
 The trances of the pietist I know;
 Joy have I had of passion and of wine;
 I have seen the battle-lightnings round me shine,
 And won the stillness of Himálayan snow;

Yet never in me are these things at feud;
 They make one sum of rapture; in my heart
 Their memories rise and glow, a living good;
 Dreams, battles, banquets, prayers, communings, art,
 All form for me one vital brotherhood:
 From nothing human let me hold apart!

Titus Munson Coan.

JOSEF HELMUTH'S GOETZ.

I.

NONE of us ever understood Helmuth. Graves used to say that he was mildly crazy. That he was an accomplished musician we all knew,—that is, so far as we could judge from what little he told us and from a few vague traditions that were current relative to a time in his career when he was actually at the very pinnacle of popular glory. We gathered that Helmuth had been a violinist, and a successful one, too; but we could never persuade him to take a violin and play for us.

"Another night," he would say, and, as soon as he could courteously do so, he would go away.

One day it chanced that Helmuth and I dined *tête-à-tête*. The other fellows were—I don't know where; the whole atmosphere seemed to be taken up by Helmuth, who, in a moment of rare confidence, told me his story. What follows is, as nearly as I can recall it, in his own words.

II.

I had come to the end of my studies, and had faced the world as a well-equipped musician. My knowledge of the art made my opinion valuable and secured me the friendship of many eminent artists. Wise friends, however, had said to me,—

"Helmuth, do not take chances as a performer. A great career is before you if you devote yourself to criticism, and editing, and instruction. There is much to be done in these departments, and you are splendidly fitted for work therein."

Such advice I heard with silent rebellion. I did not want to be the observer, the repairer, the teacher of music; I wished to be its exponent, and I stubbornly endeavored to battle with destiny. I failed. People listened to me sometimes respectfully, more often with evident protest, until unconscious failure weighed upon me. It made me exceedingly gloomy.

One day I went into Conrad Berger's shop. Berger was an unusual character, a man of strange silence and grave demeanor. I was always drawn to him, although I could not call him a friend. No one could, for that matter. He made and repaired violins for many good players, and his work was always unexceptionable; but he rarely talked with anybody. He greeted callers with a sombre nod, and if they chose to sit by him while he worked slowly and methodically with fine wood, and keys, and catgut, he made no objection to their presence and no effort to entertain them. Oftentimes I had stayed there an hour or more and had gone away without a word from him.

On the day of which I write I threw myself into a chair in profound discouragement, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, Berger, Berger, make me a violin with a soul!"

Berger laid down his work and looked at me with eyes that seemed the windows of a world of solemn thought.

"A violin with a soul!" he repeated, slowly, his eyes still glowing darkly upon me. Then, after a moment thus, "It's not to be done," and he turned again to his labor.

"But, Berger, what is the secret of my failure? Why do the masters speak so weakly through me?"

"Could you hope to bear a cask of wine in a beer-mug?"

Hot tears came quickly to my eyes at this brutal judgment of my powers.

"Am I then so small?" and my voice trembled and choked as if I had been a weak child. "I have worked so patiently and faithfully, Berger."

"You are no sluggard, Josef Helmuth, and neither is the ant; but the ant is well content to burrow in the sand for a hiding-place."

Berger plodded on with his work as if he knew naught of my sufferings, as if no man were present. I could not resent his speech; I was overcome with the discouragement of failure. For many minutes I watched him, dreading to hear him speak again, and yet longing for a word of kindness, if not of hope. At last I said,—

"Is that all, Berger? Would you condemn me, then, to burrow and not try to rise? Is there nothing in constant endeavor?"

For at least a minute Berger pursued his task before he replied, without turning to me,—

"A child, Josef Helmuth, may grow to be a man——"

"And I am grown!" I exclaimed, interrupting him and rising in feverish despair; "I am the man who cannot add to his stature."

I started to leave the shop, and God knows what was in my mind to do, but Berger put down his work and leaned his back against his bench.

"Wait," he said, and I stood still in blind irresoluteness, to hear him. He looked gravely at me from under his sombre brows for a long time before he spoke.

"The time may not be past, Josef Helmuth. I do not know. You have learned much. If in this room you have learned to measure yourself aright before the masters, you may yet grow."

He paused, but I could see that he had not finished. When I had waited again for several minutes that he should continue, I said,—

"I have tried to be modest, Berger; I have bowed my head in the dust at the shrines of my art, and oftentimes dared not look up."

"I am tempted."

He pronounced these words with a wonderful solemnity, and if he had heard my speech he cared nothing for it.

"I am tempted," he repeated.

My whole being thrilled with a mysterious wonder, and I feared to reply. A moment more, and he turned to a chest at the back of the shop, and, after removing several instruments, took out a faded green bag, which he held thoughtfully in his hands. Slowly he loosed the cord and drew from it a violin-case. This, again, he held a moment before opening it. He took an instrument from it, and with a reverential air keyed the strings into tune, testing the pitch by snapping them. Having drawn the bow across a piece of resin, he played a diatonic

passage rapidly over the whole compass of the strings. My eyes opened wide as I noted the marvellous beauty and resonance of the tones. I did not venture to speak. He held the bow suspended for an instant over the instrument, and then began the slow movement of the Kreutzer Sonata. When he had played a few bars he stopped, and, though he spake no words, his eyes said plainly,—

"What do you think?"

"It is grand!" I exclaimed: "such perfection of tone I never heard even in a Stradivarius."

"As if Cremona were the only place where violins could be made!" retorted Berger, with an evidence of spirit that I had never seen him display. He swept the strings again in a masterly fashion, and my very soul vibrated in sympathy with his effort. When he had done I was well-nigh speechless with amazement and admiration.

"I did not know you could play so well, Berger," was all I could say.

He handed the instrument to me.

"Play," he said.

Then my sense of littleness and imperfection overcame me.

"Of what use?" I asked, sadly. "It would profane so noble an instrument if I should play upon it."

Berger smiled; it was the first smile I had ever seen upon his face; and he repeated his simple invitation:

"Play."

I took the violin with trembling hands and essayed the same movement from the Kreutzer which he had begun so wonderfully. Not four bars had been sounded by the eloquent strings before my eyes moistened and my spirit rose triumphant; for the instrument appealed to me as no musical thing had ever done, and even Berger listened in rapt delight. I played the movement through, and when it was done I sank into a chair, overcome with the excitement of my emotions.

"Berger," I exclaimed, "I did not fail then."

"No," he answered. "It is a grand instrument."

He took it in his hands, and greedily I watched him fondle it.

"Where was it made, Berger?" I asked, "and by whom?"

"In this city. It is a Goetz."

"Goetz!" I repeated. "I never heard of him."

"It is his only instrument extant. Would you like it?"

"Like it! I would give my life for it."

"That is not the price," he said. "You may have it." And he handed it to me. I could not understand him.

"You will sell the Goetz?" I cried, joyously.

"No; but you may have it."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. Take it. Some day I may want money. I will send to you. Again, I might want the instrument. You have the artistic spirit, and you will use the Goetz well. I shall not demand the violin of you until you have been made by it. Perhaps I shall never send for it."

I would have grasped his hand in gratitude, for words failed to

express my exuberant joy; but he seemed not to see me, and replaced the violin in its case and put it in the faded green bag, slowly, methodically, silently. Then he handed the precious instrument to me with sombre gravity. I took it with such a feeling of tenderness as I imagine a mother feels when she takes her new-born baby from the arms of its nurse.

"You are a fortunate man," said Berger, as he resumed work at his bench. He had turned his back to me, and after a moment I left the shop without a word and hurried to my room.

III.

How shall I tell the story of my first days with my wonderful treasure? Hour after hour I performed in the solitude of my chamber the masterpieces of all composers. I was in a frenzy of happiness. The noble instrument never failed. Now I chilled at the tragic force of an allegro; now I wept at the unutterable pathos of an adagio; then my spirit laughed at the leaping humor of a scherzo; again it mounted in prophetic joy at the elevated inspiration of one finale, or sank sombrely into gloom at the agonizing cries of a hopeless being in another.

It was as if a human soul held captive responded to every touch of human sentiment.

The tears fall now as I remember it.

When I had well-nigh exhausted myself with the excitement of my emotions, and realized completely what an inestimable instrument I possessed, I began to fear lest Berger should suddenly regret his strange generosity and demand of me to return it. I guarded my Goetz jealously, and hastened to put it to such use as it best deserved. I presented myself to a manager and asked for an engagement. He looked at me regretfully.

"Helmuth," he said, "I cannot do it. I am sorry for you, but the public does not care to hear you play."

"I know," I replied, cheerfully; "the public does not care for me; but I have improved, and am now confident that I can make a hit."

"Hardly worth trying," he responded, shaking his head: "I suppose I might get you a chance in some travelling concert company, but it would not pay you. Stick to your pupils, Helmuth, and give up performing."

"I cannot," I insisted; "and I want to play just one piece for you, to show you what I can do."

"The old story," he muttered, but he acquiesced, with an ill grace, and I took out my Goetz.

It does not matter what I played for him. At the very first he opened his eyes in astonishment, a feeling that readily gave way, as I could plainly see, to satisfaction and keen enjoyment. He clapped his hands when I had concluded, and declared that both our fortunes would be made if I could do equally well in public. I assured him that an audience had no terrors for me, and he expressed unbounded amazement at my progress. As if it were incredible, as if I had learned to

render but one piece well, he asked me to play again for him, and he called in a few musicians from neighboring offices to hear me.

Confident though I had been in the remarkable qualities of my Goetz, it was not till then that the vista of future possibilities opened up before me. Here was an audience of men who, well versed in music, lovers of the art, yet had accustomed themselves to look upon it from the point of view of business. A new genius of the piano or violin, or a promising singer, interested them in the commercial sense only. Success was their criterion of judgment. When, therefore, my manager called them in to hear a "violin wonder" they came readily enough, but when they saw me their faces fell, and I doubt not each one regarded the affair as a practical joke. They were kind enough, however, to dispose themselves for listening, and I delayed not the beginning of my recital. I played an air and variations by Paganini. I could see them stare at me in incredulity, glance at each other in amazement, and yield doubt and surprise to the irresistible influence of the music. The mighty passion of a master seized me. I forgot my surroundings, I forgot my triumph, I was almost unconscious of the means whereby my nature spoke; music alone possessed me, and at the end I pursued the theme in my own way, adding variations that Paganini might have thought of, but which he never wrote.

At last I stopped and looked at my critics. They were strangely silent, too deeply moved, as it proved, to express themselves. Not one of them thought of my career, and when a pianist broke the silence it was to say, in a trembling voice,—

"I thank you, Helmuth."

The too ready tears threatened to expose my sensitive nature, and to conceal my weakness I began at once another piece. They listened as before, and when I had concluded they overcame the constraint of emotional surrender, and fell to talking most vivaciously, but not one word about success, or money, or fame. It was only when I myself said, "Will it be wise to go before the public?" that the current of their discourse was turned into its accustomed channel.

The problem was, how best to bring me out. An enthusiastic council was held and many plans discussed, and finally my manager's idea of making what he called a *coup de force* was adopted. He was to arrange a concert at which I was to be almost the only feature, and if I succeeded the future would more than take care of itself.

Although I had expressed the utmost confidence in my ability to perform in public as well as in private, I had many misgivings as the night of the concert approached. Would my Goetz retain its marvellous power? My career had been marked by such unvarying failure! I would have liked to speak with Berger, but I dared not approach him, for fear that he might take my instrument from me.

The critical night came, and, by means known only to managers, the house was well filled. When I appeared for my first number I was so coldly received that I knew no *claque* was present to create for me an artificial success. The violinists in the orchestra rapped the stands with their bows, and their greeting was genuine, for at rehearsal they had crowded around me to offer congratulations with

every evidence of earnestness. As for the audience, the manager had wisely, as he thought, left it to me to conquer by my work. I played a Beethoven concerto.

It would be a waste of words to describe the half-hour that followed my initial bow. All trepidation on my part vanished after the opening bars informed me that my Goetz was equal to the occasion. I shut my eyes, that the visible excitement of the audience might not disturb the complete surrender of my being to the music. At the close of each movement the applause was sudden and tempestuous. The conductor beamed with delight as he held his baton in air waiting until the noise should cease and permit us to continue. So great was the interest in my efforts that a storm of hand-clapping would cease abruptly, for it seemed that every person present was truly anxious to hear me again. At the end of the concerto there was such a scene as I think was never before witnessed in an American hall, unless the greeting to Jenny Lind be excepted. Hand-clapping gave way to shouts. Ladies waved their kerchiefs and fans, men stood up and shook their hands in air, and, had it not been for the stern gestures of the conductor, I verily believe the crowd would have rushed to the platform to embrace me.

Ah! that night! It was with no sacrifice to true dignity that I responded to encore after encore, and the audience did not disperse until I had performed three times as much as had been announced for me on the programme. My manager was frantic with exultation.

"My dear Helmuth," he exclaimed, seizing me in his arms, "you are a genius of the violin! Your career and both our fortunes are made!"

And many were the friends who privately informed me that they always had admired my playing, and had felt confident that some day the public would recognize its incomparable merit.

Among all the testimonials of congratulation none affected me as did the encouraging but wondering smile of a fair young woman who sat with her parents in a box at the left of the platform. In my delirium of musical enjoyment I had forgotten her. She had ever taken a kindly interest in my patient efforts, and my heart had gone out to her until it was no longer mine. I think she did not know it, and in the face of my hopeless failure I had never yielded to my selfish desires so far as to seek her heart in return. On this night of triumph my thoughts returned to her. The buzz of flattery affected me not, for I knew myself as a musician, and no critic could inform me further. My desires, my hopes, were now directed to another object than musical success.

IV.

From the day when the Goetz came into my possession I had wondered that the mere superiority of this instrument over others that I had used should effect so marvellous an improvement in my playing. I regarded it with a mystic reverence, looking at it as a thing almost supernatural, and if I had put my feeling into words I should have said that the Goetz was enchanted. Even as I looked at it, supine and silent in its case, there seemed to be a sense of life about its varnished

wood and tense strings, as if it longed for the tone-impelling bow to give its spirit utterance.

Under the exciting pressure of events previous to and just after the concert, this subtly superstitious conviction about the violin nearly disappeared, but it soon returned, as the result of a painful and remarkable experience. The town was still chattering about my extraordinary success, and preparations were in progress for other performances, when I called one evening at my lady's house. It was the first time we had met since the great event in my career, and for a half-hour we talked of nothing else. Her parents and others were there, and presently I was asked to play for them. A little frightened, I pleaded that I had left my violin at home.

"That need not matter," said my lady's father: "I have just secured a genuine Strad, and we shall be delighted to have you show us how it ought to be played."

My lady looked at me with an anxious expression, and in her eyes I could read a doubt as to whether I ought to risk a performance on any other instrument than the Goetz. I myself felt the danger, but my success had dazed me. I forgot my mystic reverence for the Goetz, and said in my thoughts, "I have acquired new powers, and what better medium for their expression than a Stradivarius?"

I took the violin with a feeling almost of confidence that I should do justice to it, and essayed a sonata to my lady's accompaniment upon the piano. The cold perspiration of failure broke out upon my brow at the first notes. They were hard and dry, unsympathetic, mechanical. In desperation I put all my energy into the work, with the result of hopelessly bungling the music, playing without regard to dynamic marks, losing utterly the spirit and color of the composition. My lady blushed and struck false notes in the accompaniment, while the assembled guests looked astonished and ill at ease. I brought the painful scene to a close at the end of the first movement, declaring feebly that I was not in the mood for playing, that I was not well.

"I am afraid my accompaniment disturbed you," said my lady, tremulously, and it was through tears of pity that her eyes looked up at me.

"No," I answered, scarcely able to speak from mortification. "I am not well."

The company present uttered empty words of commiseration, and I made my way from the house as quickly as I could. I went to my room in a rage of shame, despair, and dread, and with trembling hands lifted my Goetz from the case. I would see whether my faculties had altogether left me, but I dared not play at first the sonata in which I had so miserably failed. Fearfully I drew the bow across the strings. Oh, heavens! what majesty, what exquisite beauty! The power was mine, the mystic instrument was mine! I played as I never had before, taking up the sonata which had marked my misfortune, and performing it with perfect finish and elevated sentiment. I gloried to convince myself that I was yet an adequate interpreter of the greatest music! In the midst of my playing I stopped suddenly with a chill of fright. A man was in my room, listening with a feverishly greedy

expression on his haggard face. I had not heard him enter, and his appearance startled me. He was tall and gaunt and aged. One thin, wrinkled hand was half extended towards me: the other pulled nervously at his long, straggling beard; his deep, sunken eyes glowed with ferocious and awful longing.

"What do you want?" I exclaimed, and my tone was angry, but my feeling was one of strange dread.

"That!" he replied, huskily, pointing a wrinkled, bony finger at my Goetz.

I started back in terror and hugged my violin closely to my breast.

"No! no!" I cried: "it is mine! It is mine! No man shall take it from me!"

"It is not yours," he said, and his body trembled violently, but he did not advance upon me. I was nearly dumb with the strange fear his presence caused. I could only say,—

"Do you come from Berger? I will give you money."

"I do not come from Berger," he answered, in extreme agitation; "and I want no money. I want the violin,—the violin, I tell you; and I must have it."

"You shall not have it," I insisted, and, gathering all my strength, I assaulted him. He toppled over as a child might had I struck him, and fell against the door. I opened it hastily and pushed him out. Then I closed the door, locked it, and sank into a chair, very weak from excitement. After a little I put the Goetz in its case, and laid it under my pillow when I went to bed.

It was days before I fully recovered from the shock caused by this episode, and meantime my belief in the mystic qualities of my violin increased. Then another concert absorbed my attention, and the stability of my nerves was somewhat restored by the repetition of my phenomenal success. My lady was present, as before, and again she smiled at me from her place in a box. I was determined to woo her, and I took my own way for doing it. If she is not already mine, I said, I will win her by music. With my Goetz in hand I felt that I could accomplish anything. All natures bowed before its power. There could be no better medium of love-speech between us than my music.

I chased my brain for melodies. I sought nothing grand and imposing. My lady was one of the rare sweet natures to whom sublime utterances appeal with inspiring force, until they become transfigured by them. Had I brought to her an offering of majestic passion, overwhelming in its virility, it would have been like rearing a lofty temple and placing its goddess in a shrine at its summit far beyond reach. The tenderness and not the irresistible passion of love would attract her sweet simplicity upon its own level; and this I sought to express through the divine channel of my art.

I appealed to my Goetz, and, responsive to my desire, there rang from the quivering strings as touching a song of love as I have ever heard. Hastily I put it on paper and arranged it with accompaniment for the piano. I do not know how my little melody might sound to others, but to me it was the ideal expression of a longing, tender affec-

tion, and I trusted to it and the human-like power of my violin to reach her heart. I decided to perform it at my next concert, and I wrote a note to my lady to tell her that privately I dedicated the piece to her.*

I let all my other numbers go, except for a perfunctory rehearsal with the orchestra and accompanists, and devoted myself to practising the love-song, that no shade of sentiment, however delicate, should escape me. I always played with locked doors now, but it availed me nothing, for in the midst of my practice I felt a terrible chill, and, looking up, I saw again my strange visitor, more gaunt, more fierce, more agitated, than before. He did not wait for me to speak.

"I want the violin!" he said, harshly.

Again I hugged it to my breast, and drew fearsomely back.

"Why do you want it?" I asked. "What claim have you upon it?"

"It is mine!" he cried, beating his breast with his half-clinched hands. "I made it! Behold me! I am Goetz!"

"Goetz!" I repeated, in a whisper.

"Ay! You must give me my violin. I shall take it from you. Give it me! Give it me! Give it me!"

He raised his hands above his head and fairly shouted his demands. Before my very eyes he seemed to take on greater stature; his long, straggling beard shook as if stirred by a ghostly breeze, and I felt that with his bony fingers he could pluck my heart from out my breast. In an agony of fear I spoke with what appeared to be composure, but my feet were rooted to the floor, and my body was cold like ice.

"You shall not have this instrument, Goetz," I said. "I do not know you, and, if I did, should not recognize your claim. Conrad Berger gave me the violin, and to him alone will I return it."

Goetz lowered his upraised hands and clutched at a mantel for support. His hollow eyes looked wondrous sorrowful, and when he spoke again it was in pitifully weak accents, with no trace of his former fierceness.

"Hopeless! Berger will never let me have it."

"And why should he?" I asked, my self-possession recovered in the presence of his admitted weakness.

"Because it is mine, Josef Helmuth. And not alone because it is mine, but because my own soul is imprisoned in it."

Too amazed to respond, I hugged the violin the harder to my breast, and Goetz continued:

"You will not condemn me, Josef Helmuth, to endure longer my wearied wandering over the earth? I live in constant, unutterable death. I suffer every minute the pangs of mortal dissolution. Oh, it seems centuries since I parted with my spirit. The violin holds it captive, and when you draw the bow across the strings it would cry in

*I have persuaded Helmuth to let me take the manuscript of this composition, which, it seems to me, must be of interest in view of the circumstances attending its creation, even if it has little merit of its own. Of this musicians may judge for themselves.—F. R. B.

anguish to be free were not its bonds so strong that it must needs obey the caprice of the player. Does it charm you with the readiness with which it responds to your touch of gayety? Ay, doubtless; but it causes you to weep, too, and you yourself know that the secret of its power is the appeal it makes direct to human hearts. It is a human soul speaking to other souls, but the audience, encumbered with gross, misunderstanding flesh, exclaims in joy and spurs it on to further and further utterance. Such, Josef Helmuth, is the destiny of the soul,—to be the toy of beings like itself. Why does the artist suffer? To please his audience. Death alone gives freedom. Then the restraints are loosed, the soul departs, and its cruel fellows can no more command it. To the world, I, Goetz, am dead, but my soul, imprisoned by me in that instrument, lives on in captivity, and I shall suffer, suffer, until one day it frees itself. Hear me, Josef Helmuth, and pity me.

“Long years ago, like yourself, I was a musician; but if you are devoted to your art, I was tenfold more so, for I had determined to banish love and all else but art from my life. Your weak nature could not stand in presence of mine. Yet, in a faltering moment, love came to me, and with it calamity,—through Berger. He had a sister. Irresistibly attracted by the devotion that marked my work, she loved me. For just a brief moment I wavered: I thought of her, and nearly forgot my violin. Then, alarmed and ashamed, I shook off the pleasing dream that had come over my senses, and returned to my art. Lest I should stray again, I made a vow to God that my soul should go into the instrument I was making, there to stay, safe from seduction of human interest, subject only to my divine art. I gave the girl no further thought, and she—died of a broken heart. Berger pretended to sympathize with me in my singleness of purpose, but in reality he was deeply angered. He robbed me of my violin. I pleaded with him and threatened, in vain. He told me at last that it had been sold to a European artist. For years I have hunted for it all over the world, and all the time it lay in Conrad Berger’s shop. When you began to play upon it I seemed to feel it crying for release. It drew me to you as if from it to my heart there extended a subtle cord that vibrated whenever the strings were touched. And now I have found it. You, Josef Helmuth, have set your heart on fame, and fortune, and love. But what are all these together to the endless suffering of a captive soul? Give me the violin, I beg you. Do not condemn me to resume my hopeless, sorrowing wandering.”

Goetz had knelt upon the floor and sought to embrace my knees in supplication, and I repulsed him. I saw the secret of my success, and I saw what it meant to him. I knew that with no other violin in the world could I hope to accomplish what I had undertaken. I was terrified lest in some way he should deprive me of my invaluable treasure. His appeal might have touched me had I not failed so many times and had I not tasted of success. Therefore I lied to him.

“Goetz,” I said,—“if Goetz you are,—I have heard you, and I pity you, but I do not believe you.”

He rose with a despairing moan.

"It is the truth," he cried, casting his hands above his head, and shaking in his agitation. "I am Goetz, it is my violin, and my soul resides in it."

"It would not matter," I replied: "if it were the truth I would not let you have the instrument."

"May God curse you!" he exclaimed, with a threatening gesture. "I shall yet succeed, for I cannot stop in my effort,—cannot if I would. I warn you, the next time I come I shall not leave you without wresting from you the one thing that makes you, and keeps me in insufferable death."

I would have replied, but he turned to the door, and before I could realize it he was gone. I went to the door hastily and found it locked! Then I fell down and for many hours lay unconscious. When I awoke my Goetz was by my side and the sunlight was streaming in at the window. Oppressed by mortal terror, I rose and began to play my love-song. Ah! gracious heaven! the tones were there, sweet, compassionate, tender, and my tears fell in a flood of relief. The soul of my instrument was yet obedient to my command.

As time passed I became more and more fearful of Goetz's threatened return. I always practised with my eyes fixed upon the door, and I never went abroad without my violin. I even took it to my meals, and went to sleep with my hand upon the case. Many times I arose in the night to play upon it, that I might assure myself that its crowning merit had not departed from it.

On the night of the concert I was in a state of exceeding nervousness. A friend accidentally brushing past me and hitting the violin-case gave me a great start, and when the concert-master jokingly asked me to exchange instruments with him for the evening I turned deathly pale and ran away. My agitation was noticed by all, and the conductor forbade the players to speak to me, while my manager exercised a careful watch over all my actions. My lady had sent me a kindly answer to my note, accepting my dedication in terms that showed me that I needed only let the music speak for me.

There was a great house to hear me. Tickets had been held at a high premium for several days previous to the event, for I was an accepted success of the first rank. The greeting given me by the vast audience was such as few musicians are favored with, but I could not force a gratified smile to my lips in response. I bowed my head and glanced all about the auditorium for some sign of Goetz. I saw my lady smiling in a box, and in a remote seat in the balcony I recognized Conrad Berger.

With trembling hands I began the first movement of the concerto which had been selected for my initial number. With the splendid tones of my Goetz sounding faithfully in my ear, I regained courage, closed my eyes, and played to the finish, grandly. The usual scene of wild enthusiasm followed, and after the encores I waited through the performance of an orchestral number for my next appearance.

It was the time for my "Love-Song." Again and again I tested the pitch of the strings, keying up and down, stiffening and loosening my bow, and wiping away the perspiration which would drip from my

fingers upon the instrument. With even so great a favorite as me the audience at last became impatient, and the conductor and manager fairly pushed me from the greenroom to the stage. I know that I must have looked like a man risen from recent death, for the sudden burst of applause upon my entrance was as quickly hushed, and a startled murmur ran about the theatre. My accompanist, one of the foremost pianists of the day,—he is still in public life, and will remember that night,—whispered to me,—

“Courage, Helmuth! your morceau cannot fail. It is beautiful!”

He was far from suspecting the trouble that oppressed me. I hardly knew it myself. My reason told me that, with the prestige of my success, I had nothing to fear from the production of a little composition. Weak though it might seem to the critics, the public would accept it as pure gold. An undefined dread oppressed me, and my mind was a confused turmoil of fear. I looked over at the box where my lady sat, smiling hopefully, wistfully, upon me, and I took heart thereat.

I raised the violin to my chin and held the bow aloft. Then I began the trembling, pleading melody. The audience was more still than a summer night, for not a fan or skirt rustled to suggest the multitudinous small voices of the darkened forest. My violin sang sweetly, and I knew that if I could finish the piece my triumph would be gained; but the bars sounded so slowly that an eternity of fear dwelt in each note, and I began to think that I should not have the physical strength to complete the performance. I was not half through when my anxious eyes, which I dared not close, caught sight of Goetz. Haggard, pale, but terribly determined, he was coming with long strides down the centre aisle, his straggling beard swaying from side to side, his hands upraised, his fingers half closed as if he would grasp something. I would have called out to have him stopped, for no one seemed to notice him, but my voice refused to obey my impulse. On he came, gesticulating wildly, and fixing his sunken eyes upon me. For an instant my bow quivered on the strings, as if I were about to break down; then I played with redoubled force, and to my ears my song of love was transformed to a passionate wail for freedom. I tried to still the rebellious spirit of my instrument, to turn its frantic shrieks back to the simplicity of the sentiment I had intended, but my efforts were vain, and Goetz hesitated not in his advance. With one leap he reached the platform and rushed upon me. Then I gave way and started back, hugging the violin to my breast. The pianist rose in alarm, but, instead of protecting me from Goetz's assault, he laid hold of me with strong hands. I had to contend against them both, and, grasping the instrument with my left hand, I struck out with my right at Goetz. The pianist seized my wrist before the blow took effect, and for an instant we three wrestled violently. Then I was borne to the floor, and as I went down my knees crashed through the frail wood of the instrument, and with its ruin went my strength.

I lay without effort to struggle, and saw Goetz's face light up with wild exultation as he ran to a door at the side of the stage. Several attendants came hastily in, and he met them, but they paid no attention

to him, they did not even seem to see him, and in another instant he had disappeared.

The pianist held me down forcibly, as if I were dangerous to him, but I cared not what happened. The house was in an uproar, and my manager and the members of the orchestra went to the edge of the platform to prevent the crowd from coming up. One man, however, they did admit. It was Conrad Berger. As I was lifted up and carried to the greenroom, I saw Berger take the shattered violin and examine it gravely; and I heard the conductor ask him if it could be repaired. Then my own spirit left me, and of what happened later I know only by hearsay.

V.

Long after that fatal evening, when I had somewhat recovered my strength, I entered Berger's shop. He was working as usual at his bench, and when he saw me he bowed silently, but interrupted not his labor. For a moment I stood irresolute, and then sank into a chair. A long time passed, and neither of us spoke. The shop was unchanged in appearance. Some of the instruments that had hung upon the walls when I was last there had gone, but others had taken their places. I turned hesitatingly towards the back, and saw the great chest from which Berger had taken the Goetz. Patiently and methodically he continued to work, his back half turned to me, and one would have thought that he was not aware of my presence.

At last I rose and took a violin from the wall, adjusted its pitch, and played a few bars. Berger looked around with an expression of sombre surprise, but said nothing and resumed his hardly interrupted labor. The tones I made were hard and dry, and I knew they would be so, but I wanted to make Berger speak. It was of no avail, and I laid aside the instrument, knowing that my hope was gone.

"Berger," I began, "the Goetz——"

"Hopelessly ruined," he said, without looking up, and, after another despairing moment, I turned away and left him.

VI.

And for twenty long and weary years the man who told me this melancholy story has remained a general wonderment, a source of living, continuous mystery to those who realize that he knows things in music that are beyond and above our appreciation, but who never has ventured, in our time, to perform in public.

Frederick R. Burton.

THE GOAL.

CREEDS for the credulous; but as for me,

I choose to keep a mind alert and free.

Not Faith but Truth I set me for a goal:

Toward that shining mark God speed thee, Soul!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

HUMAN HORSES.

THE nervous, panicky temperament of that noble animal, the horse, is so well known to us people of the Western nations that we instinctively fear and mistrust him if anything, no matter how slight, happens to throw him off either his mental or his physical balance. Indeed, so ingrained in our minds, from long association with him, are all his fears and peculiarities, that in an accident when we are riding or driving we do not stop to reason as to what is best to be done, nor as to what the horse is likely to do, but we act at once on what might be called our horse instinct.

All this is very forcibly brought home if we chance to be in a land where men do the work and assume the function of horses.

For instance, in Japan, where carriage-horses are almost unknown and one goes from place to place in *jinrickishas* (curiously enough, this compound word, by the way, means, literally, Pull-man-car), your coolie is your horse, and as a veritable horse do you exactly regard him after your first feeling of surprise is over that your steed has but two legs instead of four. Whereupon you immediately impute to a man as rational as yourself, and far more at home in his surroundings, all the attributes and foolish, unreasoning fears of that noble animal with the long face, low forehead, and small brain.

The consequence is that when by chance you are jogging peacefully along a country road in your rickisha, enjoying the scenery, and suddenly come upon a railroad track with a train whizzing by on it, your toes instantly and instinctively press hard on the dash-board, your hands grope feebly for the reins, and through your brain flashes the thought, "I don't know this animal. Is he fearless of steam? Had I not better get out and stand at his head?" And you heave a sigh of relief when you see your coolie placidly mopping his brow with a blue and white cotton rag and gazing calmly at that fearsome object, a locomotive. You feel inclined to boast about his steadiness, to give him a lump of sugar and a pat on the neck, at the same time taking no small credit to yourself for the skill with which you managed him at such a critical moment.

Or, again, you come to a very heavy or hilly part of the country, and your coolie is having hard work in the shafts; you are on the stretch for fear he will go down and break his knees or strain a tendon; when all at once you are thunderstruck by the poor dumb brute's putting down the shafts with the polite explanation that it will be more comfortable all round if you will get out and walk a few steps, to which of course you accede, prudently keeping close, however, ready at any instant to control him should he turn restive.

Should you be rash enough to engage a rickisha tandem, then you infallibly feel that you are the cynosure of every eye, and that all must wonder at your courage and admire your skill.

I remember that once when driving in this style through the streets of Tokyo a bad little boy tossed a lighted fire-cracker under my rickisha wheels, thereby throwing me into a paroxysm of terror. My wheeler

was so big, and strong, and wild-looking, and my leader so far away and so entirely out of my control, that if they bolted, what could I do? Or, worse still, what if my wheeler reared and my leader turned around and tried to get into the cart, and I without even a whip?

But the most novel, and withal natural, sensation I ever experienced regarding rickshas and their human horses was on a certain occasion when driving, or rather being pulled, in Tokyo. I was idly watching a rickisha ahead of me, which was bowling along at a goodly rate and contained two young Japanese girls most elaborately dressed. All of a sudden, to my horror and alarm, the hub of their rickisha struck sharply against the hub of another rickisha going in the opposite direction, with so severe a shock that their coolie pitched forward on his head, breaking both shafts, and the two girls rolled out on top of him. Except for the mud, the tumble was in reality no more severe nor dangerous than falling off a chair. Nevertheless, without stopping to reason, I took an instantaneous flying leap over my coolie's shoulders, landed close to the overturned rickisha, seized a girl in each hand and dragged them clear of the wreck and the cast steed. Of course, without the greatest promptitude on my part, the coolie on the ground, entangled in the harness, would in his struggles kick the girls' brains out, or else get up snorting and terrified and trample them to death before he bolted up the street with the broken shafts dangling at his heels.

I have a recollection of even thinking, as soon as the two girls were in a place of safety, that I ought to dart back and sit on the coolie's head while some one got the harness off. Ah, but the two poor Japanese maidens! What must have been their sensations when they were suddenly and rudely grabbed by a wild-looking foreigner, dragged through the mud, and bundled up against a wall? All, forsooth, because that big ugly foreigner was afraid of a very timid, apologetic, and bruised little coolie, only half his size. The instant after I had performed this gallant rescue and displayed such remarkable presence of mind, the absurdity of it flashed upon me, and I got into my own rickisha and disappeared as fast as I could, but not before I received from my brother, whose vehicle was immediately behind mine, an approving nod for my heroic and altruistic bravery: for the instant I had his full sympathy. Our laughter burst forth later.

Now mark a noteworthy corollary. Let the foreigner live long enough in Japan for the horse and his ways to become obliterated in his mind and their places completely filled by a coolie; the foreigner on his return to his native land and to his "children of the wind" will infallibly treat the latter with brutality, extreme brutality, regarding their needs and limitations with utterly selfish indifference. He will drive his horses without flagging at the very top of their speed. And why should he not? If they don't like it, why don't they turn round and tell him so? He will leave his horse standing for hours, and do it out of charity too: is not every hour so much more money in the horse's purse? and if the horse is hungry, can't he go to the corner of the street and buy a bowl of rice, or, if sleepy, curl up under his carriage and take a nap?

Walter Rogers Furness.

HOW I FOUND THE BARON.

AN ADVENTURE IN NEW GUINEA.

NOBODY not in the secret has ever yet found out why Baron Paulovitch Pradskoi went to New Guinea, why he stayed there so long, or why he went away when he did. No one knows, in fact, quite who Baron Pradskoi is. There are rumors that he has Romanoff blood in his veins. Certain it is that when he left St. Petersburg on board a man-of-war, two grand dukes and a whole bevy of *tehinovniks* accompanied him to the ship and bade him farewell, as if they took a very particular interest in him. Judging from the tears they shed, and the floods of champagne, he might have been their brother. But in Russia both tears and champagne flow more freely than elsewhere.

Next he turned up at Sydney, New South Wales, with excellent letters of introduction, including one from the British ambassador at St. Petersburg. He gave out that he was a naturalist, collecting specimens for the Imperial Museum. But he spent most of his time at balls and parties, and showed no desire to shine in scientific circles. He had with him a valet named Vorotch, who was unmistakably a sailor. At the end of a month of almost unbroken festivity, he chartered a small vessel and sailed for New Guinea, to satisfy his thirst for scientific knowledge.

Now, in those days New Guinea was a totally unknown country. Though the largest island in the world, except Australia, from which it is separated only by Torres Strait and is visible in clear weather, it remains unexplored to this day. When Baron Pradskoi went there, the only accounts of it were little better than myths or fables. It is the only home of the beautiful bird of Paradise, and was said to be full of spices and gold and gems untold. But the fatal climate, the ferocity of the savages, and the perils of the coast, had baffled all efforts at discovery. This was the place for which Baron Pradskoi had set out with no other companion than his servant Vorotch. It was taken for granted that he was mad, and that he would never be heard of again.

About a year after that, a Russian cruiser with an unpronounceable name dropped in Sydney Harbor; and next day a letter from Baron Pradskoi was received through the post by a merchant from whom he had bought stores before. It contained an order for further supplies, and gave directions about certain instruments. These were to be sent by a trading schooner to Thursday Island in Torres Strait, where there is a *dépôt* for the pearl-fisheries in the Arafura Sea.

The cruiser had evidently been in communication with the baron, and from the nature of his instructions it looked as if he were surveying and drawing plans, rather than collecting insects or drying flowers. However, his orders were executed, and the cruiser left as suddenly as she had arrived, her officers having professed entire ignorance of any

such person as Baron Pradskoi. Precisely the same thing happened in each succeeding year at about the same season. The governors of New South Wales and Queensland, both high officers in the service of Her Majesty, began to smell a rat.

I ought to explain here that the Australians are intensely jealous of any foreign power gaining a footing in the Pacific or the Indian Ocean. They have always been furious at the idea of either France or Russia laying covetous eyes on New Guinea; but, up to the time I speak of, nothing had occurred to give any substance to their fears. Baron Pradskoi's strange ways of pursuing scientific research, however, gave rise to keen suspicions; and the public uneasiness was heightened, rather than allayed, by a report that the governors had received an urgent warning from the Imperial authorities in London.

I was myself a colonial official at that time, and I must not tell tales out of school; though the affair is long since over. Suffice it to say that the proposal of a party of young "naturalists," of whom I was one, to pay a visit to New Guinea in the cause of science, was deemed opportune and met with the hearty approval of the governors. Their Excellencies had no special instructions for us, and took no responsibility for our doings. They merely suggested, in the mildest manner in the world, that to aid our own researches in natural history we should seek out Baron Pradskoi and get the advantage of his extensive knowledge of New Guinea.

But how to find the baron,—that was the task. Looking for a needle in a bundle of hay is a simple experiment compared with looking for a solitary Russian in a savage country as big as Texas. We decided to go to Thursday Island and be guided by what we learned there. Up to that point there were no adventures. The people at the pearling-station were far from civil. They swore it was certain death for any man to land on New Guinea. By judicious liberality in the way of rum and tobacco, nevertheless, I presently got a clue which proved the right one. There was at that time a large but totally illegal slave-trade, or "labor-traffic" as it was called, between the sugar-plantations of Queensland and the islands of the Pacific, and I soon learned that the pearl-ers were entirely in sympathy with the slavers.

One night, when the liquor had been flowing more freely than usual, I gave the captain of this gang a pretty broad hint that the only birds we were after in our expedition were "blackbirds," the common slang word for slaves. The man shook hands with me, pressing his middle finger into my palm in a very peculiar way; and I returned the sign as well as I could on such short notice. The next day the manner of the whole crew of rascals had completely changed, and before many hours were over they had told us all about the "Frenchman," as they called the baron, and described just how he got his stores across. It seemed that at a certain season of the year great fleets of canoes left New Guinea, in accordance with a very ancient custom, carrying cargoes of earthen pots, which the Papuans alone can make, to purchase brides for the young warriors among the adjacent groups of islands. After making the tour of the archipelago, the fleets returned to New Guinea with their precious freight of girls. One of these

canoes, commanded by a native in the confidence of the "Frenchman," had each year contrived to be separated from the main fleet and to call at the pearling-station for any packages there might be for him. Sure enough, four or five days later, a magnificent canoe, carrying at least a hundred young men and as many girls, paddled up to the landing-place. We remained in the sheds till the canoe had received her freight and cleared away from the island, and then boarded our schooner and steered in her wake for a day and a night.

The canoe made for a deep bay and was seen to touch at a village on the beach. After landing the cases and a number of her people, she shot swiftly out to sea again on the opposite side of the bay. We lay where we were that night, and at daybreak the "naturalists," three in number, were landed. It gave me a bit of a qualm when I saw the schooner sailing rapidly away, and turned towards the distant village and the unknown bourn beyond.

Young as I then was, I had had a long experience of savages; and it had taught me that, if you are not in overwhelming force, the safest plan is to go entirely unarmed. On this occasion, we three lads, for we were little more, walked straight into the village carrying nothing more formidable than white umbrellas. At the first glance, the natives all ran away. A few of them turned and poised their spears; but, seeing us advancing fearlessly, they lowered their weapons and came to meet us. In ten minutes we were surrounded by an admiring circle of men, women, and children, chatting in a shrill voice and going into peals of laughter at each other's remarks, which was a very favorable sign. It gave one rather a turn, however, to notice that some of their ornaments were made entirely of human teeth, so white and perfect they would have raised the envy of a fashionable dentist.

The first object of my inquiries was to find out whether these people had ever seen white men before, and, if so, what sort of white men. I next inquired about the cases which had been landed from the canoe the day before, and saw that they were greatly puzzled by my knowledge of the fact. They told me, by as much as I could understand of their words, and by those signs which are almost as clear as words, that the cases had been carried inland the day before by a party of natives who had been waiting for them. I now produced a string of red glass beads, and conveyed to my audience that these would be the prize of any one who should lead us to the place where those carriers had gone. After much consultation, in which every soul in the village joined vociferously, those who seemed to be the head-men brought three fine-looking youths to me and told me they should be my guides.

At daylight we started on our journey, the three natives marching in front in single file, each armed with a spear and bow and arrows, and each carrying a kind of net filled with dried shell-fish and fruit. The country we passed through would take a volume to describe. The beauty and luxuriance of the tropical plants and flowers, indeed, are altogether indescribable. The forest was like one vast hot-house of gorgeous foliage and blooms, laden with perfumes so oppressive they seemed almost to weigh one down. Some of the trees were of gigantic

size, but so tangled and draped together with vines and creepers and parasitic growth that it was impossible to distinguish one from another. The boughs were full of chattering parrots and shrieking kingfishers, and whenever we came to an open space, great crested pigeons with plumage of burnished green and bronze, and birds of Paradise, a delicate glory of gold and brown, soared into the air and disported themselves in the sunshine without the slightest fear of us. The ground was alive with small animals like hares, and with several of the lesser kinds of kangaroo, already familiar to us in Australia; and at frequent intervals we came upon great herds of vicious-looking peccaries feeding on a kind of oily nut. As for snakes, I never saw such a country in my life; and I have been in some bad ones, too. Luckily, they seemed the only things that were afraid of us, for they wriggled out of our way, hissing angrily, as we advanced. We dined and supped sumptuously on kangaroo tails and broiled parrots, our guides providing us with as much game as we wanted; and at night we climbed into lofty trees, and slept comfortably on a swinging bed of vines and mosses, with innumerable owls and bats for our companions, and a perfect serenade of cicadas going on incessantly.

On the sixth morning from the start we were treated to a surprise-party which I shall never forget. I suppose I was the first to awake, and what woke me was something whistling over my face, as if it had come from below. I opened my eyes and listened. I could hear what sounded like a hum of voices at no great distance, and the next moment something whistled past my face again, then another, then two, then three, then a perfect shower. They were arrows,—there was no mistake about that,—and if they were poisoned, the slightest scratch from one of them meant death in horrible agony within an hour. I saw that the three guides had already slid noiselessly from their beds and were lying flat on their faces among the creepers, with their eyes just peering over the edge of the foliage. My mates and I did the same. There we saw our surprise-party. At the foot of the bluff, cutting us off from our trail through the forest, stood fifty or sixty of the grimmest figures I ever saw. They were immensely tall men, each with a great winged mask or helmet over his head, the long hair standing out like a fringe beneath it, a cumbrous cuirass of the same dark brown and yellow color, and greaves or leg-pieces to match. When the first shudder of surprise had passed, I recognized the arrow-proof armor of tortoiseshell worn by certain warrior tribes of New Guinea, a specimen of which I had seen in the British Museum, and I knew we were face to face with some of the most bloodthirsty wretches on earth. They carried their testimonials with them. As they came nearer and nearer to us, I saw that each had a string of human heads slung round him, still dripping with gore and smearing the tortoise-shell armor at each stride the warrior took. I called hoarsely to the guides to know what we were to do. I felt my flesh creep all over when I saw that they were gone. We three unarmed whites were at the mercy of these ghastly monsters.

How I knew what was the right thing to do, or how I nerved myself to do it, I cannot tell. But I did it. Whispering to my com-

panions not to stir, I slid down from under my bed-place, opened my white umbrella, and walked slowly down the slope to meet the mail-clad phalanx. I don't believe I was in my senses, but the effect was just as good as if I had been in the habit of receiving visitors of that kind every morning. They all stood still and stared at me in blank astonishment, exactly as I have seen a mob of wild cattle do when I have suddenly turned and faced them in the Australian desert. Steadily advancing, I gave them a loud salutation, which they instantly returned with a strange, melodious cry like a choric song. It was neck or nothing now. Marching straight up to the foremost warrior, who had thrown back his mask and displayed his hideous face, I placed the palms of my hands against the palms of his, already stretched out to meet me, and, standing on tiptoe, I pressed my nose firmly against his, and my cheek against his cheek. My mouth and nostrils and throat filled with a stench so frightful that I felt my very bowels rise. I knew only too well what it was. It was the fetid smell of human blood, with which the wretch was gorged. But my own life and my companions' were at stake, and I gulped down my horror and completed the loathsome embrace. It was quite successful. The huge, ponderous barbarians, with their rattling armor, and their reeking trophies, clustered round me, pawing me over like great dogs, and indulging their speechless curiosity by opening and shutting my umbrella and feeling the texture of my flannel clothes. I seized the first favorable opportunity to call my companions, who were so undergoing a similar ordeal. I tried to explain to our queer new friends where we were going, and, if possible, to enlist their assistance in finding the baron. I had no fear now of referring to him, because I had seen enough to be convinced that neither he nor anybody else had fired a shot, or committed any outrage, among these people, to inspire them with enmity against a white man. After some hours of patient practice in words and signs, I saw that they understood me, that they knew where "the other white chief" was, and that they were willing to guide us to him.

I found we were toiling up a mountain-side all day, though we never once got a glimpse of the landscape through the jungle; and towards evening we halted on the edge of a ravine with precipitous walls a mile or more apart. The warriors pointed across this awful chasm towards a lofty peak of naked rock, worn into terraces like the work of man. It was the highest point in the neighborhood, and evidently commanded a view of the surrounding country for many miles. By the aid of my glasses, I could plainly make out, on a ledge of the peak, a group of huts on their stilt-like poles, and above them the thin, blue column of smoke that denoted a European's camp-fire. I paid our grizzly guides with a shilling's worth of beads, in gratitude for which they slobbered me all over; and then they took themselves off with noiseless footsteps,—the greatest favor they could possibly do me.

On the second morning after that, Baron Paulovitch Pradskoi and his faithful serf Vassili Vorotch had *their* surprise-party; and two more disgusted men I never saw. I came upon them as if by pure

accident, just as they were descending from their sleeping-huts to their food-store, prior to preparing breakfast. I must say for the baron that his first impulse was one of hospitality. Our young faces and unsophisticated looks deceived him, and he yielded to that yearning sympathy of one civilized man with another, in the midst of barbarism, which is almost ineradicable. I did not go up to him cap in hand and say, "Baron Pradskoi, I presume." I simply staggered against the rock and motioned to my mates to run away. In short, I pretended to be frightened out of my wits, and said nothing but a few incoherent words in a native tongue. The baron called out in French, "There is nothing to fear. We are Christians. We will not hurt you," and at the same time came towards us with outstretched hand. We fraternized at once, and over breakfast I told him a yarn about a cruise in an American yacht and an expedition into the interior in search of sport and adventure,—so very thin a yarn, in fact, that I should have blushed to tell it if I had not been too sunburnt.

But it made no difference. He saw through the whole thing before I had time to arrange my fictions with any sort of skill; and he knew his game was up. There were evidences all around us of the real objects of his solitary mission. I took the liberty of examining his camp in every part. Then he became quite surly, and the relations between us were severely strained for the rest of the day. After supper, however, when tobacco, that great conciliator, came, he melted towards us once more, and I gave him a true account of our journey. He was overwhelmed with admiration at our having come unarmed, and told us, what I had already surmised, that he had adopted the very same safeguard. From that moment all soreness passed away, as far as he was concerned, and I found him a delightful fellow. But nothing could reconcile Vassili Vorotch to the presence of the hated Englishmen. When I say nothing, I mean hardly anything. Each of my party had brought in his forage-bag a quart flask of Jamaica rum, thirty degrees over proof; and, the night being chilly on that elevated peak, and the baron being no prohibitionist, we brewed a mighty bowl of punch, of which Vassili was allowed as much as he could swallow. He sang Russian songs till he could articulate no longer, and then he kissed my boots and went to sleep with his head in the ashes.

I need not tell how we all got back to civilization, or what we did when we got there. It may have been a coincidence or it may not, but within a year after we found the baron Great Britain and Germany divided New Guinea between them, the former, as usual, taking the lion's share. Baron Pradskoi returned to Sydney,—without any specimens, by the bye,—and, to console himself for his political failure, married a wealthy and charming Australian girl. When last I heard of him, he was at St. Petersburg, and was said to be engaged on an elaborate work, in twenty-four volumes, on the fauna and flora of New Guinea. The biggest "floozer" he met with there was the one I gave him; but I should like to read his book, all the same.

Edward Wakefield.

THE SALE OF UNCLE RASTUS.

AUNT MILLY'S cabin was brightly illuminated. Long tallow dips in the necks of cracked jugs and bottles spangled a dark clothless table, a slanting heap of blazing logs filled the wide rock-and-mud chimney, and a bonfire of pine knots at the "wash-place" near the door outside threw a red light far down the road which led past a row of cabins to the residence of Aunt Milly's owner, Mr. Herbert Putnam.

The season's crop of corn had been hauled up from the fields to the cribs. Frost had come; persimmons were ripe, and Aunt Milly was going to give the first opossum supper of the fall. Her two boys, Len and Cæsar, had caught two fat opossums the night before, and she had dressed the game and left it in a couple of pans out on the roof,—“ter let de fros' bite de wil' taste out'n it en tender it up fo' bilin' en bakin'.” She had given this explanation to her husband, Uncle Rastus, who had been irritated by her rising two or three times in the night “ter see ef dem cats wuzn't atter dat meat.”

Uncle Rastus was sick: he had taken a severe cold, which had settled on his lungs and given him a cough. Hearing the negroes singing as they came through the fields from the neighboring plantations, he left his bed in the lean-to shed and hobbled slowly into the glare of candle-light and the aroma of coffee and baked meat and intently surveyed the preparations his wife had made.

“I hear um,—dat Nelse's tenor en Montague's bass; dey all comin'.” I never hear sech er racket!” As he spoke he put a quilt down on the floor in the chimney corner and lay down and pushed out his long bare feet to the fire.

“I reckon I got my hearin',” she replied, eying him reprovingly. “Look a-here, Rastus, who seh you might come in here? You know you gwine hat er wuss achin' dan ever in yo' ches' ef you lie dar over dem cracks atter you got out'n dat warm bed.”

“Lemme 'lone,” he said, in an off-hand tone; “you reckon I ain't gwine be at yo' 'possum supper, en mebbly it de las' night on disyer plantation? huh?”

His words evoked no reply, for the guests were now near the door, and she had advanced to meet them. Nelse and Montague, two tall, lank negroes, slouched in and dropped their hats on the floor. They were followed by Aunt Winnie and her husband and a crowd of negroes of all ages and sizes. As the guests filed in at the door and huddled round the fire and Rastus's perpendicular feet, each put a silver quarter into a bowl on the end of the table.

“I don't 'grudge you mine, Aunt Milly,” said Aunt Winnie, feelingly. “My goodness, you is hat ernough trouble wid yo' marster bein' so po' en Unc' Rastus so sickly en y'all gwine be put up on de auction-block termorrer en no idee whar you gwine nex'. How much y' reckon you gwine ter fetch, Aunt Milly?”

For reply Aunt Milly simply shrugged her fat shoulders as she went

round among her guests and took their bonnets and shawls, which she piled promiscuously on a chest in the corner.

"She's wuff all she'll bring, I boun' yer," said Nelse, who was standing almost astride of Rastus's head. "As for me, Aunt Milly, I'd er sight rather be put up on de auction-block at de court-house dan ter be sol' in er slave-mart. Dey hat me on sale in New Orleans fur two weeks han'runnin', settin' bolt up in er long room wid er passel er niggers dey call Cre-owls, en people constant erlookin' at me en axin' my price. Dey feed you on de fat er de lan' en keep you dressed up, but you never know is yer gwine ter be er ditch-nigger ur somebody's ca'ge-driver. On de block it soon over en you know whar you gwine, en ef er nigger is sharp he kin manage er lill en git on de good side er some white man he likes."

"Marse Geo'ge Putnam'll buy y' all, you know he will," remarked Aunt Winnie to Rastus, who had sat up on his quilt and been listening eagerly to Nelse. "He'll be on'y too glad er de chance ter spite Marse Herbert en rake in some mo' uv his paw's old slaves. He already bought up all de lan' 'cep' de lill patch Marse Herbert's house stan' on, en now de house en disyer fambly er niggers is all dat is lef' fer 'im ter want. My white folks seh ten year ergo dat Marse Geo'ge never will res' satisfied till his po' brother is flat on his back destitute. Seem lak he in his glory when he hear dat suppen o' Marse Herbert's is up fer sale, so he kin buy it in. I hain't never seed two sech brothers; dey hain't change one word in ten year; en all kase ole Marse Putnam lef' Marse Herbert de ol' home place en want 'im ter hol' on ter it."

Uncle Rastus looked up suddenly. His face was full of angles, and his dark eyes flashed in the firelight. "I hope he won't buy me," he grunted: "ef I caynt stay wid Marse Herbert, de younges' en po'es' er ol' marster's chillun, I want ter go clean off 'mongst strangers. Dis me er-talkin'!"

The pathos of this remark struck most of the listeners; but Montague, who, for reasons of his own, disliked old Rastus, was unmoved by it. "You needn't trouble 'bout whar *you* gwine," he said, with a contemptuous emphasis on the "you," and he pushed a little black girl to one side that he might watch the effect of his words on Rastus. "De won't be any big scramblin' atter you: who want ter buy er nigger des ter git ter bury 'im dese hard times?"

"Be ershamed, Montague," remonstrated Aunt Winnie; "be ershamed er yo'se'f!"

"He ain't got no raisin'!" blurted out Aunt Milly. "Unc' Rastus ain't gwine ter listen ter dat black fool."

"I des know what white folks seh, dat's all," insinuated Montague, sullenly. "Marse Herbert come over ter see my marster ter-day, en I heerd um talkin' in de stable-yard. Marse Herbert 'low he'd been countin' on payin' off his pressin' debt wid whut dis fambly er niggers would fetch, en 'd laid his plans ter hol' on ter his house en go Wes' en mek money ter pay de *intrust* en lif' de mortgage, but des den Unc' Rastus, de mos' valuables' one, tuk sick, en now Aunt Milly an' de chillun won't fetch ernough ter do much good."

This announcement produced an impression. Aunt Milly was plainly too much astonished even to protest against the brutality of the revelation. Rastus took a fresh hold on his thin knees with his arms, coughed deeply and painfully, and looked Montague straight in the eyes.

"Is you tellin' de trufe?" he asked.

"I hain't no reason to tell you er lie, Unc' Rastus."

From that moment Montague had the contempt of the whole room. Aunt Milly was evidently satisfied of this, for she simply looked into the sympathetic faces around her and made no sound. Rastus lay back on his quilt silently, and languidly thrust his feet back to the fire.

Aunt Milly's voice sounded cold and equivocal in her effort to smother her emotions when she said, "Well, come on, y'all, an' git yo' 'possum an' biscuit 'fo' dey git col'." The last words of her invitation were drowned in the scrambling and shuffling of feet as the crowd surged towards the table. A whole opossum embedded in a great heap of fried sweet potatoes was placed by Len and Caesar on each end of the long table, and Aunt Milly followed them with a great bucket of coffee and pans of smoking biscuits.

They were all seated and had begun the feast, when, to their astonishment, Rastus rose and staggered to a vacant place at the end of the table.

"Whar my 'possum, Aunt Milly?" he demanded, with pretended pique. "On my soul, I b'lieve you tryin' ter lef' me out."

"Go back ter yo' bed, Rastus," she scolded, gently. "What kin got in you? you ain't eat nothin' in er mont' 'cep' er lill soup en gravy, en now you want ter founder yo'se'f on 'possum meat."

He shoved his plate impatiently towards her. "Gimme some er dem taters en dat 'possum. You hear me?"

"You too sick, Rastus," protested Aunt Milly, with maternal persuasiveness. "Go lie down, en I'll fix you some er yo' good soup."

"I know I *wuz* sick," he replied; "but I want ter tell y'all, I ain't now; I'm cuored well en soun'." As he spoke these words, accompanied by an heroic attempt to hold himself erect in his chair, Aunt Milly recalled the strange look of desperate determination that had possessed his face when Montague had finished speaking, and she kept silent. Both sides of the long table were curiously looking at the invalid. "I'm er lill weak yit, but I ain't sick," he went on, bracing himself with a thin hand on each side of the table. "You know dat conjure doctor on de river plantation? well, he come by here dis mawnin' 'fo' day, he did,—des ez I wuz gittin' up ter git er armful er firewood, en——"

"Why, you know dat ain't so, Unc' Rastus," broke in Aunt Milly, "'cause I got up fus' dis mawnin', en you wuz soun' ersleep."

"Twuz long 'fo' you got up, Aunt Milly," added the old man, glibly, as he warmed up to his fiction. "Well, dat conjure doctor rode by de do' on er white hoss, he did, en seh to me, 'Rastus, you sick, en you mus' git well 'fo' yo' marster puts you up for sale, so you kin bring what you is wuff ter he'p him out'n his scrape.' En he up en ax me has I my rabbit-foot erbout me, en I tuk it out'n my weskit pocket,

en he seh, 'Well, put it in de hot ashes in de back er de chimbly tell you hear er dog bark, en den tek it out en wash it clean in spring-water, en den keep it by you night en day;' en when I done ez he tol' me I got well."

A chorus of wondering ejaculations rose from the superstitious listeners, and for a moment opossum meat and potatoes were forgotten. Aunt Milly looked at her husband tenderly. "Dat nigger would die fer Marse Herbert," she thought. "He dat sick now he cayn't hol' his haid up, de sight er dat 'possum meat is gaggin 'im, but he'd kill me ef I let on."

"I don't want yo' ol' possum meat," said Rastus, rising and moving back to the fire: "I'm gwine ter lie down an' git rested up fer termorrer. Ef dey'll let me I'll dance er break-down on dat auction-block en turn one er my han'-springs."

"He certny is cuored," said Aunt Winnie, gladly. "Dese conjure doctors beat de ol' kin' all ter pieces."

The supper over, Aunt Milly slowly counted out her earnings and put them away; the table was moved back against the wall; Nelse got out his bones and began to play, and Len and Cæsar danced jigs till they sank to the floor in exhaustion. After this, plantation songs were sung, ghost-stories were told, and it was late when they went back to their homes.

The following day was a fine one. The air was bracing, and the sun shone brightly. The autumnal foliage had never appeared more beautiful; every color in nature seemed lavished on the hills near by, and the mountains, twenty miles away, blue as the skies in spring and summer, had faded into a beautiful pink.

The court-house and auction-block were in a village two miles from the plantations of the two Putnam brothers. Uncle Rastus and his family were sent over in the wagon of Herbert Putnam's overseer, and Lawyer Sill came by in his buggy and drove Herbert to the sale.

"I thought I would stay away and let you attend to it for me," said Herbert Putnam; "but my daughter thinks I ought to go. Brother George will be there to bid them in. He wouldn't miss the opportunity to humiliate me again for anything."

"You ought to be on hand," replied Sill, as the other got into the buggy. "Your negroes worship you, and would feel hurt if you were not present. Your brother has acted very badly, and has made himself unpopular by it."

"It was my father's wish that I hold the home place, but George never could forgive me for it. If he had advanced money to me, as he has to total strangers, I would have paid out all right. He has a better head for business than I have."

A hundred wagons, buggies, and carriages were scattered over the court-house common, the hitching-racks were hidden by mules and horses, and a considerable crowd of people, white and black, were clustered around the auction-block to the right of the court-house door, near the massive log jail. In the edge of the crowd an old darky was selling "ground-peas," and his white-headed wife was threading her way through the crowd, retailing hot gingerbread from a basket and fresh

cider from a capacious jug with a corn-cob stopper. In some of the carriages elegantly dressed ladies sat; young men, the gallants among the gentry of the county, with broad hats, and trousers in their boot-legs, conversed with them from the backs of restive mettlesome horses.

Colonel George Putnam sat in his carriage with his wife and son, but when his brother drove up with Lawyer Sill he alighted and approached his own lawyer, who was talking with a group of planters.

"Burton," said he, in a low tone, "remember, you are to bid for me: I don't want to be conspicuous, but I will have those negroes. I don't want any of my father's estate to go into the hands of strangers."

"All right," replied Burton; "we won't have much trouble. Old man Staley has thrown out some intimation that he intends to do some bidding, but he's afraid of his shadow, and when he sees you are in the fight he'll draw in his horns."

"I don't think so; Staley is no friend of mine, and will try to run the price up on me out of spite. I looked over them awhile ago as they came up," the colonel went on, glancing at the wagon in which Uncle Rastus and his wife and sons were seated. "They all seem in pretty fair condition except Rastus. He says he has had a little spell of fever, but that he is all right now."

"He is thin, but as sound as a dollar," said Burton, lightly. "He jumped out of the wagon just now as nimbly as a kitten and unhitched the mules in a hurry. I told him I heard he had been sick, and he laughed and said he could do more work than ten ordinary darkies."

"Well, keep your eye on Staley. My brother has wasted everything my father left him, and I owe it to our name to retain as many of our old slaves as I can. You told me you would find out the amount of the mortgage on the old place."

"McPherson lent him five thousand on it."

"And he expects to make that out West and keep the interest paid! He'll never do it in the world."

Burton glanced across the crowd at the seedy-looking man with the pale face and iron-gray hair, and his reply was tinged with feeling:

"You're purty hard on 'im, colonel; it's none o' my business, but he's a powerful good fellow. Seems to me, as he was the only brother you have, you might have helped him a little."

The planter's eye fell, and an angry flush came into his dark face. "You don't know anything about it, Burton," said he, quickly. "I acknowledge we had some words about the will, but he set afloat the rumors about my treatment of him when I was a candidate for the legislature, and it was through him that I was beaten."

Burton wished to change the subject. "I see the auctioneer and the negroes going to the block," he said. "Look at old Rastus: he prances like a two-year-old colt. I reckon you can fatten him up: a little sickness does 'em good sometimes."

The crowd drew closer round the platform upon which the red-faced auctioneer had sprung and was placing chairs for Rastus and his family. All of them except Rastus himself seemed awed by the solemnity of the occasion. "Who gwine buy me?" he laughed, clapping his hands and rubbing them together. "I been er lill sick, but I'm pickin' up

now, en kin hol' my own wid any nigger in dis county. Who want me? Speak up quick."

"Dry up," laughed the auctioneer, and he playfully jerked off the old man's hat and laid it in the latter's lap. "Don't you know ernough not to come 'fo' company with yore hat on? Who's goin' to sell this batch of niggers, you or me? Ef you are, I'll git down and bid on you. I want somebody to look after my thoroughbreds."

This sally evoked a wave of laughter from the crowd, and Rastus joined in with as much enjoyment as if he had caused it. Herbert Putnam drew Sill aside.

"Rastus is shamming," he whispered: "he is as sick as he can be, right now. He's doing it in order to bring a better price, to help me out. Dr. Sanders said the other day that he might live to be an old man, but that he'd never be able to work any more."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Sill; "who ever heard the like? He's a hero."

Herbert Putnam's eyes glistened and his voice was unsteady as he spoke. "I'd give my right arm rather than part with him. If I were able, he and his should be free to-day."

The auctioneer began to gesticulate and shout: "Six hundred has been bid on Rastus, by Mr. Burton over thar, to start the game. Only six hundred for one of the best buck negroes in the county. Seven hundred! That's right, Mr. Staley; he's the very man you want. Seven hundred; eight do I hear it? Thank you; Mr. Burton don't intend to take a back seat. All right: nine hundred! Nine-fifty do I hear it, Mr. Burton? Nine-fifty it is. Mr. Staley has got a thousand ready for him; a thousand has been bid; anybody else in the fight? Old Rastus is thin, but he could throw a bull a rod by the tail. One thousand only on a two-thousand-dollar negro. Do I hear more?"

George Putnam's face darkened angrily as he watched the excited features of old man Staley. He drew Burton's ear down to his lips: "Bid twelve hundred, and knock him out and be done with it," he whispered: "it will scare him to death."

"Twelve hundred," said Burton, without a change of countenance, and silence fell on the chattering, speculating crowd; even the voluble auctioneer showed surprise by not at once echoing the bid. Old Rastus took advantage of the pause; he sprang up and clapped his hands and knocked his heels together. "I ain't no thousand-dollar nigger," he cried. "I b'longs ter Marse Geo'ge Putnam, I does: de ain't no cheap nigger on disyer block."

"Twelve hundred dollars!" repeated the auctioneer, impressively, and there was something vaguely respectful in the way he pushed Rastus back into his chair. "Twelve hundred! Mr. Staley, don't back out; you need 'im wuss than anybody else. Is it twelve-twenty-five?"

Staley hesitated; his eyes fell before the concentrated stare of the silent crowd, and then he nodded. A murmur passed through the assembly, and Colonel Putnam grew white with anger. "Some one has put him up to this," he said in a low tone to his agent. "Make it thirteen hundred." And the next instant the auctioneer was flaunting the bid in the face of old Staley.

Herbert Putnam, unnoticed by any one, elbowed his way through the crowd to his brother and touched him on the arm. Their eyes met. "Pardon me," said Herbert, "but I must speak to you." And George Putnam was drawn beyond the outskirts of the crowd. "I cannot keep quiet and see you cheated," faltered Herbert, with his eyes averted. "A long time ago, when you and I were boys, you stood up for me, and I cannot forget that we are brothers. Don't bid any more on Rastus; he is shamming; he is as sick as he can be, and is only pretending to be well, to bring a high price."

The two men gazed into each other's eyes. George Putnam was quivering all over, and his face was softening. Impulsively he put out his hand, as if to apologize for his lack of words. "Let's not be enemies any longer," went on Herbert, as he pressed the extended hand. "I am sick and tired of this estrangement. I am going away, and I may never come back. I can't keep up the old place as father thought I would, and you are welcome to it. Take it and care for it; mother and father's graves are on it."

George Putnam's face was working; he strove to reply, but his voice clogged. He looked towards his son and wife in his carriage, and then back into his brother's face. "God forgive me, Herb," he said: "I've treated you like a dog. Old Rastus has been truer to you than your own brother. You shall not give up the old place: you must keep it. Wait!" And with those words he hurried to the platform.

The auctioneer had been proclaiming Staley's reckless bid of thirteen-twenty-five, and the crowd was eagerly taking in the unusual sight of the two Putnam brothers in close conversation. Colonel Putnam reached the platform and signed the auctioneer to be quiet. Standing on the lower step, he was in the view of all.

"I want Rastus, and I am going to have him," he said to the up-turned faces. "I want him to give him back to my brother, who has been forced by my neglect to offer him for sale. Twenty thousand dollars is my bid,—and Rastus is worth every cent of it."

No one spoke as Colonel Putnam stepped back into the crowd. Old Rastus seemed the only one to grasp the situation thoroughly. "Bress de Lawd!" he exclaimed, and he slapped Aunt Milly on the back. "Dem boys done made up, en I fotch twenty thousand dollars! Whooee!"

"Twenty thousand dollars," said the auctioneer, awkwardly. "Twenty thousand—do I hear—and sold to Colonel Putnam. I reckon the' ain't no use puttin' up the others."

There was great activity in the crowd. Everybody was trying to see the two brothers as they went arm in arm to Colonel Putnam's carriage, and a moment later, when the vehicle with four occupants turned into the road leading towards George Putnam's plantation, a unanimous cheer rose from the crowd.

Will N. Harben.

HEAD-LINES.

IT has been held that for those who run and read (can there be a better definition of the average newspaper reader?) the editorial writer on American daily journals has lost much of his influence, and that his decreasing power is accompanied by an increase in the authority and importance of the men who make the news columns. Not even all the "intelligent minority" of readers peruse the editorial page; but the majority read the news, and the great majority read the head-lines. It being conceded that on the average daily journal the news-writer has the largest audience, and therefore—according to some pleaders for the populace—the audience best worth talking to, his opportunities for making himself felt are worth considering. True, he is not allowed much latitude in the expression of opinion, whereas the editorial writer is at liberty to speak the final word. But just here lies the secret of the reporter's power. The contributor to the editorial page too often falls into the error of dogmatism. He is much of the time a partisan pleader, and the public knows it. Also, the range of his endeavor is likely to be too large; in an age when knowledge is specialized, few men possessing only general information of a subject may safely undertake to compete with the specialist.

Now, the news reporter works only in facts; he presents evidence, but does not pass upon it. So far as he takes pains to ascertain the truth, and so far as his facts are accepted as accurate, his unobtruded influence is enormous. He does not say a thing is so, but merely insinuates it; the reader accepts the conclusion as his own. An opinion is probably there; but it lurks between the lines, and is all the more effective for it. Facts expertly offered and arrayed, without any attempt at reasoning therefrom, are often more effective than the set attempt at convincing a mind prepared to examine and resist argument.

This work of the news reporter is supplemented and greatly assisted by the art of the man who makes the head-lines. Sometimes I have thought that when thoroughly equipped for his task he is second in importance to none of the editors. Indeed, he is prone to think so himself,—not through common vanity, but because the size and prominence of the type in which his inventions are set, and the dependence of the news underneath upon its telling synopsis in the head, insensibly exaggerate his performance. If he happens to do the most of this work, or at least the most conspicuous of it, fancy may afflict him with the impression that he is very largely responsible for the paper's appearance that day.

It is upon the head-line writer that many busy persons almost solely rely for their knowledge of the news. Frequently, in testing the eligibility of jurors, it is found that their cognizance of the case in court proceeds from the perusal of head-lines alone. Certainly these indices of a newspaper article afford unlimited opportunity for the ready exercise of the mental faculties.

Yet one finds that this newspaper man with the largest audience of them all—this man who puts such vivid impressions before the public that they are retained as Q. E. D. long after the source of the impression is forgotten—has been generally overlooked as a potent factor in journalism. Though he addresses the majority, he is actually ranked beneath the writer magnified by the first person plural. Nevertheless, there is nothing more indicative of a newspaper's tone and character than the heads of its columns; there is nothing more essential to its good impression on the public. The journal that runs to "scare" heads is likely to be held in little esteem; it invites the suspicion of unreliability and hyperbole, and loses dignity and force. On the other hand, conventional or commonplace head-lines will take the edge off the keenest reports.

It was a saying of Managing Editor Frank O'Neil of the old *Missouri Republican*—leading Democratic paper of the Mississippi Valley—that the public does not know a good piece of news unless this news is properly labelled. It is true of literature as well as news,—true of the classics, humorous and serious, which many persons would overlook were it not for the labels denoting their qualities; true also of the current novel, whose title may sell or kill it. The titles of novels and the titles of newspaper articles admit of a certain analogy. Novel and article each illustrates in its way a phase of life, and each calls for skill and inspiration in the management of titulary phrasing. The strong impression which the head-line may make upon the average reader was first brought to my attention at the time of the "Chatsworth disaster" on the Toledo, Peoria and Western Railroad, early in the '80's. I was connected with a St. Louis newspaper at the time, and the local press had given appropriate prominence to what was reckoned as among the most distressing accidents in the railroad history of the country. On the day the reports appeared, a bright acquaintance of mine—a railroad man, by the way—remarked to me, "Well, your paper had much the best account of the wreck."

I told him I had not observed the difference in the reports; that both morning papers had covered the item pretty thoroughly.

"Yes, but the head-lines!" he exclaimed. "Those in the ——— didn't do the subject justice; but *your* night editor knows his business. Don't you remember the first line?—'Inferno!' It brought all the horror of the thing before me."

I do not cite this as an example of an ideal head, but merely to indicate its relative importance in that newspaper account. Indeed, it is only the newspaper man fortified by a great reputation who may presume to lay down laws and erect standards for correct styles. The divergence of opinion on this subject is wide among the best-trained newspaper men, it being largely governed by individual taste and the character of their newspapers and their clientèle. The New York *Herald*, for example, attaches much significance to heads, and, within reasonable limits, has always allowed much latitude in their construction. Its dramatic criticisms and its police news are ornamented with equal lavishness in this way; whereas its contemporary the *Tribune* is content with a single line over its critical comments on plays

and music. The *Herald*, I believe, is the originator of the double first line in its "display" titles; and its choice of type is effective. Mr. Bennett's management is not merely the general direction of a proprietor, but is strengthened by a working knowledge of minor details and a personal application of this knowledge. It is related of him that one afternoon he visited the room occupied by the *Herald's* copy-readers and gave practical illustrations of his ideas about head-line writing by constructing the titles for all the local news of that day. To do this he remained at work until the paper went to press the following morning; and during the brief periods when there was no copy to read he instructed the men concerning what part and proportion of the story should be indicated in the head-lines and how the nature of the story should regulate their style.

The *Herald's* namesake in Chicago has also a managing editor whose ideas about newspaper heads are positive and particular. He has won honorable distinction in the West both as manager and as writer, yet he has not been able to live down the unpleasant notoriety which clings to him as the author of the memorable "Jerked to Jesus" head-line, written for the old *Chicago Times*. How radically his views have changed since those days is shown in the following remarks he made to me not long ago on this subject.

"In my opinion," he said, "that newspaper head-line is best which in the few words that may be used in one line of large type most clearly conveys the character of the matter that follows. A head which means a great deal is a good head. A head which epitomizes a column or a page is a perfect head. Some head-line writers do not grasp the main idea with which they have to deal at all. Their work is useless. A well-written head will, in many cases, satisfy a busy reader. He will omit the article entirely.

"I am not an admirer of alliterative, poetical, or circus head-lines of any sort. They appeal to an uncultivated taste and are offensive from every point of view. This sort of work may please the thoughtless and the reckless, particularly in youth, but it must ever make the judicious grieve.

"When a young man, nearly twenty years ago, I wrote head-lines for the telegraphic news appearing in the *Chicago Times*. Much of the work then done I would be glad to be able to recall; some of it, more particularly a line over a negro hanging which has been widely quoted and which it seems probable never can be lived down, I regard with regret and shame. The only palliation for 'Jerked to Jesus' was the fact that, under the ministrations of various rural parsons, two or three colored murderers before their plunge to death were guilty of even greater profanity, and the line became a satire as well as a head.

"That style of head-line writing was in great vogue for a time. I am glad to know that it is no longer in request. Better things are expected and demanded of American journalism to-day, and a rivalry in coarse wit, in big type, and in vulgar display, which once degraded our newspapers, has given way to a worthier competition; from which even a more conspicuous improvement must result."

It is to be regretted that these remarks about "better things

demanded" are not illustrated by Cincinnati's oldest newspapers, whose rivalry in head-line writing was characteristically illustrated on the occasion of certain executions by electricity at Sing Sing, a few years ago. The *Enquirer* announced, in heavy, black type,—

DEAD EASY.

THE WAY THEY WENT OFF.

SLOCUM, THE BASEBALL PLAYER, FIRST AT THE BAT.

HE STRIKES OUT, AND IS AT ONCE RELEASED.

SMILER AND HIS TAMBOURINE THEN SENT BELOW.

A BLACK FLAG ANNOUNCES THE DEPARTURE OF WOOD;

WHILE THE JAP AND HIS WHISKERS GET THE LAST SHOCK.

THE FOUR HEROES NOW HAVING A RED-HOT TIME

IN THAT BURN FROM WHICH NO MURDERER RETURNS.

SO FAR AS IS KNOWN, THE GENTLEMEN ALL ENJOYED PAINLESS DEATHS,

ALTHOUGH IT IS SUPPOSED THEY WERE QUITE SHOCKED AT FIRST.

THEIR EXPERIENCE WITH THE ELECTRIC ROUTE FAR DIFFERENT

FROM THAT OF MR. KEMMLER, THE ORIGINAL.

The *Commercial* of the same city judged that these head-lines would meet with its readers' appreciation:

DOWN THEIR DAMNED SPINES

LEAPS THE LURID LIGHTNING'S EARTHLY PEER, BURNING OUT FOUR
MURDERERS' HEARTS.

It is Cincinnati's proud distinction that no other city in the Union can compete with its originality in this regard. It makes one otherwise unacquainted with the place wonder what kind of people live there. This is a sample head taken at random from the *Enquirer*: observe the nimble play of wit:

ON THE LEVEL

IT IS OONXTY FEET DEEP.

EVERYTHING NOT ONLY IN IT, BUT OUT OF SIGHT.

WORST BLIZZARD SINCE NAPOLEON CROSSED THE DELAWARE.

OHIO, INDIANA, KENTUCKY, AND NEIGHBORHOOD DIGGIN'S

SWIPED OVER, UNDER AND THROUGH BY A RIP-ROARIN', OLD-
FASHIONED SNOW-STORM.

An open disregard of decency does not go unrebuked. Certain head-lines printed by a Minneapolis newspaper brought quick reproof from a Western contemporary in the following language, and from other newspapers which reprinted the criticism under the heading "Drive Him Out of Journalism":

"A Minneapolis paper headed the despatch announcing the burning of the Central Theatre in Philadelphia, 'Girls in Tights.' This was in big black letters, and was followed by another bold head-line: 'Panic-stricken They Rush Through the Streets.' Then followed a smaller line announcing the fact that the theatre had burned. In the smallest head-letter contained in the paper, at the very bottom of the scare head, it was stated that several had been killed and over one hundred persons seriously injured. The man who would lay hold of the obscure and irrelevant fact that some of the girl performers ran out of the burning theatre in their stage clothes, and make that the feature of his head-lines announcing a disastrous and tragic fire, ought to be compelled to saw wood for the rest of his days. He is not only a fool; he is a dirty fellow."

Matthew Arnold's rather severe strictures on American institutions did not, as I remember them, include a criticism of newspaper head-lines; but Sir Edwin Arnold took good-natured exception to such conspicuous announcements as

HE SAT ON THE TRACK,
AND NOW HE IS WITH THE ANGELS.

Such license as is sometimes exercised by sensational writers can scarcely fail to shock the eye of the least fault-finding among foreign visitors who make books about us. Max O'Rell, in "Jonathan and His Continent," comments upon it in his lively way. "The first thing that attracts your attention," he writes, "is the titles of the articles. The smallest bits of news cannot escape your notice, thanks to these wonderful head-lines. It requires a special genius for the work to be able to hit upon such eye-ticklers." He cites an instance of his own invention inspired by the examples before him. "Jake" Sharp, the New York alderman convicted of bribe-taking, had just died in jail. O'Rell meets an editor, suggests the leading line,

JACOB GOES UP THE LADDER,

and, sure enough, that is the way the death-announcement appears in next morning's newspaper.

The most brutal head-line I happen to recall defaced the page of a Western journal whose name I withhold because this specific offence is not in line with its customary conduct. Perhaps the writer did not realize its brutality. This title was over a despatch conveying the news that James G. Blaine was at the point of death, and its first line read,—

HIS ANCHOR DRAGGING.

It was a biting reference, of course, to Mr. Blaine's epistolary confidence, "I must cast an anchor to windward."

One turns gladly from these violations of good taste to a recollection of the amusing blunders of which head-line writers have been guilty. It is not always ignorance; it may be carelessness or overwork, or one of those temporary suspensions of the faculties which no man can account

for,—especially the guilty man. I am sure it was one who knew better who wrote

OCTAGONAL HANGING

as the first line for a display head on the first page of a leading St. Louis newspaper. The news thus queerly described was the execution of eight murderers hanged at the same time and place. "VIVE LE FRANCE" was, I trust, an error of the types,—one of those errors easily excused by the kind of newspaper which puts up with slovenly proof-reading. It was the obscurity of the sub-head that saved from reproach a college graduate I know who construed the conventional ante-prandial announcement in a cablegram as a proper name, thus: "Madame Est Servie." But I remember how another managing editor inquired vainly for the copy-reader who had perpetrated the blunder, "An Ex-French Army Officer Shoots Himself."

Sometimes the head-line man unconsciously breeds trouble for the writer of the article, whose responsibility is extended to the title in the mind of the public. There was once a copy-reader who later became consul to a group of islands, and who afterwards acquired international renown as the latter-day prophet of an ancient faith. It is told at his expense that, being unacquainted with the small prejudices of fashionable society, he unconsciously offended those whom it was his express desire to please, and in this way. There passed through his hands a news account of a young lady's first entrance into "the gay world" under circumstances especially contrived by distinguished parents to lend lustre to the occasion. The future consul fell into the spirit of the thing, and in a sympathetic and fatherly frame of mind headed the report

DAISY'S DÉBUT.

There was also a society reporter whose reputation was long recovering from the injury unintentionally wrought by a city editor. In his zeal to make people read what she wrote about a ball, he seized upon the incidental mention of a negro orchestra as worthy of the head-line "Nigger Minstrels at a Society Function."

A certain flippancy in head-lines on some occasions not altogether flippant may be permitted the man who knows how to do it. The *Sun's* judicious use of slang is only a playful liberty with English by one who plainly commands its best quality; and similarly it is secure from attack when it prints

TWO ACTORS NAMED JOHN

at the top of its column containing able reviews of Mr. John Drew and Mr. John L. Sullivan's dramatic appearances.

Nearly every man who has never tried it thinks he could edit a newspaper if he cared to give his time and attention to the undertaking. One expression of this idea appears in the requests of voluntary contributors who want their matter published "just as it is written," and who would sometimes save the editors trouble by preparing the titles, too,—titles opposed to every law of typography in force. I remember

one confident amateur who brought his copy in person to the city editor and sat down carelessly at the last moment to make a head for it. After half an hour's struggle, it was politely pointed out to him that the twenty-six letters in his first line could not possibly be put in the space usually occupied by nineteen. So he gave it up.

The public takes these heads as a matter of course, and one seldom hears any comment on their cleverness when they happen to be clever. Yet their proper construction not only calls for experience and practice, but demands a special aptitude. In some sense they ought to be epigrammatic; and the man who hastily makes numberless epigrams, subject to certain rules of the types, while the printers are howling for copy, is worthy to be called quick-witted. Trite expressions, such as "foul play" and "war-cloud," are to be avoided, and one strictly occupied with such work finds it a tax on his invention. A cant phrase of the day, the title of a novel, some subject of general discussion, are often made to do duty; but, like "Marriage A Failure" over the news of divorces, they easily assume a hackneyed appearance.

Sometimes the style of head-lettering to which a man must adhere plays havoc with his best inventions. One day it was announced by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* management that thereafter all first lines in display heads should be worded so as to occupy the full width of the column. A strict compliance with this regulation called for the use of not less than eighteen and not more than twenty characters, including the spaces between words; and as much of the copy for an afternoon newspaper is turned in late and must be "rushed" through, the new rule was a source of perplexity at first. Some of the news writers read their own copy and made their own heads; and Mr. Florence White—then "star" reporter, now managing editor—was one of these. He had torn up sheet after sheet of paper in a vain attempt to conform his imagination to the typographical tyranny imposed; and after luncheon he said to me desperately, "It's no use. The only head I can make that exactly fills the measure is one I got from the bill of fare,—Choice Mullagatawny. But, unless you can write a sensational story to fit it, the inspiration must go for nothing."

And it did.

W. T. Larned.

INCONSISTENT FRANCHISES.

IN the matter of conferring legislative franchises the State of Pennsylvania never has stinted its hand towards corporations of its own creation. The Act of April 29, 1874, however, classified to a large extent these grants, and provided a method by which they should be exercised. Various supplements have been enacted conferring franchises in addition to those prescribed in the general law, placing certain restrictions upon their exercise. The most important of these supplements is that approved May 9, 1889, P. L., 159, whereby companies incorporated under the Act of 1874 for insurance of owners of real estate, etc., shall have the power—

First.—To make insurances concerning titles to real estate.

Second.—To take real and personal property on deposit and in trust.

Third.—To make insurances for the fidelity of persons holding places of responsibility, and to receive valuables on deposit for safe keeping.

Fourth.—To act as assignees, receivers, administrators, guardians, etc., and to execute trusts.

Fifth.—To act as agents for countersigning stock, bonds, and obligations of corporations, and managers of sinking funds.

Sixth.—To become sole surety where by law two or more were required for performance of a legal obligation or undertaking.

Seventh.—To receive, hold, and sell such pieces of real estate as were the subject of insurance under the Act of 1874.

Eighth.—To purchase and sell real estate and to take charge of the same.

Ninth.—To act as security for the faithful performance of contracts.

Tenth.—To become sole security for the faithful performance of the duties of public officials.

Eleventh.—To become security for the faithful performance of the duties of clerks and employees.

Twelfth.—To become security for the payment of land damages in cases of eminent domain.

Thirteenth.—To become security upon writ of error and appeal, and in other judicial proceedings.

It requires but a casual glance to realize that these powers are most liberal, and they show the disposition of the legislature to foster legitimate enterprises of this character to the fullest extent.

Another reflection, however, becomes apparent upon closer examination. If we scrutinize the Act, we will find that the powers granted may be classified as follows. The first is a risk based upon the technical ability of the examiner. The third, tenth, and eleventh are hazardous risks, governed by the laws of average; in short, insurance. The sixth, ninth, twelfth, and thirteenth are in the nature of suretyship; if properly indemnified by a *quasi* capital (otherwise, collateral security) they partake of no hazard. The second, fourth, fifth, seventh, and eighth are in line with the business of trusts and deposits as practised in Philadelphia, and have little or no element of hazard about them. In practice it is quite clear that a subscribed capital held out as a bulwark against loss, and under whose protection trusts are invited, and in which the interests of the widow and orphan are to be sacredly cared for, should not be jeopardized in the slightest degree by the prosecution of a business involving any element of risk; in other words, that the business of *trusts*, and *insurance as a hazard*, are inconsistent *under the same capital*.

The oldest and most successful of our financial institutions have always held the view here expressed, and, although enfranchised to practise these diverse rights, they have followed the dictates of wisdom, and have avoided an incongruity of pursuits, with the result that their efforts concentrated in one direction have brought them greater

fruit than others have gathered by the mingling of lines which have no part with each other. This is notably true in the case of the Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities, and other large companies in Philadelphia. That this discrimination was early the subject of consideration is evidenced by the history of many of the trust companies incorporated prior to the Constitution of 1874.

The Fidelity Insurance, Trust and Safe Deposit Company indicates by its title the purposes of its incorporation in 1866. Its charter invests it, among other things, with the power "to make insurance for the fidelity of persons holding places of responsibility and of trust." These words, in effect, correspond with the third, tenth, and eleventh grants of power in the Act of 1889, classed under the head of hazardous risks. The directors of the company wisely, however, decided that not only the best interests of the stockholders, but those whose trust estates were committed to their care, would be served by adhering to the line of trusts, and avoiding the field of insurance or "average risk." The result is that to-day the company stands before the country as a type of high financial ability and great strength.

The charter of the Philadelphia Trust, Safe Deposit and Insurance Company, incorporated in 1869, contains a grant of power almost similar to that of the Fidelity. Because it held out its capital as a defence to the afflicted widow and fatherless child, and those who were otherwise the beneficiaries of a trust, it avoided the uncertainties and problematical results which might flow from an exercise of *all* the powers indicated by its chartered title, and now justly claims a high position among the conservative and well-managed financial successes of Philadelphia.

We might continue the list further, but the thought is sufficiently illustrated.

Insurance is a wager on the happening or not happening of a contingency involving a loss. The gravity and importance of the principle are evidenced by the fact that for the protection of the public, who, after all, through their contribution of premiums, pay the losses, almost all the States of the Union have established public departments for the sole purpose of supervising the manner in which the business shall be conducted. The commissioner or superintendent of such a department is constantly employed in examining the assets of companies thus engaged, and if any company through excessive losses or inefficient administration becomes impaired, it is required either to make good its capital or to discontinue its business. Long experience has shown that such a supervision is essential for the protection of the community, and it is an accepted fact that the standard companies and those which command the confidence of the community point, for their merits and their right to public patronage, to the reports of the insurance departments of the States in which they transact business. Many States not only require periodical reports and examinations, but insist upon a deposit of securities or money thought sufficient, in the intervals of examination, to make good possible losses which may be incurred through the assuming of risks. These provisions point to the

fact that public authority has, by its legislative enactment, considered the business of insurance as one of hazard and deserving of a special department regulating the franchise.

The insurance of the fidelity of persons holding places of responsibility, through the medium of corporations, has at this time assumed an important place among the various phases of the insurance principle. Its history dates back to June, 1720, when an advertisement appeared in the London *Daily Post*, inviting subscriptions to a joint-stock company for the protection of noblemen, gentlemen, and others from losses by the peculations of their servants. At the present day there are a number of companies, with large capitals subscribed and paid (frequently amounting to millions), whose sole purpose is the insuring of persons holding places of responsibility and trust. The leading companies exercise this franchise to the exclusion of any other line of business, and in doing so employ large forces of clerks, attorneys, and employees. Inspectors are stationed at convenient points throughout the country. Every precaution is adopted to minimize the risks. Notwithstanding the measures adopted, the losses incurred and paid are quite large. The report of the superintendent of insurance of New York for the year ending December 31, 1893, shows the losses paid by the companies under his supervision to have been upwards of six hundred and twenty thousand dollars in that year. One company reports losses paid in less than ten years amounting to more than one million dollars.

Is it, then, for the best interests of the public that a single capital should hold out on the one hand the hazardous wager of fidelity insurance, and on the other the careful management of trust estates, and the interests of the helpless ones who are the objects of a testator's bounty?

Thoughtful readers will readily perceive the dangers arising from the commingling of these diverse rights under the auspices of a single capital, and a discerning public will before long discriminate in favor of those companies which practise only the consistent franchises. The danger is not that the trust and deposit business will jeopardize the business of fidelity insurance, but *vice versa*. Singular to relate, the insurance department of Pennsylvania does not exercise the same supervision over this important branch of insurance as does the same department in New York. This omission would seem to be a standing menace to the public interests, were it not that within a few years past the legislature established a department for the supervision of banks and trust companies holding charters from the State. The duty of the superintendent of this department seems to be clear, and the public, henceforth and until the omission in the duties of the insurance department is supplied, should and probably will hold him morally accountable for any disasters that may arise through the assumption of contingent liabilities and risks which are prejudicial to the proper and conservative exercise of deposit and trust privileges as authorized by the Act of 1874.

F. K. Henry.

ON SECOND THOUGHTS.

IT was a lovely spot. A semicircular bit of meadow-land, made useless and charming by a full crop of field daisies, with here and there a sprinkling of feathery grasses or shimmering sceptres of grain, was closed in on three sides by an encroaching belt of young woods, whose thick-leaved boughs cast a deep refreshing shadow over the soft green turf beneath, and through whose dusky spaces the air flowed coolly, bringing the sleepy tinkle of an unseen brook. The two persons who had just entered this small Paradise glanced about them with an air of relief; the road-side trees and bushes were white with clinging dust.

"Here is a seat for you, Maria, on this beautifully clean log," said the young man, who spoke with a carefully cultivated English accent. "We'll have to give that poor brute a rest: he's terribly lame. They assured me at the stable that he was perfectly fresh. What lies people tell!"

Miss Ritchie seated herself demurely on the log, while the speaker, throwing himself on the grass, fanned his flushed countenance with his hat. Then he pulled out his watch.

"We've plenty of time to wait here half an hour. Even if we have to walk him all the way, we'll not be late. Did you ever see such tall daisies?"

The young lady gazed at them abstractedly.

"Will he be able to go at all?" she murmured, agitatedly.

"Oh, of course. Maria, don't begin to anticipate evil unnecessarily. If you've a fault, it's that, darling. Take my word for it, the Reverend will be there on time; it's his *métier*. Jack will be half an hour too soon; that's his way. Your dear Miss White will keep us waiting ten minutes; she's a woman, and can't help it. Now *do* make yourself comfortable, and leave the rest to me."

His breezy self-confidence for once did not put her mind at ease. The flush of excitement deepened on her cheeks, and she turned towards the daisied field with a slight frown. A long pause followed. The leaves rustled melodious sighs, in response to the soothing ripple of the little brook; the daisies swayed back and forth as the light breeze rose and fell; above them wavered a faint yellow haze which one might imagine to be their warm, fragrant breath, and which floated away in gentle pulsations like the ebbing of a tide. The only creatures in motion were the bees, who, with subdued humming, were paying assiduous attentions to the white clover blossoms hidden here and there in the dewy turf.

"Do you think they would wait for us—would wait as long as a half-hour?" asked Miss Ritchie at last, with irrepressible anxiety.

There was no reply.

She repeated the inquiry without turning her head.

But, as the question remained unanswered, she moved slowly round

and glanced at her companion. He was asleep,—actually asleep! There could be no doubt of the fact. His hat partly shaded and concealed his eyes, but she could catch a glimpse of the thick brown lashes glued to his flushed cheeks, as it were, and there was no mistaking the rhythmic regularity with which his shirt-front rose and fell. Her first impulse was to wake him, but something in her throat prevented her speaking, and then followed a wave of dismayed indignation which swept away every other feeling.

The thing seemed incredible.

That he could sleep at such a moment—at the very eve of a crisis over which they had schemed, debated, pondered, and dreamed for weeks—even months! Asleep at a moment when he knew she was full of dire forebodings, tremors, misgivings; when he knew that it was only *his* confidence and courage that had enabled her to take this momentous step at all. And to him it was so trifling a matter that, because he was a little weary, he could sleep as quietly as if he had been at home! Two great, rounded tears fell from her eyes and splashed down on her lap. And when tears like these gush from a woman's eyes, without any previous moistening of the lashes to warrant them, you may be sure they come straight from the heart. She closed her lids resolutely. Not another tear, she murmured; and with the determination came a certain hardening feeling against the sleeper on the grass.

"I *won't* wake him, if he sleeps the rest of the afternoon," she said to herself, as she rose, and buried her flushed face in the cool, open cups of the daisies. But she could not help listening. No, he did not stir. How cruel! how unfeeling! It was evident that he had not believed either in her reluctance or in her anxiety. He thought her merely a foolish girl, who considered the whole matter a joke, who would be ready to do the same thing over again to-morrow, and who needed neither help nor countenancing in the course of such a comical adventure. A deep blush spread itself over her face. Oh, if she only were at home again! Mamma would be so sure to forgive her,—especially if nothing had happened. She began mechanically to gather a bouquet of the big daisies and the feathery grasses, and the moments slowly dragged by, until a sudden dimming of the yellow haze, a paling of the blue sky above, dulled all the loveliness of the little picture. And then, as though in sympathy with this sudden depression of nature, the tired horse in the road below gave a feeble, hopeless neigh, which meant plainly, "Oh, if I too were only at home, in the darkness of my stall, with the smell of oats near me!"

The sound, faint though it was, roused the sleeper on the grass. He opened his eyes, pushed his hat away, and then sprang to his feet.

"Why, I must have been asleep!" he exclaimed. "Maria, why—"

He knew her so well that a glance at the forlorn bouquet she had gathered and her downcast face told him that something was very wrong indeed. He pulled out his watch and looked at it, and the expression of perplexity changed to one of intense vexation and dismay.

"How *could* you do this? How could you let me sleep away these precious moments? If we had the fastest horse we wouldn't be there in time now. Maria, do you understand what you've done? Good heavens, don't turn away your face like that! Answer me, please."

"If you could go to sleep under—under such circumstances,—you might be quite sure I was not going to wake you up."

"It was stupid—idiotic. I can't understand—I haven't slept for a couple of nights—I suppose the quiet of the place——But that doesn't excuse *you*," he added, almost fiercely. "Did you want *not* to marry me, Maria? Were you glad to find an excuse?"

He put the question point-blank, looking her straight in the eyes.

Miss Ritchie had not expected this view of the matter.

"Oh, no; it wasn't that," she said, writhing out of his grasp. "You don't understand——"

"I surely don't. What in the world had I done or said to make you mistrust me?"

Maria tried to gather courage.

"N—nothing. But I'd just been telling you how afraid I was—and—and you knew I was so uneasy and anxious about mamma—and it all seemed to me such an important thing, and you seemed to take it so lightly—it—it seemed so cruel and unkind for you to go to sleep at such a time——"

"Foolish it was,—accursedly so,—but not unkind. I never meant unkindness to you. I knew that we had a quarter of an hour to spare and then have ample time. I told you your fears were foolish, because I wanted to keep your courage up. If you had more confidence in me——"

She threw her poor bouquet of notched daisies and broken-spirited, limp grasses at her feet.

"I do not think it was strange for me to consider this step I was taking a very serious one. And when I saw how trifling an affair it seemed to you, that it troubled your mind so little that you could go to sleep in the midst of all our perplexities, I could not help wondering whether I was right to—to—put—entire confidence in—in you. You've often told me I was too—too serious about things, and I believe I am. But I can't help it. And I began to think whether I wouldn't always worry you with my seriousness."

"And instead of waking me up, you were thinking all these useless thoughts. Well, my dear little wiseacre, there's nothing for us to do but to kiss and make friends, as the children say,—and may more propitious skies smile upon our next endeavor!"

"Do you think I shall make a laughing-stock of myself again? Do I not know that at this very moment your friend Mr. Ricks is—*is* making a joke among his friends about our non-appearance, that his brother-in-law, the clergyman, is helping him, and that my affectionate acquaintance Miss White is gossiping to everybody she knows? And you think I can get over such a mortification as easily as though I had just missed a car?"

"Well, if——"

He looked down, and saw that her whole figure was trembling with suppressed sobs, and his tone changed.

"Did you know it was raining, Maria?—going to be worse, too? Let's turn our faces homeward."

The daisies swayed a farewell, and the unseen brook tinkled a goodbye, in a sarcastic sort of way; while the leaves, whose gentle rustling had wooed the erring young man to inopportune slumber, murmured fretfully as the wet gusts sped through them. The two gave one backward glance at the sloppy little circle of green, a Paradise no longer, and then went silently down to the road below. The buggy was already dripping, the horse was in a steady drizzle of his own, and little rivulets ran busily along the whilom dusty road-way. Finding his head turned homeward, the poor brute made a fine effort to change his limp into a trot; but, in spite of exhortations, honeyed words of encouragement, threats, and promises, his wretched legs ceased the endeavor to tangle themselves up further, and he relaxed into a depressing walk that was but one remove from utter immobility. During this slow progression—being a philosopher who had suffered much—the docile equine, bred to obey man, kind or unkind, at last concluded that a temporary alleviation of his misery was better than anything the immediate future had in store for him. So at the finale of a gentle declivity, where the grass was lush and green, he stopped. His driver had no more than a city acquaintance with horses, or he would have understood that the equine decision was fixed. Not comprehending this fact, he pulled, pushed, and might have descended to considerable cruelty had not Miss Ritchie interposed, declaring that the animal could go no farther.

"I believe he can't," observed the young man, mopping his brow.

It was getting dark. The soft swish of the rain continued without intermission; everything dripped: it seemed to be pouring up as well as down, so open were the pores of the vegetable world, while the sky, in a semi-liquid condition, appeared to be resting on the tops of the drooping trees. A small, broken sob from the interior of the buggy roused Miss Ritchie's companion.

"I know exactly where we are. If you'll walk just about a quarter of a mile, we'll find ourselves at the Quentin Avenue car stables, and you know they go right past your house,—the cars, I mean, not the stables." He was trying feebly to laugh. "Do you think you can do it?"

"I must."

He unchecked the horse, who by this time had found the peace which accompanies the making up of one's mind to a thing in utter disregard of the consequences, and, after tying him to the fence, helped Miss Ritchie out of the buggy.

They went silently down the road, he holding the parasol over her, too high, of course,—a man always does that,—just so as to let a small stream of water trickle on the nape of her neck. She did not flinch; in short, she had reached that stage of mental and physical misery when a certain arrogance is developed from the knowledge that you can

bear so much more than you thought you could. Unavoidable wadings through the countless little rain-pools quickly soaked her feet with clayey water; her dank, muddy dress hung about her ankles, producing a degree of discomfort unknown to man; through her thin summer hat oozed, little by little, the drops that had collected upon the trimming: whenever the wind blew, as it did now and then in horrid, fitful gusts, she received a wholesome but malapropos douche from head to foot. Her heart was full to bursting; tears trembled on her lashes; there seemed to be nothing in heaven or earth that could mitigate the unbearableness of her position. Her companion's silence did not soothe her; he did not seem to comprehend the misery into which he had plunged her. He had hardly reproached himself: he had not once said, "Forgive me!"

At last they sighted the stables.

Miss Ritchie stopped.

"I'd rather go alone now," she murmured, faintly.

He looked surprised.

"Why shouldn't I go home with you, Maria?"

His obtuseness gave her courage.

"I think it's best for us to part. Perhaps I have expected too much. I—I never knew before how differently you and I looked at things. I suppose my disposition isn't really nice. I believe you would get awfully impatient with me. Mamma always said I wanted too much sympathy."

She drew a pretty little ring from her finger, and put it in his moist hand.

"Confound it, Maria, you're not going to throw over a fellow for nothing at all?"

"It isn't nothing at all. I feel as if I'd had a revelation this afternoon. You *know* you don't think I've behaved nicely; and yet I couldn't behave any other way. That's my disposition. And if I went on acting like that, you would end by not caring for me. It's better to have found all this out now, than afterwards. Good-by."

"Good-by. Oh, have you got your purse?"

Miss Ritchie blushed.

"No. Please lend me the fare; I'll return it—by mail."

"I hope you won't think of such a thing."

"I'd rather, please."

"As you choose."

He stood watching the slim little figure as it met the buffetings of the wet wind, until it disappeared within the waiting car. Resisting, after a momentary struggle, the inclination to throw the ring into the lush, clinging grass, he put it in his pocket, softly whistling to himself the beginning of a very familiar air which the tenor sings in "*Rigoletto*."

"And yet," muttered the young man who had slumbered not wisely, but too well, "perhaps she is right, after all: who knows? But it's getting late: I must manage somehow to sneak on the platform of that car and see that she gets home safely."

Lalage D. Morgan.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HEROINE.

THE earliest fiction had no heroine. The hero had the world all to himself, and the woman was only one of the appurtenances of his success. The princess and half the kingdom were the reward of Boots (or the Ashiepatle) in the fairy-tale, and all the princesses of that period had a striking family likeness which made any one of them, for purposes of reward, equally serviceable with all the rest. They were all entrancingly lovely, surpassingly beautiful, supremely virtuous, etc. For if they had not been, the hero would have been defrauded, and the reader's satisfaction marred.

It is difficult to fix the period of the first appearance of the heroine. She rose very gradually out of her blank nonentity and unindividualized loveliness and asserted her claim to recognition as a distinct and separate person. Her claim is at first very faint and shy, as in the *Waverley Novels*, where she is yet duly subordinate, and but a slight improvement upon the princess of the fairy-tale. Take for instance Lady Rowena in "*Ivanhoe*," who may well serve for a type of Walter Scott's heroines: what is she but the general feminine ideal of feudalism which is unhappily yet surviving? Or take Rose Bradwardine in "*Waverley*:" we have the same princess, feebly individualized, — a mere personification of the feminine gender. Listen to this:

"She [Rose] was indeed a very pretty girl, of the Scotch cast of beauty, that is, with a profusion of hair of pale gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness. Yet she had not a pallid or pensive cast of countenance; her features, as well as her temper, had a kindly expression; her complexion, though not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent; and the slightest emotion sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck. Her form, though under the common size, was remarkably elegant, and her motions light, easy, and unembarrassed."

This is the usual catalogue, indefinitely varied, of feminine perfections. I cannot detect a single feature here (unless it be the diminutive size) which for purposes of characterization is of the slightest value. I wonder if it ever occurred to Sir Walter or any of his romantic contemporaries how positively ghastly a girl would look whose skin had the whiteness of snow. Milk is bad enough; but snow, with its cold glare and waxen deadness of tone, would be simply unendurable. It is again the hoary and venerable signalment of the princess, who was "red as blood and white as snow," with a few vague and cheap touches added (such as elegance of figure), which would have applied equally well to the heroine of the fairy-tale.

There are, to be sure, better characterizations than this in Walter Scott, as for instance that of Amy Robsart in "*Kenilworth*," Brenda and Minna Troil in "*The Pirate*," and Effie and Jeanie Deans in "*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*." But the fact remains that good Sir Walter lived in a world that belonged to men, and in which the chief duty of women was to comfort and reward their masters. He frankly



cherished the feudal ideal of womanhood, and viewed life through strongly-tinted mediæval spectacles.

Dickens presents a slight advance upon Walter Scott; but it was upon his comic or subordinate female characters that he lavished his best art. His heroines are, as a rule, insipid. Edith Summerson in "Bleak House," Florence Dombey in "Dombey and Son," Little Nell, and Little Dorrit, have about as much distinctness of individuality as the beautiful ladies on the fashion plates and the lovely charmers in the windows of wig-makers. Both Dora and Agnes in "David Copperfield" rise considerably above this level, and do assert themselves in the memory as persons, not mere sugar-coated names. But compared to such vigorous caricatures as Miss Murdstone, Betsy Trotwood, and Mrs. Micawber, they fade into insignificance. Even Thackeray, admirable as was his art, never individualized a good woman with half the success that he attained in describing a bad one. Becky Sharp, old Miss Crawley, Miss Fotheringay, and Mrs. MacKenzie, the Campaigner, are triumphs of characterization, compared to such amiable puppets as Amelia Osborne in "Vanity Fair," Laura in "Pendennis," and Rose MacKenzie in "The Newcomes." As a matter of fact, as long as an author adheres to the mere general feminine ideals and types of race loveliness, he has but a very limited range of colors at his disposal, and is forced by the necessity of the case into the strait-jacket of romantic conventions. Amelia and Laura, and all their innumerable sisters in modern fiction, are the kind of transcendent creatures we dream of in our callow period, who beckon to us alluringly through the golden mists of the future as the sweetest rewards of our toil. It is Boots and the princess again; and it is the vagueness, the luminous blankness of that sweet insipid milk-and-water charmer which give her such a hold upon our imagination. If she had a more definite nose and mouth and eyes, if she developed hints of imperfection as to temper and behavior, life would be deprived of its keenest zest, and Boots would have done better if he had remained an unaspiring clod of a bachelor.

From Dickens and Thackeray to George Eliot what a tremendous leap we take, as regards characterization! It is to me highly significant that it is to a woman we owe the first really convincing and authentic portraits of women in English fiction. I ought perhaps to limit that statement by saying good women. For Becky Sharp and the Campaigner have no lack of distinctness; and they are alive in every nerve and fibre. But what becomes of Laura in "Pendennis," of Amelia, of Rose MacKenzie, when confronted with Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss," or Rosamond Vincy or Dorothea Brooke in "Middlemarch"? I cannot quote the descriptions of any of these heroines, because they are scattered through several volumes and are altogether too long. The fact is, they grow upon you like actual acquaintances, and there is no sort of pretence that they were transcendent, perfect, supremely adorable. It is in their struggles, their blunders, their imperfections, their blindly groping aspirations, that the author endeavors to enlist your sympathy. They belong to that noble class of heroines in which the pulse of our common humanity beats warmly; which may be the friend and companion of man,—a better and safer fate, indeed,

than to be his ideal. Women like Dorothea, Rosamond, and Maggie contribute a definite individuality for good or for ill to the lives of the men whom they marry, and, though they may wreck the marriage by demanding more of it than in our imperfect condition it is likely to yield, they are more instructive, more typical, more supremely interesting in their failures than any ideal heroine, of the romantic kind, in her fictitious success.

"They were married and lived happily ever afterwards." Thus ended the fairy-tale; and neither Boots's defective breeding nor the humors and feminine perversity of the spoiled princess interfered in the least with the felicity of their honeymoon. In the romantic novel, likewise, beyond the gate of matrimony unclouded bliss is supposed to reign. At all events it is held to be indelicate to lift, ever so discreetly, the veil of privacy which hides those intimate scenes of hypothetical beatitude. George Eliot committed this indiscretion in "*Middlemarch*," "*Daniel Deronda*," and "*Scenes from Clerical Life*;" and a more admirable, and, as far as the world is concerned, more useful, indiscretion has rarely been committed. To Lydgate Rosamond Vincy was what every mistress is likely to be to her adorer,—a lovely bit of bewilderingly exquisite femininity. He took her (as most of us are apt to do) wholly on trust. Her beautiful face was to him an unerring indication of the charming qualities that needs must reside behind it. The penalty which he paid for that mistake was the wrecking of his life. Yet that mistake is typical. It is the tragedy to which men are peculiarly liable. Dorothea, on the other hand, chains her life to the dry, pedantic, and selfish old clergyman, because her imagination, unsupported by experience, idealizes him, attributing to him perfections which he does not possess. She pays the same penalty as Lydgate for the same mistake; yet her failure is less inexorable, less irretrievable. But how beautifully typical her case is! For this is indeed the tragedy to which women are peculiarly liable.

It is, in my opinion, largely the fault of the romancers that such is the case. It is the princess-heroine of flawless goodness, purity, and perfection, promulgated to this day by the school of Scott, who is in a measure responsible for the reckless rashness and foolhardy credulity with which nine men out of ten enter into matrimony; as it is the chivalrous lover of the *Ivanhoe* type—an embodiment of all masculine virtues—who is in even a greater measure responsible for the readiness of nine girls out of ten to take their chances in the matrimonial lottery on slight acquaintance and without sufficient guarantee as to character and ability.

I have very little doubt that to Thackeray or Dickens Rosamond Vincy, if they had met her at an afternoon tea, would have appeared adorable. She would to the chivalrous masculine fancy of the most delightful of novelists have assumed the character of a Laura Pendenis; as to Dickens she would, no doubt, have borrowed some such guise as that of Edith Summerson in "*Bleak House*." Rosamond embodies the experience which would be likely to overtake a man who marries his youthful ideal; or, if he is wise, she spares him the experience, by giving him timely warning.

I cannot, in all my reading, recall a single portrait of a heroine which for distinctness of type and delicately discriminating characterization surpasses Dorothea and Rosamond. Marcella in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel of that name belongs to the same family of struggling, erring heroines, crude and faulty in their first headstrong youth, but learning bitter and fruitful lessons from the hard discipline of life. There is in Marcella the same fundamental note of nobleness as there is in Dorothea; but all the sobering and maturing experience is, in her case, prematrimonial, and the richly developed personality which, in the last chapter, she brings to her lover is a sufficient guarantee of a rich and noble life to both.

To me this profoundly human heroine, in whose veins flows the same tumultuous torrent that flows in yours and mine, is a thousand times more lovable and interesting than the fairy princess of Scott, or the namby-pamby "good girl" of Dickens and Thackeray. George Meredith and Thomas Hardy have made most notable studies of this type in "Diana of the Cross-Ways" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and the former has added a nameless charm with which I verily believe no female author could have invested a heroine, because the sentiment that feels and perceives it is wholly masculine. In fact, the fairy princess is in danger of being ousted from contemporary literature; though I am told that she yet has a stronghold in the adventurous fictions of Rider Haggard, who revels in battle, murder, and sudden death; and she would probably also find a refuge with Robert Louis Stevenson, if woman did not occupy such a very inferior place in his scheme of creation. However, I do not regret her departure. The world is rather the better for having got rid of her.

There is still another type of heroine which has not as yet, to any great extent, invaded English literature,—the vicious, the reprehensible heroine. She abounds in the French novels, both old and new. Balzac had studied her profoundly,—*vide* Madame Marneffe in "Cousine Bette;" Flaubert dissected her with medical skill and severity in "Madame Bovary;" Daudet demonstrated her destructiveness in "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," "Jack," "Sappho," etc. Among British novelists Mallock has experimented with her considerably; but she has not struck root in English soil. She is far from being domesticated on the northern side of the Channel. If she were as scarce in British society as she is in British fiction, it would be a matter of congratulation.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

GOLDEN-ROD.

R IPE grew the year. Then suddenly there came,
 With the significance of a smile of God,
 O'er all the edges of the world a flame,—
 The mild apocalypse of the golden-rod.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

TALKS WITH THE TRADE.

WRITERS AND TYPEWRITERS.

"IS it true that typescript (as it seems now to be called) is universally preferred to the old-fashioned manuscript? And if so, why?—D. N."

Simply—or chiefly—because, as a rule, it is much easier to read. An indistinct or crabbed hand wastes the time of editors and printers, and thus increases the cost of publication: we could name several well-known authors whose work requires twice as many hours (to the thousand words, say) as the average in "setting up." Now if a young writer is wise, he or she will not multiply difficulties in the way of making out his meaning and transferring it to the printed page. People in the office cannot stop to decipher a "bad hand" and spell it out laboriously letter by letter, or even line by line. The editorial eye has to glance rapidly over the sheets to determine whether they deserve a closer perusal; and in most cases there is no reason why compositors and proof-readers should be required to cudgel their brains in guessing at what ought to be clear at a glance. Now the typewriter, if it be a good machine and properly handled, removes these obstructions and turns out a text that is as plain as print.

But even print may be illegible, and the beginner with his cheap machine is apt to make wild work till he has learned to manage it. More than this: it must be remembered that the thing *is* a machine and has no soul,—and also, alas, that the professionals who work it sometimes labor under the same deficiency. You can't expect them to enter into all the fine shades of your thought, when they are guiltless of the rudiments of grammar, rhetoric, and punctuation. When you write of Clytemnestra or Semiramis, be careful to form every letter distinctly, for the young lady who works the types may never have met these names before. And if you would not waste your labor, never send out a typescript till you have revised it most carefully, pen in hand. If you have to make more than ten corrections to the line, better tear it up and have the work done anew.

There is nothing sacred and infallible about the typewriter. We have seen some of its productions that were worse than the average manuscript, and in parts more unintelligible. A bad typescript, freely but negligently or roughly amended with the pen, is a thing to provoke more profanity than any of us ought willingly to be responsible for.

A word or two to the wise in passing. Don't (if you can help it) use purple ink: it comes off on the fingers of him who reads, and leaves an ugly smudge on the paper. The object of typewriting is to resemble print as closely as possible; therefore a script which is all italics or capitals suggests idiocy somewhere, since no sane person would print thus. If you have inadvertently acquired a machine which turns out this kind of work, sell it for old iron and buy one constructed on rational principles, or else go back to the pen.

There are authors who eschew the typewriter, and lose little or nothing by it, since their "hand" is always neat, correct, and easily legible. No well-regulated office is likely to discriminate against these; but the position generally taken is that announced by one of the English magazines, that typescripts are "preferred." There is another reason for this, besides the obvious one already stated. Among the mass of intended contributions, it is found that of those

of available character the larger number and proportion are typewritten. There are good writers who still cleave to the pen, and inferior ones who use the machine; but when fifty manuscripts and as many typescripts have been examined, the chances are that three or four of the latter and only two of the former will prove to be such as the editor and his readers want.

"I read in a number of your magazine that you made a specialty of bringing out new writers. I come under that head, and rely upon your aid.—G. L."

Did we put it so forcibly as that? If so, we were rash. There are forty thousand new writers in this broad land, and we can't bring them all out at once. But when any one of them has anything notable to say on a topic suited to our pages, and says it aptly and forcibly and in a way to interest our readers, we will print his or her piece, and pay for it too, just as readily as if it came from the oldest writer living.

"I send a sketch. If you will read it *twice*, I think you will accept and publish it—provided you are a man of taste and use your own judgment.—W. S."

That is usually the trouble; the editor *has* to use his own judgment, such as it is. If he could rely wholly on that of his contributors, the case would be much simplified in one way—and hugely complicated in another. Feeble as his faculties may be, he rarely needs to read an article twice; in fact, he can sometimes tell, when not through the first reading, that it will not do at all. And then his heart sinks, for he knows he will never be regarded as a man of taste by that writer. Taste, friend W. S., is relative, and each of us has his own standards. From John's point of view, for instance, those alone possess good taste who agree with John. If John is a writer, it is the worst taste in the world not to approve John's writings. This fact will account for the evil repute of publishers and editors: from the painful necessity of the case, they are obliged to decline so many more works than they accept, that their lack of taste, no less than their want of heart, has become proverbial.

"Having noticed your offer concerning the 'Notable Stories,' I concluded to try to write one, but would like to know how you will manage it. Will a piece written now be too late for the next issue?"

[It would. When you wrote, the Notable Stories were all in type. Articles intended to appear at a particular time—Christmas stories, spring poetry, and the like—should be sent in a year before.]

"And I would like to know, also, how you will manage it when probably a great number of contributions are offered. Will you choose the one you like best, and send the others back?—J. B."

That is it: you have hit the very heart of the mystery. As you may imagine, it is quite a task to get up a magazine, and we could hardly explain the whole process; but as to the multitude of manuscripts that come in, we may admit that we take those we like best and return the others. Perhaps it is imprudent to acknowledge so much, for every business has its secrets. After all, what most concerns you, J. B., is how you will manage to send us something which we shall feel constrained to accept.

"Some time ago you expressed willingness to print articles from me, if short.—M. J."

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Hardly. We said (what might go without saying) that we would *examine* them: that is another thing from accepting. No magazine will "buy a pig in a poke," or bind itself to accept articles which it has not seen. You send them if you like, with or without previous consultation, and then we determine whether or not they suit us.

"Please give me a regular engagement, and assign subjects. I can send in something every month.—U."

"I would be pleased to write upon such lines as would seem to you best suited to your needs.—V."

"Kindly inform me if you pay for poetry, and also your rates for good prose. Do you take articles discussing Shakespeare and other standard works? —X."

"I am the author of a number of short stories and romances, which I would like to have published in your magazine. They are very interesting, and would be appreciated by your readers.—Y."

How is one to answer applications like these? No magazine wants regular contributors except of its own choosing, and they will be such as have won their spurs or are known to possess special knowledge or special aptitudes. Even then, readers are likely to object to a sameness in the bill of fare; for the essence of a magazine is variety. Newspapers and cyclopædias may need "all-round" men, who can write on any subject; magazines, as a rule, do not. Nobody wants a deluge of stories, or poems, or sketches, or criticisms from a single new hand, or old hand either. Laudation of one's own wares is worthless, and, in literature, "self-praise detracts." All has been said that can be said about Shakespeare and the old stock topics; at least that is the presumption, and it is generally verified by new attempts. To encourage any of these aspirants, and hundreds like them, would probably be to raise vain hopes. Let them write on what they understand best, and offer it in the usual way: if they produce anything uncommon, it will probably find a lodgement somewhere.

"This whole story is entwined with a natural and charming love-romance of two couples. On page 97 is a master scene, if one may say so. But I ask your attention especially to the —th chapter. Here, if you have read what precedes, you will fairly roll in your chair. Nothing except the 'Comedy of Errors' to excel it—though by no means a servile imitation of Shakespeare's work. In Chapter II. appear two original anecdotes, which I fondly believe will capture the most insensible.—A. G."

You don't know how insensible readers can be; and this latitude is hardly prepared for a new Shakespeare. One was announced lately in Belgium, and the next ought to wait at least till the twentieth century. We should advise you to try farther East, but that Bostonian gravity might not like to roll in its chair.

"When you returned my former story, you said it was too long, and that one of three thousand words would have a better chance. Then I wrote this one, which is just the right size. I think it strange that you should send it back too.—M. P."

Did you really suppose that suitable length was the only requisite in a manuscript? We are obliged, you see, to consider quality as well as quantity. It is the sad lot of editors that so many consider their conduct not only

"strange," but brainless and soulless. Their only friends are the comparatively few whose contributions they have been able to accept.

"I send a short story, which I don't care whether you publish or not. If not, send me the most adverse criticism your reviewer can get up: it won't hurt me. Am not a literary writer, but only a reader.—W. B. F."

This being so, W. B. F. can hardly expect to compete with those who make a business of writing. He needs no counsel: whatever the Fates have in store, he is happy. His philosophy is not only excellent but enviable; we earnestly commend it to the multitudes whose manuscripts come back to them, whether they care or no.

"Take this or leave it. I don't want any of your polite regrets, nor any of your criticism either. Keep them for such as need them: I can judge for myself.—Z. C."

Good for you. It is the proud prerogative of every freeborn American to judge for himself, even in matters on which he is imperfectly informed; and how shall he ever learn to judge aright unless he practise the art early and often? Even the smoke-dried and case-hardened conductors of magazines can respect a man who stands up straight on his own pins and asks no help and no favors.

After all, an editor's opinion is only that of one fallible man, and it is probably an impertinence to offer it when it is not asked. He would generally rather not give it even when it is asked; and perhaps it shows weakness of character to ask it or to care at all for it. But then, highly esteemed Z. C., writers mostly care for it only because they want to sell their effusions and see them in print—not as a personal opinion, but as an official verdict. You are quite right, abstractly, to care only for your own judgment—it certainly is the one nearest home; but if you go on writing and disregard other people's opinions, you will probably have to be your own editor and publisher.

"This piece has been refused by several magazines. As I still think it has merit, I offer it to you. It is romantic and realistic—perhaps too realistic for the sheets that sent it back: I hope it will not be too romantic for you. Unfortunately I have literary ambition of the kind that is not killed by the first failure. Therefore, should you refuse it (which Heaven forefend!), I ask you to grant me the exceptional favor of stating your objections to the story in plain terms, and not in the 'non-available' style which gives a young author no clue to his lack of success. I thirst for criticism: being no fool, I can bear it. But the sphinx-like mystery of polite rejection is unspeakably discouraging.—H. R. H."

Of course it is. We have all felt it—we who follow the writer's trade,—and so can sympathize with H. R. H. Thousands are in the same condition; they too want light and leading. But Magazine Fiction and How (or How not) to Write It is a topic which must be reserved for separate handling at greater length than is here possible.

Books of the Month.

My Pretty Jane.
By Effie Adelaide
Rowlands.

A new writer of fiction, like a new neighbor, always whets the palate. Sometimes the promise is fulfilled; more often it is defeated. In this last instance it is abundantly fulfilled.

Miss Effie Adelaide Rowlands is new only to American readers. She has found ample acceptance in England, and already exhibits a matured and gracious style and a finished conception of her chosen art. The portrait accompanying the present volume, just put forth by the Lippincotts, shows the traits of rounded character united with beauty and womanly charm, which stand forth in the tone and structure of her first American publication.

My Pretty Jane is a very complete and absorbing novel; but, better even than this, and unlike the work of so many of Miss Rowlands's contemporaries of the same sex, it is a careful, thoughtful, and penetrating study of certain characters, English types of the aristocratic order, who, while thoroughly interesting objectively, yield much to the analysis of the author which would be wholly missed in a purely objective tale. It is a harder and therefore a finer thing to excel in the more subtle practice of what may be called biological fiction. To keep the difficult balance between character and picture, spirit and atmosphere, requires a steady head and hand; and of these, with a feeling heart, is the author of *My Pretty Jane* in full possession.

The story, briefly told, runs thus. The night is that of the opera and a state ball, a splendid occasion, when all London fashion crowds the "house." Cynthia Denistoun, beautiful and strangely pale, is the centre of every eye. She has just become the betrothed of Sir Richard Ludlowe, a magnificent match. Cynthia is poor and had secretly given her heart to George Nugent, equally poor; but she ruthlessly breaks the engagement to win the wealth she covets more than love. After the marriage Sir Richard's daughter, Jane, with her beauty and simplicity, makes Lady Ludlowe jealous. She treats Jane harshly; and when Sir Richard is stricken with a wasting malady she shows her real sentiments by leaving him for the gayeties of a London season. Here she meets George Nugent, now suddenly become the Earl of Hampshire, and would be glad to renew her old relations with him. But he has grown cynical and embittered by her treatment, and plans to revenge himself by marrying Jane. What he does, and how it all comes out, must be left to the discovery of the reader, half of whose pleasure would be robbed from him by a disclosure. The other, and even larger, half will lie in the study of the very real people created by this novelist, at once strong and marvellously winning. The book is a handsome product of both press and bindery.

Peter's Wife. By
The Duchess (Mrs.
Hungerford).

The Duchess has outdone even her accomplished self in this last love-story, called *Peter's Wife*. The ground is fuller of characters than is usual with her, and there is a saucy audacity in one or two of them, notably in Nell and her sister Cecilia, which keeps pace with the author's best previous creations. There are, too, far more of the extremes of pleasure and of suffering in *Peter's Wife* than we are accustomed to look for in novels from this vivacious pen. Its lights and shades are sharper than common, and hence its interest is deeper.

The story takes Bigley-on-Seas as its home, and within this aristocratic, if remote, English village a whole society in miniature passes brilliantly before our eyes. There are Sir Stephen Wortley, bachelor and guardian of Penelope Prendergast; Mrs. Outforth-Boss, his managing sister; Mrs. Chance, a sinister widow, cousin of Mrs. Boss; Alec Grant, her brother; Mickey McNamara, a good-natured Irish gentleman; Mr. Nobbs, of Bachelor Villa; the McGregors, new in society; Lady Hopkins and the baronet, who savor of brewing interests, and Mr. Peter Gaveston, with his wife Cecilia and his son Geoffrey. Captain Philip Stair, on sick-leave from India, enters to these, and, as he has been spirited away from Cecilia by the duplicity of her mother, the dénouement which follows his appearance may be fancied. The love-affairs of the coquetish Nell are of equal moment with those of her married sister, and not till the last page is the problem of her capture cleared up. This charming tale, like many of its predecessors, appears in the J. B. Lippincott Company's *Series of Select Novels*.

A Practical Hand-Book of Drawing for Modern Methods of Reproduction.
By Charles G. Harper.

We are living in the dawn of a new art, and it behooves us to awaken to our privilege. The art of drawing in black-and-white for photographic reproduction has within the last decade made many leaps towards perfection, and is now attracting the interest both of those who mean to follow it as a profession and of those who watch with heedful eyes the evolution of our native taste. America has taken the lead thus far in adapting pen-and-ink drawing to the needs of the processes, and has outstripped all competitors in newspaper illustration. The opportunities for lucrative employment in this branch are multiplying daily, and its future offers untold promise.

All this makes doubly welcome so good an English work on the subject as *A Practical Hand-Book of Drawing for Modern Methods of Reproduction*, by Mr. Charles G. Harper, which is just issued by the Lippincotts. In many respects Mr. Harper follows similar methods with those adopted by us, but at the points of divergence much may be learned by artists and students. To those intending a course in black-and-white Mr. Harper's lucid explanations of the various processes, together with his illustrations of them, will prove of undoubted value both directly and by contrast with American practices.

The book is in all respects up to date, and its subject is one which demands hearty attention from artists and public alike.

The Autobiography of a Boy. Passages selected by his Friend G. S. Street.

A boy in years only is this world-weary jaded egotist who resents the endearing nickname of Tubby, but permits it "for its obvious affection." He is the sum of all the conceited affectations begotten of the end of the century; is sentimentally an anarchist, a criminal, an agnostic, a libertine, but in fact is a bit of a fool and an arrant coward, who depends on his too indulgent father for the support which he accepts with an æsthetic shudder. Nothing more divertingly satirical than the character thus rendered by Mr. Street's side glimpses of autobiography has been developed in the whole amusing episode beginning with Mr. Oscar Wilde. It is startling in its reality to our conceptions of the decadent youth, and yet is done with a finesse and lightness of literary touch which mark out its author for a brilliant future.

The little book, offspring of the combined taste of the London house of

Mathews & Lane and of the J. B. Lippincott Company, is a delightful trifle to handle and to behold. Its title-page is in the new black-and-white manner, and its paper and letter-press are perfect. The autobiography, in editing which the author tells us he has wisely held his hand, is given in brief, crisp chapters, each a little episode in itself yet linked biographically with its predecessor and successor. Thus we are enlightened bit by bit about Tubby's love-affairs, his super-refined tastes, and his struggles with the unelect. "You spoke just now of the elect," says Dr. Baxter, his schoolmaster, for whom he felt a benign pity. "May I ask if you are one of them, and if so, who elected you, and for what purpose?" The Boy tells us that when rude or sarcastic questions are addressed to him he looks at the questioner with half-closed lids. This, he says, seemed to irritate the poor doctor, and he asked, angrily, if Tubby were going to sleep. "Baxter," inquires the imperturbable child, "do you never feel that your life is wasted? It is wholly spent in fulfilling a mechanical function that hundreds of others would fulfil as well as you." Of his own father he says, "My boyish dream of making him my companion has long gone the way of all others;" and of one of the numerous objects of his passion, "There was none of that charming inconsequence to which I am accustomed, especially in philosophical women."

These slight foretastes of a feast of pleasant raillery and satire upon a subject richly deserving it will give a relish to the abundant readers destined to enjoy and linger over *The Autobiography of a Boy*.

Books and Plays.
By Allan Monk-
house.

"Personalities count for a great deal with a people so generally inartistic as ourselves," says Mr. Monkhouse in his admirable paper on Turgenieff, and he thus puts into one happy sentence the substance of his purpose throughout this engaging book. For those who come into view of life and art from the ethical side there is abundance of matter here. If the English, as Mr. Monkhouse confesses, are inartistic, this negative quality seeks balance in knowledge of character, motive, impulse. Personality is more than beauty. Hence in a bantering and light-hearted style the author makes some telling points in favor of the more difficult sides of George Meredith's novels and poems, writes with a due sense of humor and appreciation about George Borrow, Turgenieff, and Ibsen's Social Plays, and produces two excellent essays on Three Plays by Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley and The Politics of Dramatic Art. The literary style and light wit are very clever and fully sustained to the end, and Mr. Monkhouse's judgments are gracefully waived for those who may differ from him, thus inviting us to a pleasant conversation rather than to the heat of a critical argument.

The book is as unique in external garb as it is original in contents, and the Messrs. Lippincott, with Messrs. Mathews & Lane, of London, its publishers, are to be commended for its mechanical beauty in cover and letter-press.

Clinical Medicine.
A Manual. By Jud-
son S. Bury, M.D.
Lond., F.R.C.P.

The student of medicine whose means or inclinations lead him away from the great medical centres is in no danger, nowadays, of suffering from his limitations. Everything that is taught in the universities may be had from the list of a great medical publishing house and in a form which almost supersedes the necessity for a teacher. Here, in Dr. Bury's *Clinical Medi-*

cine, is a manual for students and junior practitioners which is entirely up to date and is a standard in the field. Its chief aim is to assist in the examination of medical cases. Symptoms and signs, rather than diseases, therefore form its subject-matter. These are arranged in the systematic order in which they usually occur in practice, so that the student may be impressed especially with the importance of the facts of a case.

Each disorder is taken up under its own separate head, but these subdivisions are classed under the following general heads: Symptoms for the Most Part Subjective in Character; Examination of the Surface of the Body; Temperature; Examination of the Skin and its Appendages; Examination of the Respiratory System; Examination of the Circulatory System; Examination of the Blood; Examination of the Digestive System and of the Abdominal Organs; Examination of the Urine; Examination of Puncture Fluids; Examination of the Nervous System. To these exhaustive sections is added a very full index, enabling the student to find at once the reference to any case he may be treating; and scattered through the pages is a series of cuts and colored plates, numbering over two hundred and fifty, which minutely depict the special examples used by Dr. Bury in illustrating his ripe and scholarly text. Many of these are from photographs, and all are clear and accurate. The work is issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, and maintains their repute for standard medical publications.

**A Text-Book of Ore
and Stone Mining.**
By C. L. Neve Foster,
B.A., D.Sc.,
F.R.S.

In an undeveloped country like our own, with extensive regions in their primeval state, the subject of mining is one which makes a wide appeal. It is therefore commendable that the Messrs. Lippincott have seen fit to issue this highly valuable *Text-Book of Ore and Stone Mining*, so substantial in bulk and so complete in form. It is the work of an

eminent English engineer, Mr. C. L. Neve Foster, B.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., whose profound knowledge of his subject has not obscured his sympathy with the learner. "Books and lectures," says he, "are not intended to take the place of practical teaching at mines; but they render the training more complete; they explain the principles of the art, solve the difficulties which perplex the beginner, suggest matters which he should observe, tell him of things beyond his ken, and supply him with a system for arranging his ideas methodically." It would be hard to define more succinctly the ideal text-book, and Mr. Foster has in all respects lived up to his statements. His chapters deal with the manner in which the useful minerals are found, the search for minerals, boring, excavation, supporting excavations, working away of minerals, haulage or transport, hoisting, drainage, ventilation, lighting, descent and ascent, dressing, principles of employment, condition of workmen, and accidents. This, it will be observed, covers the whole field, and it is covered ably, from practical experience and from ripe theory. The seven hundred and sixteen illustrations, of course, lend untold value to a work where so much may be expressed in form and diagram.

United States and Canadian Government
Reports.

*Chemical Division,
Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D. C.*

The United States Official Investigation of Baking Powders, made under authority of Congress, shows the Royal Baking Powder to be a cream of tartar baking powder of the highest quality, superior to all others in strength, leavening power, and general usefulness.

(Bulletin 13, Ag'l Dep't, p. 599.)

*Department
Inland Revenue,
Canada.*

The Canadian Official Tests, recently made, commend the Royal Baking Powder as of highest excellence, and show it to be highest of all in leavening strength.

(Bulletin 10, p. 16, Inland Rev. Dep.)

SUMMER DAYBREAK.

A flash of day along the sky,—
 A voice of birds,—
 A murmur and a peaceful cry
 From pasturing herds.

The brooding presence that is dumb
 Has stolen away ;
 The peace of night-time has become
 The peace of day.

Forth from the night's untroubled dreams
 The laborers pass,
 And lead their sturdy jangling teams
 By bush and grass.

Lapped in the sweet security
 Of summer rest,
 We deem that such a life may be
 Supremely blest.

Yet not without us, but within,
 Our true life lies,
 Untouched by all a city's din,
 Or cloudless skies ;

And if we bear a lurking pain
 Within the heart,
 No charm of nature can restrain
 Or take its smart ;

And if we bear a parchéd soul,
 Whose pain is worst,
 No summer glories can control
 Or stay its thirst.

ARTHUR L. SALMON, in *Good Words*.

WHAT HE NEVER SAW.—Inquiring Boy.—“And have you seen avalanches in the Alps?”

Great Traveller.—“Yes, my son.”

“And elephants in Asia?”

“Yes.”

“And tigers in Africa?”

“Plenty of them.”

“Ever seen a polar bear?”

“Several.”

“Ever seen any wild monkeys?”

“Thousands.”

“Did you ever see a—a polar bear chasin’ a elephant with a tiger on his back and a lot of monkeys laughin’ to see a avalanche comin’ after ’em?”—
Good News.

HUMAN FOOD AND ITS ARTIFICIAL DIGESTION.

: : : : A NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY : : : :

BUT a short time ago eminent scientists made a great discovery. They discovered that starches best fatten thin people. Everything seems simple after some one else has found it out. If we had thought, we would have remembered that for ages doctors have *forbidden* STARCHY foods to people who wanted to get *thin*. It follows they ought to *recommend* STARCHY food to people who want to get *fat*. Nobody knows why they haven't done so. Nobody knows why they don't *all* do so now. But they are learning. More are recommending it every day. They are beginning to believe in Paskola, because Paskola is a starchy food.

It has long been known that starchy foods are the most natural foods for man. Of the four chief chemical divisions of human food, viz., starches, fats, albumens, and salts, starch is the most important, fats the least important.

If we had starch we could do without fatty food. We would die if we tried to do without starchy foods.

Many people are dying to-day because their digestive organs cannot digest starchy foods. They eat plenty of starch, but they can't digest it. The undigested food poisons them. They keep thin. They keep getting thinner. There is but one hope for them: Paskola.

One reason that Paskola will help them is because it is a *starchy* food.

Another reason is because it is an artificially digested food.

Nothing but starchy foods will ever make you fat, strong, and hearty. Meat or albuminous foods merely repair waste tissue. But even if they were pre-digested, they would not make you fat.

The starchy foods, such as grains and their products and most vegetables, are nature's source of fat.

Paskola is simply a pre-digested starch food, combined with natural organic ferments which aid the digestion of other food.

Paskola is the only food which will rest a tired stomach. Paskola creates an appetite for other foods and helps your stomach to digest them. It also tones up and gives strength to the feeble stomach.

The old, old notion about fats and oils and fatty foods making a person fat is fast fading away.

The most eminent scientists and medical men have long since ceased to believe in it. The rank and file of the profession are fast following their example.

Even if fatty food could make people strong and fat, all the good it would do would be to well people, for it is only well people's stomachs that can stand it. Well people don't need food that will make them fat. They are generally fat already. If they weren't fat, they wouldn't be well.

It is just the people who need food that will make them fat whose stomachs can't stand fatty food. We can't fight nature. Thin, sick people have a very general and decided aversion to fats and oils. That ought to be sufficient proof to us that fat is not what they need to make them well.

Even the thinnest and sickest people like Paskola.

They like other starchy foods, too. They probably eat a good deal of such food. Nature allows them to do so. They have no decided aversion to it; this is a proof that starchy foods are necessary to the system.

The reason that the food thin people eat does not make them fat is simply that they do not digest it. They are sick, and that is the sickness they suffer from. Most dyspeptics cannot even retain starch food on their stomachs. It ferments and forms noxious gases. They are in the unhappy state of, needing starch food so badly that they are slowly dying for the want of it, and yet they cannot digest it. The most delicate stomachs can retain Paskola.

The great difference between ordinary natural starch food and Paskola is, that Paskola is pre-digested by the aid of certain vegetable principles, and is capable of assisting the digestion of other foods. Paskola is superseding Cod Liver Oil because it is pleasant to the taste and is far more effective in its operation.

Paskola cannot be expected to make people fat *who are in perfect health*. Such people may be thin naturally, like the Italian greyhound. People who are in perfect health should "let well enough alone."

We have several pamphlets on the subject of Digestion, Foods, and Health, which are very interesting, and which we will mail free to any address on request.

PASKOLA IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE PRE-DIGESTED FOOD COMPANY, P. O. Box 1503, New York.

SOUTHERN CLAY-EATERS.—"Do you know that there are several settlements of clay-eaters in the United States?" asked a commercial traveller stopping at the Ebbitt. "There is one in Northern Mississippi, one in Georgia, another in Tennessee, and one in Arkansas. I don't know what there is about common clay that is so deleterious, but it affects these people worse than bad whiskey does the people in other cities. They are a sallow-looking, cadaverous, sleepy, and utterly ignorant class, and, a rather singular fact, in all four districts I have named they practise intermarriage extensively. I wonder no one has ever paid them a visit and written them up in the interests of science.

"Arkansas also has another queer people, known as the 'dope-eaters.' They are opium fiends. Children five and six years old go around with a little roll of prepared opium and elm bark stuck under the lower lip. These people are, if possible, more degraded and ignorant than the clay-eaters. There is a community of them living about twenty-five miles from Hot Springs, Arkansas, where they buy their drug."—*Washington Post*.

A STARTLING EXAMPLE.—The following, writes a correspondent, is an actual occurrence in a near-by public school:

Teacher.—"Give me a sentence with the word 'healed' in it."

Scholar.—"A lady——"

Teacher.—"Stop right there. Begin again. What was the lady's name?"

Scholar.—"The lady I mean has no name."

Teacher.—"What? A lady with no name? Give her a name, then."

Scholar.—"Mrs. Smith touched Christ's garment and was healed." (Collapse of teacher.)—*New York Tribune*.

CURIOUS SHOWERS.—M. Peltier has put a frog shower on record as having happened within his own experience. He speaks of seeing the frogs fall on the roofs of the houses and rebound thence on to the pavement below. A mud shower occurred along the Union Pacific Railway at Onaga on the 4th of April. The rain, we are assured, commenced early in the day, and soon the south and east sides of all the houses were covered with yellow clay.

A Union Pacific train which ran through the storm had its windows covered, and the head-light was so completely plastered that the light was shut in, and the train ran in darkness into Rossville, where the mud had to be scraped off. As far east as Topeka the windows showed that the edge of the mud-storm had extended this far. It is said to have been even more severe fifty miles northwest.

Blood rain and black rain are only varieties of this phenomenon. Of the latter we hear nothing worth speaking of nowadays, but an almost historic shower of this sort fell at Montreal in the earlier part of this century and enveloped the then youthful city in a black pall, which must have been worse than a prime London fog, seeing that it gave the inhabitants the idea that the last day had come, or was at least on the point of coming.

Blood rain is caused by the presence of infinitely little plants, animalcules, or minerals in the globules. In one instance of a shower that fell at Bristol and in the Bristol Channel, the analytical examination showed that the red color was due to ivy-berry seeds. In mediæval times blood rain was a prodigy. In the East it was connected with the belief that man was produced from blood that fell from heaven.—*Chambers's Journal*.



What is Sapolio?

It is a solid, handsome cake of Scouring Soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. WHAT WILL SAPOLIO DO? Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables, and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink, will be as clean as a new pin, if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations! There is but one SAPOLIO.

THE BULWERS.—The Bulwers always have been a puzzle. Their cultured talent and cleverness in many departments have rivalled the genius of other men. We admire their glittering and elaborate structures, though aware of something hollow or stuccoed in the walls, columns, and ceilings, and even suspicious of the floor on which we stand. Father and son, their love of letters, determination, indomitable industry, have commanded praise. The son, writing in poetry as naturally as his father wrote in prose, has the same adroitness, the same unbounded ambition, the same conscientiousness in labor and lack of it in method. In his metaphysical moods we see a reflection of the clearer Tennysonian thought, and indeed, while interesting and amusing us, he always was something of an imitator. His lyrics were like Browning's dramatic stanzas; his blank verse appropriated the breaks and cadences of Tennyson and ventured on subjects which the laureate was long known to have in hand. The better passages of "Clytemnestra" were taken almost literally from Æschylus.—E. C. STEDMAN.

JEFFERSON'S ESSAY.—When Thomas Jefferson went to Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States, he carried in his satchel, together with his inaugural address, the bones of a fossil sloth. Directly after the inauguration ceremonies he proceeded to the American Philosophical Society and read the first palæontological essay of this country.—*Observer*.

A ROYAL WRITER.—In the galaxy of famous women, writers of history have long since placed Catherine II. of Russia. That she was an author of no mean parts is known to students of Russian history, but the fact that she was also a journalist is less familiar.

A member of the Imperial Russian Society has published a paper on her newspaper work. The journal for which she used her pen was *The Comrade of the Friends of the Russian Language*, founded by her friend the Princess Dashkoff, in 1788. One of her articles ran,—

"I leave my domain, truth and fancy, to any one who wishes it, on the condition that he who does accept it continues to write without exaggerated phrases and without pretending to be bent to earth under a great weight of thought. He must always use short, clear sentences, rather than long and involved ones. Use Russian words in preference to those of foreign origin. Why should we borrow from the language of our neighbors? Is our tongue not rich enough? Do not be tedious, and, above all, do not attempt to be clever at the wrong place and time. Do not 'run after' the spiritual and comical.

"One should never use crutches when the legs will do their own work; that is, avoid pompous and swollen words when simple words have more dignity, usefulness, and beauty. Where it is necessary to draw the moral from the story, do so with spirit and without tediousness. Heavy, deep thoughts should be made as light as possible. They should be expressed clearly, so that the ordinary reader can grasp them. It is desirable that the author disappear as completely as possible, and that the reader think only of his work. It is not necessary that his motions be always seen and his words always heard."—*Fame*.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A New York dude travelling in the West was violently kicked by a cowboy, apparently without any provocation.

"Why—ah—did you kick me?"

"Because I done forgot and left my gun at home."—*Life*.



The Missing Word

Why is ——— the best Shortening?

Pshaw, but this is too easy. Everyone knows the missing word is "Cottolene," and that it is the best shortening because, unlike lard, it is made of pure vegetable oil and beef suet, and is wholesome and digestible.

COTTOLENE

is sold in three and five pound pails, by all grocers. Refuse all substitutes. Genuine has trade mark—steer's head in cotton wreath—on every pail, and is made only by

**The N. K. Fairbank
Company,**

Chicago, St. Louis, New York,
Boston, Philadelphia
Montreal, San Francisco.



A CLEVER FEAT IN CHIMNEY-BUILDING.—A clever feat in chimney-building has been accomplished at Nancy, France. It was found at a spinning-works that, owing to an increase in the power of the plant, the existing chimney did not give sufficient draught for the number of boilers, and one of two things had to be done,—either to build a new chimney alongside the old one or to increase the height of the latter. While the question was being deliberated, a local builder offered to add thirty feet to the existing chimney, making a height of one hundred and thirty feet in all, without interfering with the work of the mills. His offer was accepted, and, aided by another nervy man, he fixed a series of light steel ladders to the chimney by means of iron hooks driven in between the courses of the bricks, erected a pulley at the top of the chimney and a flight of scaffolding all around, and then, having lowered the cornice surmounting the chimney, they built onto the top at the rate of about four to five feet per day. The whole work occupied eight days, and was perfectly successful.—*Paris Correspondent.*

REASONING BY ANALOGY.—Uncle Mose, a Houston dorky, recently had occasion to buy a yard of silk. He was somewhat surprised at the cost, and on asking what was the cause was told by the accommodating clerk that probably it was owing to the scarcity of silk-worms. A few days afterwards he came to the same clerk and asked,—

"How's de tape-wums comin' on?"

"What do I know about tape-worms?" asked the indignant clerk.

"I was gwinner buy foah yards ob tape, but I dunno if I has money ernuff. Maybe dar's sumfin de matter wid de tape-wums, jes' as der was wid de silk-wums de udder day."—*Texas Siftings.*

MR. ASQUITH'S DOUBLE.—Here is a story of Mr. Asquith, who lived recently at Hampstead.

A photographer in St. John's Wood was visited one day by a man bearing a striking resemblance to the Home Secretary, and he took his portrait. The photographer, who prided himself on knowing Mr. Asquith by sight, jumped to the conclusion that he had the Home Secretary as a sitter, and when he took the picture he hinted that he should be glad of the right to sell it if his distinguished visitor would make terms.

The man seemed astonished, but ultimately said that he would take ten pounds for all rights in the artistic work. The photographer was somewhat surprised that so important a personage should ask money, but said that if the sitter would allow him he would send ten pounds by post, and then the man left. A few days after St. John's Wood was placarded with portraits labelled "The Home Secretary," and Mr. Asquith received a check for ten pounds, which was a mystery to him. What were the feelings of the photographer, who soon found out his mistake, may be better imagined than described.—*London Correspondent.*

A DISCREET WARRIOR.—A Marseillaise is telling of the campaign in Tonquin: "I was on the lookout. Suddenly I saw three pirates, armed to the teeth, rushing toward me. A moment or so I watched them, then I got my bayonet ready, and without any hesitation I——"

"Attacked the pirates?"

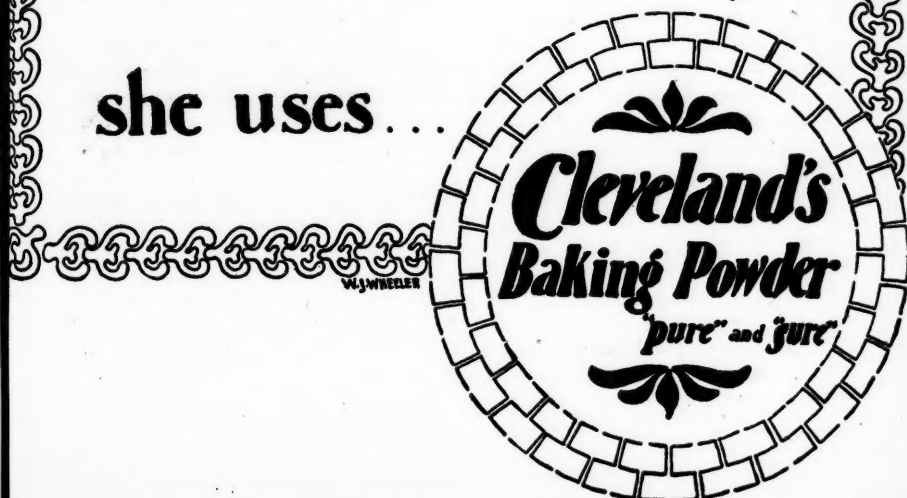
"No: I retreated to the rear in double quick time."—*Paris Figaro.*



She can bake, she can broil, she can fry;
 Ne'er a cake does she spoil, nor a pie.

She's perfectly neat,
 Her temper is sweet,
 And this is the reason why:

she uses...



LOUISIANA SUGAR-LANDS.—The capacity of Louisiana, or rather its possibilities, are hardly conceived of, not only elsewhere, but here at home by our own people. Our planters cultivate strips of lands on the margins of streams in the lower delta, with imperfect drainage and often in a primitive way, and they think this area embraces the sugar district of the State. But it is not so. There are thousands of acres in lower Louisiana, not now yielding crops of any kind, and considered of little or no value, which could be made arable and are as fine sugar-lands as there are in the world. Some of these days there will be a comprehensive system of levee protection and drainage, backed by combination of capital and government aid, which will reclaim and develop the lower delta, and its fertile soil will then produce more than enough sugar to supply the people of the United States, besides a great variety of other semi-tropical products which would add to the national wealth.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

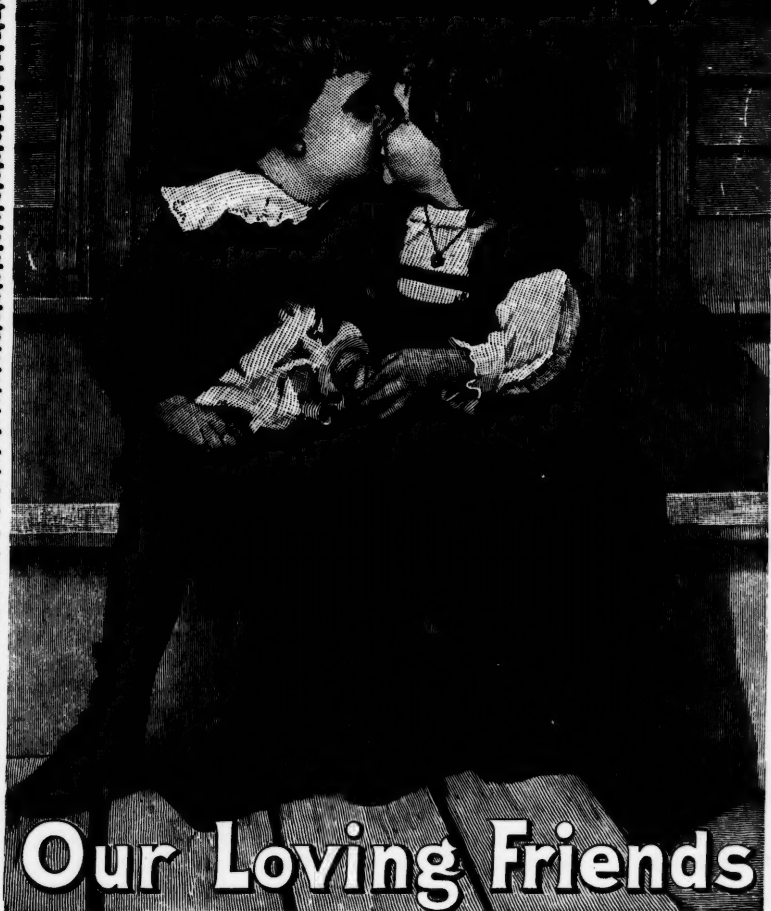
HIS INTERPRETATION.—A little five-year-old boy, who had been taught to repeat "Love one another" as a text to speak on his first appearance at a suburban Sunday-school, made even the minister laugh when, on his name being called, he shrilly shouted, "Love little girls."—*Boston Transcript*.

DEATHS OF EDITORS.—When I began to work in 1860—and it seems as though it were yesterday only, partly because I have good health and have always maintained a high moral tone—the editor of the *New York Tribune* was Horace Greeley. He died in a mad-house. The editor of the *New York Times* was Henry J. Raymond, the best friend but one I ever had. He was found dead, cold and stiff, in the hall-way of his house. The brightest writer in New York then was Charles G. Halpine,—Miles O'Reilly,—editor of the *New York Citizen*. He suffered from a neuralgic tooth, and went into the Astor House one day, chloroformed a towel, put it over his head, and joined the majority.

The best-known correspondent of that era signed "A. D. R." A. D. Richardson was walking along the street from the *Tribune* office when a man slipped up behind him, fired a bullet in his back, and he died. The managing editor of the *New York Herald*, Mr. Frederick Hudson, whose name is a living tradition in newspaper circles, having retired on a pension of twenty thousand dollars, which of itself is enough to stagger any newspaper man, went to live with his family in Concord, New Hampshire. He drove across the railroad track in front of the cars one day: all killed. The editor of the only rival the *Staats-Zeitung* ever had, the *New York Journal*, Dr. Feodor Meirson, of German birth, but American in feeling, a great, good, loyal fellow, was helping an invalid wife from a train. Didn't see the other, lost his head, and has done no work since.

The dearest newspaper working friend I ever had, Stillman S. Conant, managing editor of the *New York Times*, walked out on the sands of Coney Island one dark night and never returned. The publisher of the *Daily News*, whose name escapes me just now, but a man whom everybody in the profession knew, had melancholia, superinduced by neuralgia, walked to his office one morning, and blew his brains out. The editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* drove along the beach at Long Branch, ran into a butcher-cart, and was killed instantly. So you see it is not all funny business in the profession.—*Joe Howard's Lecture on Journalism*.

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BOURGET'S METHODS.—M. Bourget has a peculiar way of writing his novels. After outlining his story, he proceeds to create the characters whose mental and moral development he purposes analyzing. He prepares a separate and complete life of each character in detail, and then proceeds to write the story, turning it off at a great speed, never dictating, and often allowing days and nights to pass unheeded. After his first writing he copies it with numerous alterations, and he repeats the process a third time before the story goes to the publishers.

RIDING A BRONCO.—"It's all bosh, this talk about cowboys learning to enjoy the sport of riding a bucking horse," said a reformed cowboy. "Riding a bucking horse is like having boils: you never get thoroughly used to it. When you hear a fellow say that he would like to ride a bucking horse he is either a liar or a greenhorn. The first day I ever went out with a herd of cattle I was dumped nine times because of the presence of a cactus burr in my saddle-blanket.

"I have never seen but one man that had grit enough to sit on a real bucking horse until it had bucked all it wanted to, and he was bleeding at the nose, mouth, and ears when they took him off the horse at the end of a half-hour's struggle. As a general thing, a cowboy will pull a horse's head up, wind the reins around the saddle-horn, take a firm grip on the saddle with his hands, and then rowl the buckers until the animal becomes convinced that it is better to behave than to buck."—*Phoenix (Cal.) Gazette*.

WHEN GREAT MEN MARRIED.—Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway when he was eighteen years old. Frederick the Great was twenty-one when he led the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick to the altar. William von Humboldt married Karoline von Dachenröden when twenty-four, and Mozart and Walter Scott were twenty-five when they chose better halves. The musician married the charming Constanz Weber, who inspired him to write his most beautiful compositions, while the choice of the novelist was Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. Dante married when twenty-six the Florentine Gemma Donati. At the same age Johann Heinrich Voss led to the altar the sister of his friend, Ernestina Boie. Napoleon was twenty-seven when he married the rich widow Josephine Beauharnais, and Byron had attained the same age when he gave his name to the heiress Miss Milbanke.

The Swedish naturalist Linnæus was twenty-seven when he married; Herder was twenty-nine, and Robert Burns was thirty. Schiller had passed his thirty-first birthday when he wedded Charlotte von Lengefeld. Wieland was married when he was thirty-two. Milton began his unhappy union when he was thirty-five years old. Bürger led his beautiful and beloved Molly to the altar when he was more than thirty-six. Luther chose a wife when he was forty-two, and Buffon when he was fifty-five. Goethe gave his name to Christine Vulpius when three years less than threescore. Klopstock, after mourning his Meta thirty-three years, took unto himself a second wife when sixty-seven. She was a widow bearing the name Johanna von Windheim.—*New York Tribune*.

A CLOSED bank in Arizona has issued the following notice: "This bank has not busted; it owes the people \$36,000; the people owe it \$55,000; it is the people who are busted; when they pay we'll pay."

Hints or Kicks? Which?

You can have a happy experience, coming from hints—or a sad experience, coming from kicks. Now in the matter of cleanliness, if you want the happy experience, take the hints that **Pearline** gives. Use **Pearline** (all kinds of washing) and you have ease, there economy and safety. Is a hint in the fact that hundreds of millions of packages of **Pearline** have been used, and the sale increases? But if you want sad experience, take the old-fashioned way with soap, and rubbing and scrubbing. That's hard for you, and for the things that you wash. It's all rub, rub, rub—in other words, it's the experience based on kicks.

Beware

you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.*

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled, if your grocer sends

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Has never in its entire history contested a death loss.

HIGHEST AWARD medal and three diplomas have been given to the New York Condensed Milk Company for the superiority of its Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, Borden's Extract of Coffee, and Unsweetened Condensed Milk, exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.

LASOING A LOCOMOTIVE.—A good many years ago the chief of an Indian tribe in the West took umbrage at a locomotive that scared some of his horses and caused a stampede. Deliberately making all his plans, he waited the next appearance of the offending iron monster, saddled his best horse, coiled up his strongest lariat, and stationed himself close by the track and in a suitable position for an attack. When the big iron bulk came up abreast of him he threw his rope, settled the loop accurately over the smoke-stack of the engine, and braced his horse and himself for a pull.

It was afterwards remarked in that tribe that they didn't exactly know whether they got all the pieces of horse and man or not, but at all events they collected enough fragments over which to hold a grand powwow. None of the members of that tribe felt any ambition to renew the attack, and to this day the fame of that Indian rests solely on the fact that he was the chief who tried to lasso a locomotive.—*New York Ledger*.

A REMARKABLE DAM.—One of the most remarkable dams in the world for height and construction is that by which the Vyrnwy River (northern Wales) is enabled to supply water to the city of Liverpool, some seventy miles distant.

In building this dam a great trench was at first excavated across the valley for a length of eleven hundred feet, a width of one hundred and twenty, and a maximum depth of sixty. The masonry was started in this trench. It consists of immense irregular blocks of slate wedged together and thoroughly bedded in Portland cement mortar, the faces being formed of cut stone blocks fitted together with great care, the greatest height of the dam being one hundred and sixty-one feet.

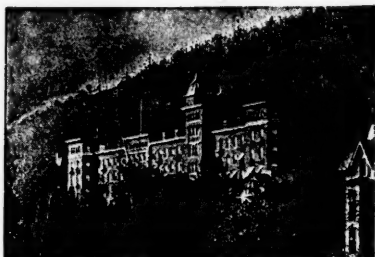
Its most remarkable feature is the lack of any channel to carry off floods, the surplus of the lake flowing down the front of the dam, which is curved to permit as free a descent as possible and prevent the formation of eddies at the bottom. The lake formed by this main dam covers an area four and three-quarter miles long, from one-quarter to five-eighths of a mile wide, and holds largely over twelve million gallons.

The aqueduct leading from the intake tower to the distributing reservoir, about two miles from the city, is sixty-eight miles long, and consists principally of a large cast-iron pipe line from thirty-nine to forty-two inches in diameter. There are a number of reservoirs and tanks along the line, and at one place is a great filtering-plant.—*London Times*.

PLOUGHS DRAWN BY CAMELS.—Oxen drawing ploughs is a sight familiar enough on our Sussex downs; but camels employed in this way would be decidedly a novelty. The experiment, however, is being tried in Southern Russia, and, it is said, with remarkable success. Vice-Consul Smith states that the bad harvests of the last two years, together with the low prices of grain, having forced most agriculturists to look into the question of reducing expenses, and one great difficulty being to obtain animal power which would cost less for feeding than horses and yet be able to do the varying work of a farm, camels have been introduced upon an estate not far from Kieff. At present eighteen camels are at work, and their keep is found to cost much less than that of horses, owing to oats being dispensed with in their feeding. The price runs between six and seven pounds per head, inclusive of transport from the government of Orenburg to Kieff.—*London Daily News*.

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WALTER BAKER & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high-grade, non-chemically treated Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent, have just carried off the highest honors at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the Judges at the Fair state that "One hundred points entitle the exhibit to a special award, or Diploma of Honor." The scale, however, is placed so high, they say, "that it will be attained only in most exceptional cases." *All of Walter Baker & Co.'s goods received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.*

EVERY EYE UPON HIM.—"I never in my life," said a clergyman to his wife after a sermon in Westminster Abbey, "so touched the congregation. They were entranced. Every eye was upon me from the first word to the last."

"No wonder," said his wife. "Your gloves were inside your hat, and when you took it off they remained on top of your head all through the sermon."—*London Tit-Bits.*

THACKERAY'S BLUNDERS.—In confusing his characters, Thackeray was perhaps more unfortunate than most writers of his kind, and he himself has borne testimony to the number and grievousness of his shortcomings. "As sure as I read a page of my own composition I find a fault or two,—half a dozen. Jones is called Brown. Brown, who is dead, is brought to life. Aghast, and months after the number was printed, I saw I had called Philip Firmin Clive Newcome. Clive Newcome is the hero of another story by the reader's most obedient servant. The two men are as different in my mind's eye as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, let us say." In one place he revived Lady Kew after having buried her. The older Newcome is on one page designated major, on another colonel. Jack Belsize at one time is called Charles, and Mrs. Raymond Gray, in one place Emily, becomes in another Fanny.

NEARLY POISONED.—A celebrated German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady, the sole cause of whose complaint was high living and lack of exercise. But it would never have done to tell her so. So his medical advice ran thus:

"Arise at five o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, then drink a cup of tea, then walk another hour, and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfast at eight."

Her condition improved visibly, until one fine morning the carriage of the baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed. The patient dashed up to the doctor's house, and on his appearing on the scene she gasped out,—

"Oh, doctor, I took the chocolate first!"

"Then drive home as fast as you can," directed the astute disciple of Æsculapius, rapidly writing a prescription, "and take this emetic. The tea must be underneath."

The grateful patient complied. She is still improving.—*London Tit-Bits.*

CYCLING.—A physician writes to a medical contemporary as follows about cycling: "A wheel that sells now must be very light; the brake and all superfluous appliances that weigh a drachm must be left off; it must be high-gearred, with high seat and low handle-bar. That is the model bicycle of to-day. Such a wheel is unsafe to coast upon, so much so that coasting is out of fashion. To ride one of these bicycles one must get a big hump on his back and assume a very uncomfortable position. I have a machine with the handle-bars high, so that I can sit perfectly erect, in the most natural position, and I am not exaggerating when I say that it tires me more to ride twenty miles in a carriage than it does to ride my wheel that distance. My advice is never to ride a wheel that you cannot sit erect upon, and always avoid too violent or prolonged exercise. It promotes deep breathing better than climbing hills."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

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- “ “ “ three bars of it will make a gallon of elegant white soft-soap if simply shaved up and thoroughly dissolved by boiling in a gallon of water, is that it contains pure and costly ingredients found in no other soap.
- “ “ “ it won't injure the finest lace or the most delicate fabric, is that all these ingredients are harmless.
- “ “ “ we paid \$50,000 for the formula twenty-five years ago, is that we knew there was no other soap like it.
- “ “ “ so many millions of women use it, is that they have found it to be the best and most economical, and absolutely unchanging in quality,

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IN THE TRANSVAAL.—No proper census has ever been taken of the natives in the Transvaal. According to the last estimate, the approximate number of the native tribes living within the limits of the district is 382,328, consisting of 79,071 grown-up males, 100,728 females, and 202,534 children. The two principal tribes are the Basutos or Makatis and the Magwambas or Knobnoses, the latter being 75,000 strong. The tribes living in the Zoutpansberg range are estimated by the German missionaries at 100,000 souls. The white population is put down by the last official census at 4668, of whom 2732 are males and 1936 females, the density of white population being 0.186 per square mile.

Numerous travellers have visited the district, mostly on their way to the interior, but large tracts of country on the eastern border are unexplored and known only to the hunters who visit this part of the country during the winter season to hunt buffaloes, giraffes, rhinoceroses, and even elephants, which are still found in these regions. But, owing to the tsetse fly and poisonous plants, these hunting trips have to be done on foot or with donkeys.—*New York Tribune*.

THE ORIGIN OF "DEADHEAD."—Fifty years ago the principal avenue of Detroit had a toll-gate close to the entrance of the Elwood Cemetery road. As this cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank road, it was arranged that all funeral processions should be allowed to pass along the latter toll-free. One day, as Dr. Pierce, a well-known physician, stopped to pay his toll, he observed to the gate-keeper,—

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, doctor," replied the man: "we can't afford that. You send too many 'deadheads' through here as it is."

The story travelled, and the word became fixed.—*Stageland*.

A VICIOUS DUEL.—I witnessed a strange duel on one of President Crespo's big cattle-ranches in the interior of Venezuela. Two vaqueros, or cowboys, were enamoured of the same dark-eyed little Indian girl of the great Orinoco plains, and they decided to settle by a duel with the lasso which of them would take her to wife. A dozen fellow-vaqueros assembled to witness the fray.

The lovers soon appeared, mounted on mettlesome mustangs, each with a long, powerful lariat of tough cowhide. They were both experts with the lasso, and their horsemanship was a marvel. They approached to within forty and fifty yards of each other, then began to manœuvre for a deciding cast. After several feints, the lariat of the younger of the rivals, a handsome, sun-bronzed fellow from Carabobo, went whizzing through the air so swiftly that the eye could scarcely follow it. The other sank his spurs deep into his mustang. The animal sprang forward just in time to save his master from the noose, and as he did so the second lasso rose in the air and settled round the shoulders of the man who missed, pinning his arms to his sides as in a vice. He was jerked headlong out of his saddle.

His successful rival drew him along hand over hand, half lifting him from the ground by the tenacious thong, and put a bullet square between his eyes. He then turned and rode directly to the camp where lived the cause of this barbaric scene.

She mounted behind him, and he came galloping back, swinging his sombrero.—*Florida Times-Union*.

A

QUESTION OF COURAGE.

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "BUD HESTER'S LEGACY," "JIMMIE," "A SAND
MOUNTAIN AGGRESSION," ETC.

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